









THE  
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AND  
*LITERARY JOURNAL.*

---

1832.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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## THE POLITICIAN, NO. I.

PRESENT RESPIRE—THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION—THE BACKWARDNESS OF THE TORIES—THEIR TACTICS—THE OLD CRY OF LAW ESTABLISHED, LAW SUPPORTED—SHOWN TO BE A FALLACY IN THE LIPS OF THE TORIES—THEY WILL PROFESS TO SUPPORT LIBERAL MEASURES—THE PUBLIC CAUTIONED—THE COUNTIES—THE CORN-LAW QUESTION—FARMERS ADMONISHED—THE DANGER OF MAKING THAT A PARTY QUESTION, WHICH  
July 1832 — VOL. XXXV. NO. CXXXIX. B.

UGHT TO BE EXAMINED WITH A TEMPERANCE INCOMPATIBLE  
WITH PARTY QUESTIONS—TORY PLEDGES—ABU RAFE.

IT is a great relief to us to breathe more freely from that dense and heavy vapour which has so long overclouded the prospect of affairs. The fog of the darker politics has rolled away—we look about us, no longer fearful of jostling against our neighbour, or being trampled at the next crossing, or upset by the next corner. We see before us once more the pleasant spires of Literature—and happy to avail ourselves of what may be, in so uncertain a climate, a momentary interval, we look forth cheerily on the brightened scene and bid our eyes rest on those objects which have almost the interest of novelty from the obscurity that has so long hung over them. It is thus that we feel pleasure in the thought, that we give ourselves this month a sort of respite from those subjects more immediately political, and our pen glides rapidly on, with the confident assurance that our present Number will suit the lightened atmosphere of the times; for certes, dear reader, we have in these matters been swayed by the temper of the world around us—grave or gay, political or literary, as the humour which affected others touched also ourselves. And, indeed, we hold that sympathy is the great duty of these writings: you may judge how far a man is acting with his Times, and feeling in concert with Humanity, by the greater or less harmony between the mood of his lucubrations and the temperament of the public. The business of this Parliament is wellnigh wound up—we feel its office has already departed from it, and England casts her eyes to the bustling and impatient successor, which will replace a glorious but expiring conqueror. Elections are already virtually commencing, and preparations now are, in fact, superseding the necessity of much ferment hereafter. It may be noticed that the Tories are not very eager in their part of the campaign.—While all the large towns—the new-enfranchised boroughs, the opened sewers of the past Corruption, have, abruptly and impetuously, uplifted the *Grey* banner; and while, day after day, we hear of some liberal candidate starting forward for some new seat, faint are the rumours of Tory opposition, and only now and then does even a single skirmisher betray that a battle may yet be fought. We hear, indeed, that the tactics of the Tories will be this—they will wait to the latest possible moment, in the expectation of that blessed Millennium which they are pleased to call Reaction, and will then start the least noxious of their body upon the most liberal pretences. Already, indeed, one or two of the Anti-reformers have put forth manifestoes, declaring that the New Constitution, now it has become the law, is dear and venerable as the old—that they are prepared to

embrace a train of liberal measures, though they denied so strenuously that Act by which liberal measures could alone be carried. False pretences!—it is necessary to expose them. Grant that they are sincere—men so ignorant of just principles of politics are *not* worthy of being returned to a political assembly. Just mark the absurdity of the old cant cry of “The Law of the Land once passed, must be beloved!” Why, by this, no distinction is to be made between a good law and a bad law. All are to be loved, not from the good they do, but because they exist. The Anti-reformers declared the Bill must ruin the country; but once passed, they declare they will promote to the utmost the means by which the ruin is to be effected. And this they absolutely cry up as a virtue!—they tell it us over and over again, with the most solemn faces, and with a generous air, as if they had said something noble! What notions these people must have of Legislation!—what ideas of Political Honesty!—what contempt, or what ignorance, of the Welfare of the People! If the law be good, why would not they pass it?—if bad, they may obey, but they must hate it. Electors of England! mark this cry particularly, and be sure to expose its fallacy; for we know it is one by which the Tories will most seek to establish themselves! They will obey the New Constitution! Yes! but they will seek to counteract the effects of the New Constitution; for otherwise they would be dishonest, hypocritical, lying! and *as such*, they must not be returned. They will seek to counteract the effects of the New Constitution—what will be those effects?—Why, those great and liberal measures for which Reform was necessary.—These are the effects they will seek to counteract. Do not, therefore, be misled by the poor story that the Reform is passed. The Reform is not passed—*it is to be begun!* If you chose Reformers for your present Parliament, you are doubly bound to choose them for the next. If you chose them for the means of good government, you are doubly bound to choose them for the end. Besides, where is the man who will submit to be told, that, because the Bill is passed, you may discard its supporters? There will be no political happiness where there is not political virtue; and shall gratitude for great services, die the *instant* the services are rendered?—or rather, shall we desert those who have served us to make experiment of those who have not?—reject the sheep-dog for the first wolf that is of the same colour? From corner to corner, from nook to nook, we must be on our guard! No new town can be honourably represented by those who denied that England should be represented at all. Let us lose not an hour of time, an inch of ground—let us strike while the enemy are weak and feeble—let us be cheated not by their cunning, since we have conquered their malice! and when an Anti-reformer says,



"I support the Bill now, though I think it bad," tell him,—Electors!—that by the same rule he will support the West Indian Slavery—the China Monopoly—the Taxes on Knowledge,—for even if he think them bad, they are established, and are as much a part of the Constitution as ever the close boroughs were.

It is to the Counties we must particularly look. There the dull cry of the Corn Laws is expected to work miracles. See how these Tory gentry always address themselves to a class! It is always some sect they address—the Nation they never address. Now they throw themselves on the Church—now they whimper out "Corn Laws," and hug the knees of the Farmers. But if the Farmers *have* an interest in the maintenance of the present system, (which, at least, is doubtful,) let them beware how they make it a party question—how they arouse, and irritate, and inflame, by an appearance of determined opposition, that feeling in the manufacturing towns which may be only well met by the show of a candid moderation. The question must be faced—is it not desirable that it should be faced fairly and temperately? To be so faced, it must not be made a party cry: once the watchword of an electioneering war, and all hope of temperance is for ever over. Farmers, Country Gentlemen, Yeomen, is not this true? If so, tell the first Tory candidate who talks to you of the Corn Laws, that you will not endanger the interests involved in that question, by taking it out of the hands of the Ministry and the Nation, and throwing it into the hands of an obnoxious and feeble Party.

In one word—if the Tories tell you what they will do, ask them what they have done! Fortunately for the future of a People, there is a past in the lives of Public men! If they talk to you of their liberality on one point, tell them these are times when we must know if *the mind* itself be liberal. A thousand new and unforeseen questions must arise, on which the Country is only safe in such Representatives as are *imbued* with that settled knowledge of sound principles which allows no sudden start, no abrupt conversion, which examines all questions by the steady light of long enquiring thought;—men whom no emergency finds unprepared, or undetermined; because in all emergencies one interest stands broadly prominent—the interest of the people! Can these Tories, professing liberality, dazzled and blinking beneath the new light of an apostatic conversion, belong to such a class? Grant them liberal now, will they be liberal to-morrow! But suppose they pledge themselves to you!—*They!* would those pledges alone—the lie of a life, be sufficient security for such a trust as the welfare of England? "Abu Rafe," says Gibbon in one of his searching witticisms, "is the witness,—but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?"

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, BY  
THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. I.

———"Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice."

\* \* Our readers will recollect those letters in the second volume of Moore's Byron, addressed to Lady B——, which confer such additional value on that work. The whole of the journal, in which those letters, given by Lady B—— to Mr. Moore, were entered, (and which journal was never shewn to Mr. Moore, nor indeed till now confided to any one,) is in our hands, and will appear, from time to time, in the *New Monthly*, till concluded. It is full of the most varied interest, and we believe that it will be found to convey at least as natural and unexaggerated an account of Lord Byron's character as has yet been presented to the public. For the opinions on men and things professed by Lord Byron, neither ourselves nor the narrator can, of course, be answerable. His character and his mind ought to be public property, and every sound judgment must allow that we have no right to follow our inclination alone in the omission of passages that may hurt the vanity of individuals. Papers of this sort are a trust not for individuals—but for the public—if there is complaisance on the one hand, there is justice on the other—if it be desirable that Byron's real opinions should be known, we are not to stifle them because they are severe, or because they are erroneous. As about no man was there more juggling mystification, so about no man ought there now to be plainer truth-telling. To clip—to garble—to conceal his sentiments upon others—unless with almost religious caution—is in reality to disguise his character—and again to delude the world.

*Genoa, April 1st, 1823.*—Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other, the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front-face: his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any ob-

servation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilette, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world: but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterise a man of birth and education.

Albaro, the village in which the Casa Saluzzo, where he lives, is situated, is about a mile and a half distant from Genoa; it is a fine old chateau, commanding an extensive view, and with spacious apartments, the front looking into a court-yard and the back into the garden. The room in which Lord Byron received us was large, and plainly furnished. A small portrait of his daughter Ada, with an engraved portrait of himself, taken from one of his works, struck my eye. Observing that I remarked that of his daughter, he took it down, and seemed much gratified when I discovered the strong resemblance it bore to him. Whilst holding it in his hand, he said, “I am told she is clever—I hope not; and, above all, I hope she is not poetical; the price paid for such advantages, if advantages they be, is such as to make me pray that my child may escape them.”

The conversation during our first interview was chiefly about our mutual English friends, some of whom he spoke of with kind interest. T. Moore, D. Kinnaid, and Mr. E. Ellice were among those whom he most distinguished. He expressed himself greatly annoyed by the number of travelling English who pestered him with visits, the greater part of whom he had never known, or was but slightly acquainted with, which obliged him to refuse receiving any but those he particu-

any wished to see: "But," added he, smiling, "they avenge themselves by attacking me in every sort of way, and there is no story too improbable for the craving appetites of our slander-loving countrymen."

Before taking leave, he proposed paying us a visit next day; and he handed me into the carriage with many flattering expressions of the pleasure our visit had procured him.

*April 2nd.*—We had scarcely finished our *déjeuné à la fourchette* this day when Lord Byron was announced: he sent up two printed cards, in an envelope addressed to us, and soon followed them. He appeared still more gay and cheerful than the day before—made various inquiries about all our mutual friends in England—spoke of them with affectionate interest, mixed with a badinage in which none of their little defects were spared; indeed candour obliges me to own that their defects seemed to have made a deeper impression on his mind than their good qualities (though he allowed all the latter) by the *gusto* with which he entered into them.

He talked of our mutual friend Moore, and of his "Lalla Rookh," which, he said, though very beautiful, had disappointed him adding, that Moore would go down to posterity by his *Melodies*, which were all perfect. He said that he had never been so much *affected* as on hearing Moore sing some of them, particularly "When first I met Thee," which, he said, made him shed tears: "But," added he, with a look full of archness, "it was after I had drunk a certain portion of very potent white brandy." As he laid a peculiar stress on the word *affected*, I smiled, and the sequel of the white brandy made me smile again: he asked me the cause, and I answered that his observation reminded me of the story of a lady offering her condolence to a poor Irishwoman on the death of her child, who stated that she had never been more affected than on the event; the poor woman, knowing the hollowness of the compliment, answered with all the quickness of her country, "Sure, then, Ma'am, that is saying a great deal, for you were always affected." Lord Byron laughed, and said my *apropos* was very wicked—but I maintained it was very just. He spoke much more warmly of Moore's social attractions as a companion, which he said were unrivalled, than of his merits as a poet.

He offered to be our *cicerone* in pointing out all the pretty drives and rides about Genoa; recommended riding as the only means of seeing the country, many of the fine points of view being inaccessible, except on horseback; and he praised Genoa on account of the rare advantage it possessed of having so few English, either as inhabitants or birds of passage.

I was this day again struck by the flippancy of his manner of talking of persons for whom I know he expresses, nay, for whom I believe he feels a regard. Something of this must have shown itself in my manner, for he laughingly observed that he was afraid he should lose my good opinion by his frankness; but that when the fit was on him he could not help saying what he thought, though he often repented it when too late.

He talked of Mr. —, from whom he had received a visit the day before, praised his looks, and the insinuating gentleness of his manners, which, he observed, lent a peculiar charm to the little tales he repeated: he said that he had given him more London scandal than he had heard since he left England; observed that he had quite talent enough to render his malice very *piquant* and amusing, and that his imitations were admirable. "How can his mother do without him?" said Byron; "with his *espièglerie* and malice, he must be an invaluable coadjutor; and Venus without Cupid could not be more *délaissée* than *Milady* — without this her legitimate son."

He said that he had formerly felt very partial to Mr. —; his face was so handsome, and his countenance so ingenuous, that it was impossible not to be prepossessed in his favour; added to which, one hoped that the son of such a father could never entirely degenerate: he has, however, degenerated sadly, but as he is yet young he may improve; though, to see a person of his age and sex so devoted to gossip and scandal, is rather discouraging to those who are interested in his welfare.

He talked of Lord —; praised his urbanity, his talents, and acquirements; but, above all, his sweetness of temper and good-nature. "Indeed I do love Lord —," said Byron, "though the pity I feel for his domestic thralldom has something in it akin to contempt. Poor dear man! he is sadly bullied by *Milady*; and, what is worst of all, half her tyranny is used on the plea of kindness and taking care of his health. Hang such kindness! say I. She is certainly the most imperious, dictatorial person I know—is always *en Reine*; which, by the by, in her peculiar position, shows tact, for she suspects that were she to quit the throne she might be driven to the anti-chamber; however, with all her faults, she is not vindictive—as a proof, she never extended her favour to me until after the little episode respecting her in "English Bards;" nay more, I suspect I owe her friendship to it. Rogers persuaded me to suppress the passage in the other editions. After all, Lady — has one merit, and a great one in my eyes, which is, that in this age of cant and humbug, and in a country—I mean our own dear England—where the cant

of Virtue is the order of the day, ~~she~~ she has contrived, without any great semblance of it, merely by force of ~~it~~—shall I call it impudence or courage?—not only to get herself into society, but absolutely to give the law to her own circle. She passes, also, for being clever; this, perhaps owing to my dulness, I never discovered, except that she has a way, *en Reine*, of asking questions that show some reading. The first dispute I ever had with Lady Byron was caused by my urging her to visit Lady ——; and, what is odd enough,” laughing with bitterness, “our first and last difference was caused by two very worthless women.”

Observing that we appeared surprised at the extraordinary frankness, to call it by no harsher name, with which he talked of his *ci-devant* friends, he added:—“Don’t think the worse of me for what I have said: the truth is, I have witnessed such gross egotism and want of feeling in Lady ——, that I cannot resist speaking my sentiments of her.”—I observed:—“But are you not afraid she will hear what you say of her?”—He answered:—“Were she to hear it, she would act the *aimable*, as she always does to those who attack her; while to those who are attentive, and court her, she is insolent beyond bearing.”

Having sat with us above two hours, and expressed his wishes that we might prolong our stay at Genoa, he promised to dine with us the following Thursday, and took his leave, laughingly apologizing for the length of his visit, adding, ~~that~~ that he was such a recluse, and had lived so long out of the world, that he had quite forgotten the usages of it.

He on all occasions professes a detestation of what he calls *cant*; says it will banish from England all that is pure and good; and that while people are looking after the shadow, they lose the substance of goodness; he says, that the best mode left for conquering it, is to expose it to *ridicule*, the only *weapon*, added he, that the English climate cannot rust. He appears to know every thing that is going on in England; takes a great interest in the London gossip; and while professing to read no new publications, betrays, in various ways, a perfect knowledge of every new work.

“April 2nd, 1823.

“MY DEAR LORD,

“I send you to-day’s (the latest) Galignani. My banker tells me, however, that his letters from Spain state, that two regiments have revolted, which is a great vex, as they say in Ireland. I shall be very glad to see your friend’s journal. He seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law’s ancestor’s Memoirs.

I did *not* think him old enough to have served in Spain, and must have expressed myself badly. On the contrary, he has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and promises to have it for some time to come. I beg to present my respects to Lady B——, and ever am your obliged and faithful servant,

“NOEL BYRON.”

When Lord Byron came to dine with us on Thursday, he arrived an hour before the usual time, and appeared in good spirits. He said that he found the passages and stairs filled with people, who stared at him very much; but he did not seem vexed at this homage, for so it certainly was meant, as the *Albergo della Ville*, where we resided, being filled with English, all were curious to see their distinguished countryman. He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, expressed pleasure at partaking of a plum pudding, *à l'Anglaise*, made by one of our English servants; was helped twice, and observed, that he hoped he should not shock us by eating so much: “But,” added he, “the truth is, that for several months I have been following a most abstemious *régime*, living almost entirely on vegetables; and now that I see a good dinner, I cannot resist temptation, though to-morrow I shall suffer for my gourmandise, as I always do when I indulge in luxuries.” He drank three glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered it a *jour de fête*, he would eat, drink, and be merry.

He talked of Mr. — who was then our Minister at Genoa. “H——” said he, is a thorough good-natured and hospitable man, keeps an excellent table, and is as fond of good things as I am, but has not my forbearance. I received, some time ago, a *Pâté de Périgord*, and finding it excellent, I determined on sharing it with H——; but here my natural selfishness suggested that it would be wiser for me, who had so few dainties, to keep this for myself, than to give it to H——, who had so many.” After half an hour’s debate between selfishness and generosity, which do you think (turning to me) “carried the point?”—I answered, “Generosity, of course.”—“No, by Jove!” said he, “no such thing; selfishness in this case, as in most others, triumphed; I sent the *pâté* to my friend H——, because I felt another dinner off it would play the deuce with me; and so you see, after all, he owed the *pâté* more to selfishness than generosity.” Seeing us smile at this, he said:—“When you know me better, you will find that I am the most selfish person in the world; I have, however, the merit, if it be one, of not only being perfectly conscious of my faults, but of never denying them; and this surely is something, in this age of cant and hypocrisy.”

The journal to which Lord Byron refers was written by one of our party, and Lord Byron, having discovered its existence, and expressed a desire to peruse it, the writer confided it to him.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ April 14th, 1823.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I was not in the way when your note came. I have only time to thank you, and to send the Galignani's. My face is better in fact, but worse in appearance, with a very *scurvy* aspect; but I expect it to be well in a day or two. I will subscribe to the Improving Society.

‘Yours in haste, but ever,

“ NOËL BYRON.”

“ April 22nd, 1823.

“ MILOR,

“ I received your billet at dinner, which was a good one—with a sprinkling of female foreigners, who, I dare say, were very agreeable. As I have formed a sullen resolution about presentations, which I never break (above once a month), I begged ——— to dispense me from being introduced, and intrigued for myself a place as far remote as possible from his fair guests, and very near a bottle of the best wine to confirm my misogyny. After coffee, I had accomplished my retreat as far as the hall, on full tilt towards your *Thé*, which I was very eager to partake of, when I was arrested by ——— requesting that I would make my bow to the French Ambassadors, who it seems is a Dillon, Irish, but born or bred in America; has been pretty, and is a *blue*, and of course entitled to the homage of all persons who have been printed. I returned, and it was then too late to detain Miss P—— over the tea-urn. I beg you to accept my regrets, and present my regards to *Miledi*, and Miss P——, and Comte Alfred, and believe me ever yours,

“ NOËL BYRON.”

“ April 23rd, 1823.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I thank you for quizzing me and my ‘learned Thebans.’ I assure you my notions on that score are limited to getting away with a whole skin, or sleeping quietly with a broken one, in some of my old Glens where I used to dream in my former excursions. I should

\* See Moore's *Late*, vol. II. p. 686, 4to edition. Here also follow several letters in Moore's *Byron*.



prefer a grey Greek stone over me to Westminster Abbey; but I doubt if I shall have the luck to die so happily. A lease of my 'body's length' is all the land which I should covet in that quarter.

"What the Honourable Dug\* and his Committee may decide, I do not know, and still less what I may decide (for I am not famous for decision) for myself; but if I could do any good in any way, I should be happy to contribute thereto, and without *éclat*. I have seen enough of that in my time, to rate it at its value. I wish *you* were upon that Committee, for I think you would set them going one way or the other; at present they seem a little dormant. I dare not venture to *dine* with you to-morrow, nor indeed any day this week; for *three* days of dinners during the last seven days, have made me so head-achy and sulky, that it will take me a whole Lent to subside again in anything like independence of sensation from the pressure of materialism. \* \* \* But I shall take my chance of finding you the first fair morning for a visit. Ever yours,

"NOEL BYRON."

"May 7th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I return the pocsy, which will form a new light, to lighten the Irish, and will, I hope, be duly appreciated by the public. I have not returned *Miledi's* verses, because I am not aware of the error she mentions, and see no reason ~~for~~ the alteration; however, if she insists, I must be conformable. I write in haste, having a visitor.

"Ever yours, very truly,

"NOEL BYRON."

"May 14th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I avize you that the Reading Association have received numbers of English publications, which you may like to see, and as you are a Member should avail yourself of early. I have just returned my share <sup>before</sup> its time, having kept the books *one* day instead of *five*, which latter is the utmost allowance. The rules obliged me to forward it to a Monsieur G—, as next in rotation. If you have anything for England, a gentleman with some law papers of mine returns ~~there to-morrow~~ (Thursday), and would be happy to convey anything for you. Ever yours, and truly,

"NOLL BYRON.

"P. S. I request you to present my compliments to Lady B—, Miss P— and C— D—

" May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1823.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I thought that I ~~had~~ answered your note. I ought, and beg you to excuse the omission. I should have called, but I thought my chance of finding you at *home* in the environs, greater than at the hotel. \* \* \* \*

I hope you will not take my *not* dining with you again after so many dinners, ill ; but the truth is, that your banquets are too luxurious for my habits, and I feel the effect of them in this warm weather, for some time after. I am sure you will not be angry, since I have already more than sufficiently abused your hospitality. \* \*

\* \* I fear that I can hardly afford more than ten thousand francs for the steed in question, as I have to undergo considerable expenses at this present time, and I suppose that will not suit you. I must not forget to pay my Irish Subscription. My remembrances to *Miledi*, and to Alfred, and Miss P——. Ever yours,

" NOËL BYRON."

" May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1823.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I find that I was elected a Member of the Greek Committee in March, but did not receive the Chairman's notice ~~until~~ yesterday, and this by mere chance, and through a private hand. I am doing all I can to get away, and the Committee and my friends in England seem both to approve of my going up into Greece, but I meet here with obstacles, which have hampered and put me out of spirits, and still keep me in a vexatious state of uncertainty. I began bathing the other day, but the water was still chilly, and in diving for a Genoese *lira* in clear but deep water, I imbibed so much water through my ears, as gave me a *megrim* in my head, which you will probably think a superfluous malady.

" Ever yours, obliged and truly,

" NOËL BYRON."

In all his conversations relative to Lady Byron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the illnated interposition of Mrs. Charlemont led to it. It is a strange business! He declares that he left no means untried to effect a reconciliation, and always adds with bitterness, " A day will arrive when I shall be avenged. I feel that I shall not live long, and when the grave has closed over me, what must she feel?" All who wish well to Lady Byron must desire that she should not survive her husband, for the all-atoning grave

that gives oblivion to the errors of the dead, clothes those of the living in such sombre colours to their own too-late awakened feelings, as to render them wretched for life, and more than avenges the real, or imagined wrongs of those we have lost for ever.

When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her, in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and that he was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, and all his good resolutions to avoid similar sins, he might on renewed provocation recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him. Lord Byron speaks of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, constantly, and always with strong expressions of affection; he says she is the most faultless person he ever knew, and that she was his only source of consolation in his troubles on the separation.

Byron is a great talker, his flippancy ceases in a *tête-à-tête*, and he becomes sententious, abandoning himself to the subject and seeming to think aloud, though his language has the appearance of stiffness, and is quite opposed to the trifling chit-chat that he enters into when in general society. I attribute this to his having lived so much alone, as also to the desire he now professes of applying himself to prose writing. He affects a sort of Johnsonian tone, likes very much to be listened to, and seems to observe the effect he produces on his hearer. In mixed society his ambition is to appear the man of fashion, he adopts a light tone of badinage and persiflage that does not sit gracefully on him, but is always anxious to turn the subject to his own personal affairs, or feelings, which are either lamented with an air of melancholy, or dwelt on with playful ridicule, according to the humour he happens to be in.

A friend of ours, Colonel M——, having arrived at Genoa, spent much of his time with us. Lord Byron soon discovered this, and became shy, embarrassed in his manner, and out of humour. The first time I had an opportunity of speaking to him without witnesses was on the road to Nervi, on horseback, when he asked me, if I had not observed a great change in him. I allowed that I had, and asked him the cause; and he told me, that knowing Colonel M—— to be a friend of Lady Byron's, and believing him to be an enemy of his, he expected that he would endeavour to influence us against him, and finally succeed in depriving him of our friendship; and that this was the cause of his altered manner. I endeavoured, and at length suc-

ceeded, to convince him that Colonel M—— was too good and honourable a man to do anything spiteful or ill-natured, and that he never spoke ill of him : which seemed to gratify him. He told me that Colonel M——'s sister was the intimate and confidential friend of Lady Byron, and that through this channel I might be of great use to him, if I would use my influence with Colonel M——, to make his sister write to Lady Byron for a copy of her portrait, which he had long been most anxious to possess. Colonel M——, after much entreaty, consented to write to his sister on the subject, but on the express condition that Lord Byron should specify on paper his exact wishes ; and I wrote to Lord Byron to this effect, to which letter I received the following answer. I ought to add, that in conversation I told Lord Byron, that it was reported that Lady Byron was in delicate health, and also that it was said she was apprehensive that he intended to claim his daughter, or to interfere in her education : he refers to this in the letter which I copy.\*

Talking of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. "She declaimed to you instead of conversing with you," said he, "never pausing except to take breath ; and if during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted." This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed, any answer made to his reflections. "Madame de Staël," continued Byron, "was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, (and a very little excited it ;) her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised ; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavoured to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics ; she had no clue by which she could guide her path—the imagination that led her into her difficulties, could not get her out of them ; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defeat, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes

\* Here follow the letters in Moore's Journal, p. 644-6.

she got into. Poor dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day, at table with a large party, when the busk (I believe you ladies call it) of her corset forced its way through the top of the corset, and would not descend though pushed by all the force of both hands of the wearer, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unsheathed the busk. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any solecism on *la décence Anglaise*. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines—

‘ Qui de son sexe n’a pas l’esprit,  
De son sexe a tout le malheur.’

She *thought* like a man, but alas! she *felt* like a woman; as witness the episode in her life with Monsieur Rocca, which she dared not avow, (I mean her marriage with him,) because she was more jealous of her reputation as a writer than a woman, and the faiblesse de cœur, this alliance proved she had not courage to *affiche*. A friend of hers, and a compatriot into the bargain, whom she believed to be one of the most adoring of her worshippers, gave me the following epigrams:—

SUR LA GROSSESSE DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Quel esprit! quel talent! quel sublime génie!  
En elle tout aspire à l’immortalité;  
Et jusqu’à son hydropisie,  
Rien n’est perdu pour la postérité.”

LE PORTRAIT DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Armande a pour esprit des momens de délire,  
Armande a pour vertu le mépris des appas:  
Elle craint la raillerie que sans cesse elle inspire,  
Elle évite l’amant que ne la cherche pas:  
Puisqu’elle n’a point l’art de cacher son visage,  
Et qu’elle a la fureur de montrer son esprit,  
Il faut la défier de cesser d’être sage  
Et d’entendre ce qu’elle dit.”

“The giving the epigrams to me, a brother of the craft of authors, was worthy of a friend, and was another proof, if proof were wanting, of the advantages of friends:

‘ No epigram such pointed satire lends  
As does the mem’ry of our faithful friends.’

I have an exalted opinion of friendship, as you see. You look incredulous, but you will not only give me credit for being sincere in this opinion, but one day arrive at the same conclusion yourself. 'Shake not thy jetty locks at me!' ten years hence, if we both live so long, you will allow that I am right, though you now think me a cynic for saying all this. 'Madame de Staël,' continued Byron, "had peculiar satisfaction in impressing on her auditors the severity of the persecution she underwent from Napoleon: a certain mode of enraging her, was to appear to doubt the extent to which she wished it to be believed this had been pushed, as she looked on the persecution as a triumphant proof of her literary and political importance, which she more than insinuated Napoleon feared might subvert his Government. This was a weakness, but a common one. One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and persecuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it."

I could not suppress the smile that Byron's reflections excited, and, with his usual quickness, he instantly felt the application I had made of them to himself, for he blushed, and half angry, and half laughing, said:—"Oh! I see what you are smiling at; you think that I have described my own case, and proved myself guilty of vanity." I allowed that I thought so, as he had a thousand times repeated to me, that he was feared and detested in England, which I never would admit. He tried various arguments to prove to me that it was not vanity, but a knowledge of the fact, that made him believe himself detested: but I, continuing to smile, and look incredulous, he got really displeased, and said:—"You have such a provoking memory, that you compare notes of all one's different opinions, so that one is sure to get into a scrape." Byron observed, that he once told Madame de Staël, that he considered her "*Delphine*" and "*Corinne*" as very dangerous productions to be put into the hands of young women. I asked him how she received this piece of candour, and he answered:—"Oh! just as all such candid avowals are received—she never forgave me for it. She endeavoured to prove to me, that, *au contraire*, the tendencies of both her novels were supereminently moral. I begged that we might not enter on '*Delphine*,' as that was *hors de question*, (she was furious at this,) but that all the moral world thought, that her representing all the virtuous characters in "*Corinne*" as being dull, common-place, and tedious, was a most insidious blow aimed at virtue, and calculated to throw it into the shade. She was so excited and impatient to attempt a refutation, that it was only by

my volubility I could keep her silent. She interrupted me every moment by gesticulating, exclaiming:—‘*Quel idée !*’ ‘*Mon Dieu !*’ ‘*Ecoutez, donc !*’ ‘*Vous m’impatiente y !*’—but I continued saying how dangerous it was to inculcate the belief that genius, talent, acquirements, and accomplishments, such as Corinne was represented to possess, could not preserve a woman from becoming a victim to an unrequited passion, and that reason, absence, and female pride were unavailing.

“ I told her that ‘Corinne’ would be considered, if not cited, as an excuse for violent *passions*, by all young ladies with imagination *exalté*, and that she had much to answer for. Had you seen her ! I now wonder how I had courage to go on ; but I was in one of my humours, and had heard of her commenting on me one day, so I determined to pay her off. She told me that I, above *all people*, was the last person that ought to talk of morals, as nobody had done more to deteriorate them. I looked innocent, and added, I was willing to plead guilty of having sometimes represented Vice under alluring forms ; but so it was generally in the world, therefore it was necessary to paint it so ; but that I never represented virtue under the sombre and disgusting shapes of dulness, severity, and *ennui*, and that I always took care to represent the votaries of vice as unhappy themselves, and entailing unhappiness on those that loved them ; so that *my moral* was unexceptionable. She was perfectly outrageous, and the more so, as I appeared calm and in earnest, though I assure you it required an effort, as I was ready to laugh outright at the idea that I, who was at that period considered the most *mauvais sujet* of the day, should give Madame de Staël a lecture on morals ; and I knew that this added to her rage. I also knew she never dared avow that I had taken such a liberty. She was, notwithstanding her little defects, a fine creature, with great talents, and many noble qualities, and had a simplicity quite extraordinary, which led her to believe every thing people told her, and consequently to be continually hoaxed, of which I saw such proofs in London. Madame de Staël it was who first lent me ‘Adolphe,’ which you like so much : it is very clever, and very affecting. A friend of hers told me, that she was supposed to be the heroine, and I, with my *aimable franchise*, insinuated as much to her, which rendered her furious. She proved to me how impossible it was that it could be so, which I already knew, and complained of the malice of the world for supposing it possible.”

Byron has remarkable penetration in discovering the characters of those around him, and he piques himself extremely on it : he also thinks he has fathomed the recesses of his own mind ; but he is mistaken : with much that is *little* (which he suspects) in his character,

there is much that is *great*, that he does not give himself credit for: his first impulses are always good, but his temper, which is impatient, prevents his acting on the cool dictates of reason; and it appears to me, that in judging himself, Byron mistakes temper for character, and takes the ebullitions of the first, for the indications of the nature of the second. He declares, that in addition to his other failings, avarice is now established. This new vice, like all the others he attributes to himself, he talks of as one would name those of an acquaintance, in a sort of deprecating, yet half mocking tone; as much as to say, you see I know all my faults better than you do, though I don't choose to correct them: indeed, it has often occurred to me, that he brings forward his defects, as if in anticipation of some one else exposing them, which he would not like; as, though he affects the contrary, he is jealous of being found fault with, and shows it in a thousand ways.

He affects to dislike hearing his works praised or referred to; I say affects, because I am sure it is not real or natural; as he who loves praise, as Byron evidently does, in other things, cannot dislike it for that in which he must be conscious it is deserved. He refers to his feats in horsemanship, shooting at a mark, and swimming, in a way that proves he likes to be complimented on them; and nothing appears to give him more satisfaction than being considered a man of fashion, who had great success in fashionable society in London, when he resided there. He is peculiarly compassionate to the poor; I remarked that he rarely, in our rides, passed a mendicant without giving him charity, which was invariably bestowed with gentleness and kindness; this was still more observable if the person was deformed, as if he sympathized with the object.

Byron is very fond of gossiping, and of hearing what is going on in the London fashionable world; his friends keep him *au courant*, and any little scandal amuses him very much. I observed this to him one day, and added, that I thought his mind had been too great to descend to such trifles! he laughed, and said with mock gravity, "Don't you know that the trunk of an elephant that can lift the most ponderous weights, disdains not to take up the most minute? This is the case with my *great* mind, (laughing anew,) and you must allow the simile is worthy the subject. Jestings apart, I do like a little scandal—I believe all English people do. An Italian lady, Madame Benzoni, talking to me on the prevalence of this taste among my compatriots, observed, that when she first knew the English, she thought them the most spiteful and ill-natured people in the world, from hearing them constantly repeating evil of each other; but having seen various amiable traits in their characters, she had



arrived at the conclusion, that they were not naturally *méchant*; but that living in a country like England, where severity of morals punishes so heavily any dereliction from propriety, each individual, to prove personal correctness, was compelled to attack the *sins* of his or her acquaintance, as it furnished an opportunity of expressing their abhorrence by words, instead of proving it by actions, which might cause some self-denial to themselves. This," said Byron, "was an ingenious, as well as charitable supposition; and we must all allow that it is infinitely more easy to decry and expose the sins of others, than to correct our own; and many find the first so agreeable an occupation, that it precludes the second—this, at least, is my case."

"The Italians do not understand the English," said Byron; "indeed, how can they? for they (the Italians) are frank, simple, and open in their natures, following the bent of their inclinations, which they do not believe to be wicked; while the English, to conceal the indulgence of theirs, daily practise hypocrisy, falsehood, and uncharitableness; so that to *one* error is added many crimes." Byron had now got on a favourite subject, and went on decrying hypocrisy and cant, mingling sarcasms and bitter observations on the false delicacy of the English. It is strange, but true as strange, that he could not, or at least did not, distinguish the distinction between cause and effect, in this case. The respect for virtue will always cause spurious imitations of it to be given; and what he calls hypocrisy, is but the respect to public opinion that induces people, who have not courage to correct their errors, at least to endeavour to conceal them; and Cant is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.\* We do not value the diamond less, because there are so many worthless imitations of it, and Goodness loses nothing of her intrinsic value because so many wish to be thought to possess it. That nation may be considered to possess the most virtue, where it is the most highly appreciated; and that the least, where it is so little understood, that the semblance is not even assumed.

About this period the Duke of Leeds and family arrived at Genoa, and passed a day or two there, at the same hotel where we were residing. Shortly after their departure Byron came to dine with us, and expressed his mortification at the Duke's not having called on him, were it only out of respect to Mrs. Leigh, who was the half-sister of both. This seemed to annoy him so much, that I endeavoured to point out the *inutility* of ceremony between people who could have no two ideas in common, and observed, that the *gêne* of finding oneself with people of totally different habits and feelings, was ill repaid by the respect their civility indicated. Byron is a person to be excessively bored by the constraint that any change of system

\* Rochefoucault.

would occasion, even for a day; but yet his *amour propre* is wounded by any marks of incivility or want of respect he meets with. Poor Byron! he is still far from arriving at the philosophy that he aims at and thinks he has acquired, when the absence or presence of a person who is indifferent to him, whatever his station in life may be, can occupy his thoughts for a moment.

I have observed in Byron a habit of attaching importance to trifles, and, *vice versâ*, turning serious events into ridicule; he is extremely superstitious, and seems offended with those who cannot, or will not, partake this weakness. He has frequently touched on this subject, and tauntingly observed to me that I must believe myself wiser than him, because I was not superstitious. I answered, that the vividness of his imagination, which was proved by his works, furnished a sufficient excuse for his superstition, which was caused by an over-excitement of that faculty; but that I, not being blessed by the *camera lucida* of imagination, could have no excuse for the *camera oscura*, which I looked on superstition to be. This did not, however, content him, and I am sure he left me with a lower opinion of my faculties than before. To deprecate his anger, I observed that nature was so wise and good that she gave compensations to all her offspring: that as to him she had given the brightest gift, genius; so to those whom she had not so distinguished, she gave the less brilliant, but perhaps as useful, gift of plain and unsophisticated reason. This did not satisfy his *amour propre*, and he left me, evidently displeased at my want of superstition. Byron is, I believe, sincere in his belief in supernatural appearances; he assumes a grave and mysterious air when he talks on the subject, which he is fond of doing, and has told me some extraordinary stories relative to Mr. Shelley, who, he assures me, had an implicit belief in ghosts. He also told me that Mr. Shelley's spectre had appeared to a lady, walking in a garden, and he seemed to lay great stress on this. Though some of the wisest of mankind, as witness Johnson, shared this weakness in common with Byron; still there is something so unusual in our matter-of-fact days in giving way to it, that I was at first doubtful that Byron was serious in his belief. He is also superstitious about days, and other trifling things,—believes in lucky and unlucky days,—dislikes undertaking any thing on a Friday, helping or being helped to salt at table, spilling salt or oil, letting bread fall, and breaking mirrors; in short, he gives way to a thousand fantastical notions, that prove that even *l'esprit le plus fort* has its weak side. Having declined riding with Byron one day, on the plea of going to visit some of the Genoese palaces and pictures, it furnished him with a subject of attack at our next interview; he declared that he never believed people serious in their admiration of pictures, statues, &c. and that those who expressed

the most admiration were "Amatori senza Amore, and Conoscitori senza Cognizione." I replied, that as I had never talked to him of pictures, I hoped he would give me credit for being sincere in my admiration of them: but he was in no humour to give one credit for anything on this occasion, as he felt that our giving a preference to seeing sights, when we might have passed the hours with him, was not flattering to his vanity. I should say that Byron was not either skilled in, or an admirer of works of art; he confessed to me that very few had excited his attention, and that to admire these he had been forced to draw on his imagination. Of objects of taste or virtue he was equally regardless, and antiquities had no interest for him; nay, he carried this so far, that he disbelieved the possibility of their exciting interest in any one, and said that they merely served as excuses for indulging the vanity and ostentation of those who had no other means of exciting attention. Music he liked, though he was no judge of it: he often dwelt on the power of association it possessed, and declared that the notes of a well-known air could transport him to distant scenes and events, presenting objects before him with a vividness that quite banished the present. Perfumes, he said, produced the same effect, though less forcibly, and, added he with his mocking smile, often make me quite sentimental.

Byron is of a very suspicious nature; he dreads imposition on all points, declares that he foregoes many things, from the fear of being cheated in the purchase, and is afraid to give way to the natural impulses of his character, lest he should be duped or mocked. This does not interfere with his charities, which are frequent and liberal; but he has got into a habit of calculating even his most trifling personal expenses, that is often ludicrous, and would in England expose him to ridicule. He indulges in a self-complacency when talking of his own defects, that is amusing; and he is rather fond than reluctant of bringing them into observation. He says that money is wisdom, knowledge, and power all combined, and that this conviction is the only one he has in common with all his countrymen. He dwells with great asperity on an acquaintance to whom he lent some money, and who has not repaid him.

Byron seems to take a peculiar pleasure in ridiculing sentiment and romantic feelings; and yet the day after will betray both, to an extent that appears impossible to be sincere, to those who had heard his previous sarcasms: that he is sincere, is evident, as his eyes fill with tears, his voice becomes tremulous, and his whole manner evinces that he feels what he says. All this appears so inconsistent that it destroys sympathy, or if it does not quite do that, it makes one angry with oneself for giving way to it for one who is never two days of the same way of thinking, or at least expressing himself.

He talks for effect, likes to excite astonishment, and certainly destroys in the minds of his auditors all confidence in his stability of character. This must, I am certain, be felt by all who have lived much in his society; and the impression is not satisfactory.

Talking one day of his domestic misfortunes, as he always called his separation from Lady Byron, he dwelt in a sort of unmanly strain of lamentation on it, that all present felt to be unworthy of him; and as the evening before I had heard this habitude of his commented on by persons indifferent about his feelings, who even ridiculed his making it a topic of conversation with mere acquaintances, I wrote a few lines in verse, expressive of my sentiments, and handed it across the table round which we were seated, as he was sitting for his portrait. He read them, became red and pale, by turns, with anger, and threw them down on the table, with an expression of countenance that is not to be forgotten. The following are the lines, which had nothing to offend, but they did offend him deeply, and he did not recover his temper during the rest of his stay.

And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes!  
And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there,  
Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies  
Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share.

The wounds inflicted by the hand we love,  
(The hand that should have warded off each blow,)  
Are never healed, as aching hearts can prove,  
But sacred should the stream of sorrow flow.

If friendship's pity quells not real grief,  
Can public pity soothe thy woes to sleep?—  
No! Byron, spurn such vain, such weak relief,  
And if thy tears must fall—in secret weep.

He never appeared to so little advantage as when he talked sentiment: this did not at all strike me at first; on the contrary, it excited a powerful interest for him; but when he had vented his spleen, sarcasms, and pointed ridicule on sentiment, reducing all that is noblest in our natures to the level of common every-day life, the charm was broken, and it was impossible to sympathise with him again. He observed something of this, and seemed dissatisfied and restless when he perceived that he could no longer excite either strong sympathy or astonishment. Notwithstanding all these contradictions in this wayward, spoilt child of genius, the impression left on my mind was, that he had both sentiment and romance in his nature; but that, from the love of display and astonishing, he affected to despise and ridicule them.

*(To be continued.)*

## ASMODEUS AT LARGE, NO. V.

*My Life at Cyprolis—What is real?—What not?—Knowledge a series of Plagiarisms—New books—Maid of Elvar—Contarin Fleming—The King's Theatre, and Robert the Devil—The Cheap Press—The Penny Magazine—Fairness of the operations of Stamp Duty—Motion against the Taxes on Knowledge—Monopoly—American Papers—Objections answered—Postage—The "Original," &c. &c.—Kosem Kesamim—His Nature—Particulars about the Witches—Custom and Mystery—Curiosity likely to be gratified.*

I FIND, dear reader, that narrating my adventures to you only once a month, and sometimes not so often—I am forced to leave frequent gaps in my recital. It requires a long stride to keep up with the March of Events, and to talk to you only on those matters which are either interesting at all times, or interesting from their connexion with the moment. How much then must I omit!—What scenes with my dear Witches!—What delightful hours with my beloved Jesthah!—Yes, reader, I still remain in that old buried City, with its gigantic arches, and porphyry temples, and silent fountains, and unechoing areas. Every evening is spent with the Witches, in the most agreeable rattling conversation, over the romance, the anecdote, the scandal of the past. Such stories are ripped up, that Time had stowed away in his budget, never dreaming they could again be routed forth into day—the amours of all Courts, from the Egyptian Ptolemies to the English Anne, (for no Witch had been enrolled in the free list at Cyprolis since the latter period) are detailed to me with the most refreshing earnestness! I listen, shrug my shoulders, swear the world was very bad in those days, and ask leave to teach Jesthah the last fashion in kissing. Happy hours! One man among so many ladies, though they be Witches, need be no Wizard to be a little in request. Happy hours!—I shall look back to you as a dream.—Yet you are realities, and I shall remember as much of you, as men ever remember of that past in which they once lived. I remember as much of you as a Rector does of Greek—as a Politician of the Public—as the World does of Virtue—as Virtue of the World;—yet how many silly people will say that I am deceiving them—that I never saw Jesthah—that I never talked with Kosem Kesamim—that Asmodeus exists not—and that my life, my very life, my thoughtful, bustling, various life, is but a drop of ink, created by a goose-quill, and passed on no broader superficies than a sheet of paper! Alas, what is real if the mind be not? Is that which in the dim chambers of our decaying memory lies all mouldering and unheeded, more real, more palpable, more living than the bright creatures of our fancy? No! Fancy is a life itself, and the world we create has as much of truth as the world that was created for us. The all-merciful Father blessed us with imagination as a counterpoise to the sufferings of experience.

And every day I walk forth among those ruins, and, by the help of Witch-lore, decipher the language of four thousand years back, which is engraved on many a marble wall, and many an archived scroll. I here see how Wisdom has travelled from age to

age—as a river that flows through our mortality—visible in its course—but in its sources undiscovered. For in these scrolls I behold the doctrines claimed by the Greeks—their beautiful thoughts—their high and endearing dreams, all bodied forth in the more luxuriant imagery of the East, and, indeed, they were rather simplified than enlarged by those bright purloiners, who stole from the Heaven of Fame the fire that belonged not to their race, but which so stolen never can expire.

And every morning to breakfast, previous to my adventurous roavings, comes my attentive Deimon, full of the news of the upper world, laden with books and journals, reports and truths—and making me as much conversant with the little squabbles on the world's surface, as if I were, as heretofore, a partner of them!—I recollect spending one morning deliciously over a whole cargo of new books. Beautiful “Maid of Elvar!”\*—what pleasure did I owe to you! Reader, you love not Poetry, neither do I in general:—Like the taste for fruits—like the hungering after the sweet scent of flowers—like the quiet rapture of repose at noon, beneath the oak or beside the stream—like the delicious melancholy of the twilight, and that rosy star which once reminded us of how much love is blended by God with our harsher nature—like all the soft and magical delights that our youth nursed, and our manhood hastens to forget, the love of Poetry departs beneath the anxieties of life. Man's progress is an emblem of the progress of his race. At first the mountain and the free step, at last the city and the careful eye. But when such a Poem comes before you as the “Maid of Elvar,” neglect it not, pause to inhale its beauty, as if it were a breeze of the fresh air. By a stanza from itself I will give you its own description.

“He came unto a small and pleasant bay—  
A crescent-bay half garlanded with trees,  
Which scented all the air; whose blossoms gay  
Were rife with birds, and musical with bees;  
And danced in beauty in the seaward breeze;  
While o'er the grove ascended Elvar Tower,  
A mark by land, a beacon on the seas—  
With fruit trees crowned, and gardens hung in flower,  
Dropt round with fairy knolls and many an elfin bower.”

Hark, again, how beautiful a strain!—are not the glades before us?

“The ripe corn waved in lone Dalgonar glen,  
That, with its bosom basking in the sun,  
Lies like a bird; the hum of working men  
Joins with the sound of streams that southward run,  
With fragrant holms atween; then mix in one  
Beside a church, and round two ancient towers;  
Form a deep fosse. Here sire is heired by son,  
And war comes never: ankle deep in flowers  
In summer walk its dames among the sunny bowers.”

What richness—yet what simplicity in the line below marked in Italics!

— “There was odorous store  
Of bloom for bees; both bank and brae were sown  
With glowing foxgloves and with gowans hoar;  
*A trout-steam shot through all, and sang beside the door.*”

All the Poet's descriptions are full of minute truth—nothing is

\* Maid of Elvar a Poem, by Allan Cunningham.—Moxon, 64, New Bond Street.

vague, nothing is mere description—all is the result of close observing—that deep observing which marks the skilled eye of the Minstrel to whom

“In Nature there is nothing melancholy”—

and nothing homely. The same beauty which so strikingly characterizes Thomson—that knitting up word after word, into one chapter of living representation—marks all the rural descriptions of this thoroughly genuine and National Poet. Take, for instance, the following lines:—

“The thatched stack-yard, the naked stubble ridge,  
The sere leaves heaped, these all are certain signs  
The fruitful season’s o’er; the leafless hedge  
With songsters’ nests revealed, tell now the reins  
Of rule have passed to sterner hands: in chains  
The lakes are bound, the forest trees are reeling  
Beneath the axe; the snowy monarch reigns  
On hills, and drives the shepherd from his shealing;  
And cold, like age on man, is o’er the wide land stealing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The golden hours of the glad year are gone;  
The forest’s fragrant plumes are pluck’d—how short,  
And stormy, too, the journey of the sun;  
The vessel gladly makes her destined port;  
The hares unto the green kale-yards resort;  
The plough lies idle in the half-drawn furrow;  
The barnman’s chaff comes down like snow; his sport  
The hunter takes; the rabbit keeps his burrow;  
And old men shake their locks, and sigh ’tis winter thorough.”

Yet it is a pity, that for a Poem so carefully elaborated—so deeply brooded over—so evidently formed for the Temple of Allan Cunningham’s fame—so far greater than anything he has yet done—and so solidly great in itself—it is a pity that a metre should have been chosen which, though inexpressibly rich and melodious, has been so dinned into our ears by all the Poetasters of the last twenty years. The Music has grown wearisome from its commonness. Some years hence, the objection will cease to exist. Our children will not have read the numberless poems in the same metre that we have. The natural sweep of the verse will no longer be rendered “stale and cheap by vulgar company,” but it may operate against the present popularity of a Poem which Scotland ought to feel proud of. It is essentially Scotch—essentially the Poetry of one Land and one People. We tread on the heaths of Scotland—we hear the rush of her streams—we see her lone glens and weird defiles as we wander on. Oh beautiful “Maid of Elvar!”—in a happy time wert thou born—thou belongest to the summer—and while the summer lasteth I will turn to thee again and again, and wish for no sweeter companion in the basking noon—than the odours that breathe from thy russet garments!

It is strange, that in such stormy times, Literature should glide on so smoothly and with so many adventurers on the stream! We are literally, if Asmodeus tells me right of the upper world, inundated with new books and new events. To-day we open the last novel; to-morrow we forget it in the last rumour! Here is “Contarini Fleming”\* on the one hand, and the arrest of Chateaubriand on the other,

\* Contarini Fleming.—Murray.

both deserving of all our attention, and neither, therefore, engrossing it. Certainly Mr. D'Israeli is a writer of very great genius, and "Contarini Fleming" is so vast an improvement on "Vivian Grey" and "The Young Duke," that it is difficult for me to believe it written by the same man. Nevertheless, the critics declare it could be written by no other. The tone of "The Young Duke" was painful: you felt that the Author should not have stooped to the performance; its vivacity was strained; its story unconnected; and the play of the writer's style too restless and unquiet. "Contarini Fleming" is the product of a far older mind—a travelled mind—a meditative mind—a mind gradually filtering itself of its early impurities of taste and discrepancies in judgment. The tone of it is more enlarged and benevolent than that of the former writings; and though, by the superficial, it is called extravagant, it is, in reality, remarkably succinct, whole, and uniform, in its plot, conduct, and purpose. The mass of readers will not perceive its object, and therefore it seems to them bizarre, merely because its meaning is not on the surface. In fact, "Contarini Fleming" is a delineation of abstract ideas, in which, as in "Wilhelm Meister," the Author is often allegorical and actual at the same time. Each character is a personification of certain trains of mind; but in that personification the Author now and then forgets himself, and deals only with the external world, which he designed at first merely as the covering to metaphysical creatures. I compare it, in this instance, to "Wilhelm Meister." And I am quite certain that if "Wilhelm Meister" had never been written, "Contarini Fleming" would never have walked into the ideal world. Yet, for all that, there is no imitation in story, character, and least of all, style. The subdued calm of Goethe is as different as possible from the varying brilliancy of the author of "Contarini Fleming." "Wilhelm Meister" is the mature produce of a very stupendous, brooding mind, that worked out the block of nature from the most artificial and recondite tools. All in Goethe was the Artist—the great Artist—and all in "Wilhelm Meister" breathes of that Art, and of the time, thought, musing, which had been devoted to its cultivation. The true nature of Mr. D'Israeli's talents is, on the contrary, vivid, sparkling, passionate. He writes much better when he paints the Outward which belongs to Passion, than the Inward, which belongs to Thought. One of the best parts of his book, and one of the best and most racy descriptions of life any work of fiction since Fielding (certainly not excluding even "Anastasiush") contains, is in volume the first, when the young Adventurer attempts the robber life, which was once so alluring to the youth of Germany. On the other hand, nothing but the dazzle of the diction can blind us to various contradictions, and to much hasty paradox, in all the reflective portions of the work. Has Mr. D'Israeli sufficiently studied Locke? No man should turn to the German philosophy till he is deep read in the English. Locke, above all, is the essential groundwork of speculation. That great Philosopher forms the right train of thought; shows, by a glance, where discursion leads to nothing, and where it is worth risking; he preserves us, in a word, from all errors but his own, or rather lights us to truth by a lamp which we afterwards turn back upon his own few contradictions and many deficiencies. But while Mr. D'Israeli is, we apprehend, yet a novice when he reflects, he often becomes a master when he creates. His personifications of idea are excellent, though his dilations on ideas may



be crude. What a character he has made of Winter! I know nothing in the English language like it in conception, or more elaborately executed: it is only a pity that we have so little of this fine ideal. To sum up, in this work the Author has shown a power—a fertility—a promise—which we sanguinely trust will produce very considerable and triumphant results. He has shown, by much improvement, that he can improve more. A certain revolution is going on within his mind; right and deep ideas are gradually banishing wrong and erratic notions; and—striking, admirable in many most brilliant points, as every unprejudiced critic must allow “Contarini Fleming”—the Author will yet (he may believe me) far outshine it. By the way, I see he is standing for Wycombe:—joy be with him! A man of such talent and such knowledge ought to be in Parliament, more especially when the powers he possesses are pledged to the advance of those Great Truths which are now so firmly rooted in the Hearts of the People.

Thus half slowly criticising, half carelessly rambling on, it is my custom to pore over the works which the Devil transports from the circulating libraries above. Sometimes, however, I prefer talking with my amusing companion over those circles which, to my great surprise, manage to flourish without me. I laugh at the indignation of Asmodeus, at the dreadful caricature they have made of his fellow Devil at the Opera House, where, Asmodeus assures me, that music without science, and a story without interest, are dragged on throughout a whole night under the name of “Robert the Devil.” “The scenery,” says Asmodeus, “is well enough, I allow. But only imagine a performance lasting from eight to half-past twelve, without any *other* merit than scenery; the length of every scene, the interminable duration of every song seem to denote that they could not be contented to play the Devil without giving us a notion of the perpetuity of his punishments. What a moral! Certainly Mr. Mason must be the most conscientious man in the world! He has done more to weary London of the Devil than all his managerial brethren ever did to attract mankind towards the same personage. Oh! what a man it is! With what a spirit he goes on ruining the Opera! It is quite delightful to see a gentleman so bent upon one object. I suspect he is hired by some Prynne of the present day, to destroy insidiously the King’s Theatre. No man could, by chance, have been so systematically unfit for his situation. Well, well; if the Town won’t go to ‘the Devil,’ I know who is likely to supply the Town’s place;—and therewith Asmodeus made a note in his memorandum-book. For my part, I like this easy, worldly, sneering vein in the Devil’s conversation; I like a companion who seems to have his senses about him, and who, though damned himself, knows exactly what ought to be damned in others.

One morning among other papers, Asmodeus brought me down a large cargo of the offspring of what is called the cheap press. What a fund of delight a man may now purchase for a shilling! One may pack up a library to take down to the moors, and have change out of half-a-crown. It is pleasant to see that while everything for the use of the outward form keeps up its price, something really cheap may be bought for the mind. A quartern loaf lasts a day, and costs 10d., but a number of a new Magazine may give Thought food for a year, and cost only a penny. The Penny Magazine is indeed excellent so

far as it goes, but there is something ludicrous in the delicate infelicity with which it coquets with the law. It seems so mighty anxious to avoid Politics, and yet it cannot avoid containing news. And news is as much against the law as politics. What absurdity—what monstrous absurdity! The Law says “Intelligence” must not be sold under sevenpence. But our Lawgivers themselves sell Intelligence for a penny, and yet turn the Law upon others. The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge have his Majesty’s Ministers for Members—they send out their own Penny Paper to-day, and prosecute another man’s Penny Paper to-morrow. I recollect Sir Robert Peel said once on the Game Laws—“Can a country gentleman officiate conscientiously as a Magistrate, and send a man to prison for breaking those laws which his own son breaks every day?” Is there not the same glaring partiality in publishing a paper as there was once in shooting a partridge? Can a Minister patronise one who breaks the same Law for which he casts another man into prison? What a vast field is opened to our gaze the moment we approach the Stamp duty on Papers! We might harangue for hours and not say a tithe of what ought to be said. In Mr. Bulwer’s speech on his Motion for the removal of the Taxes on Knowledge, he dwelt on the contraband circulation of pernicious doctrines that were left unanswered because the law forbade an answer.\* “But what,” cries one of the Papers, “are pernicious doctrines?” The Whigs call the Tory doctrines pernicious—the Tories retort on the Whigs—both unite against the Levellers—the attackers of Property and the advocates of assassination; and the last party perhaps think themselves sincerely in the right.† Which are the pernicious doctrines?—the answer is very short—Any doctrine not fully canvassed, and constantly discussed, is *sure* to become pernicious at last! We are quite sure that the doctrines of the cheap contraband papers must be wrong, because the Law obliges them to be all one way—because they must be violent, and may not be discussed—because the Law cannot put down the violence, and forbids the counterpoise. When Religion itself was the property of the Monks—when difference of sectarian opinion was not allowed—Religion preached up crusades and inquisitions—zeal was murder, and virtue was donations to the Church. It is the same with Reason as it was with Religion—to be safely exercised it must be generally exercised—to the errors of one sect oppose the opinions of the other sect. Truth perishes wherever there is Monopoly. At present the contraband press is the Monopoly of violent opinion. Open that Monopoly! Nature and Truth are alike in this—their great results are worked out from the opposite elements. A Monopoly of alkali in the physical system, would be the same as a Monopoly of one set of opinions in the moral. The “Times” says justly that it would have nothing

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\* Will it be believed that some of the newspapers—dreading, perhaps, the competition they ought not to dread, for they could not be so ignorant of the present law—have positively asked—“Why, if the poison is circulated now at a penny, is not the antidote also circulated at the same price?” Why! because the law forbids it—because the contraband paper is written by those who defy the law—and those only.—There is *not one contraband political paper that is an antidote to the numberless evened ones!*—What a fact!—What a subject for delay—for indifference—for neglect!

† For all these doctrines are advocated very frankly in some of the contraband Papers:

to fear from the repeal of the Stamp Duty.\* Nor did the Motion for that repeal, nor the speech of the Mover, drive at such a consequence. The terrible power of one great Paper might be divided by the abolition of the Stamp Duty, but the sale would be necessarily increased. Many persons don't think so; but let them consider for a moment. Will not the multitude prefer always the best article?—does the best article suffer by becoming cheap?—does rivalry in shops prevent the best and most popular shop from making the greatest returns? Will it not be the same case with the Papers? Compare the “Constitutionnel” in its popular day with the “Times”—Compare!—the “Constitutionnel” is *not* to be compared with it in point of variety of talent and copiousness of intelligence; but the “Constitutionnel” sold for half the price, and consequently sold more than double the number. But the town will be inundated with cheap papers? Why not? the evil will soon cure itself. But then America—ay, just note how unfairly an argument may be wrenched aside. Mr. Bulwer cites America as an example of the fact that the number of Papers depends on the cheapness of Papers, whereon an opponent affects to suppose that he cites the instance as a proof of the excellence of the American papers, and he tells you that the American papers are abominable—Very likely; but the American papers are as good, on the whole, as the American books. Literature is far more advanced in this country than the United States;—there it is more general—here more lofty. We write better books than the Americans, and we write better papers—not on account of the price of the production, but the greater skill of the producer. Take away the Stamp of the paper—you don't take away the intellect from the Paper; yet some persons seem absolutely to think that the red mark confers a sort of Patent of Excellence. Is the unstamped Penny Magazine then so contemptible in its character? As regards the question of the Postage, there seems to be some mistake abroad in regard to Mr. Bulwer's precise Motion on the subject. He did not move that a Postage should be adopted, but that its expediency should be inquired into. It is a very intricate question, requiring the most minute attention to details. But this fact is at least in its favour—it has never failed wherever it has been adopted, and so little in France did it operate against the circulation of the Metropolitan Papers, that, as Mr. Bulwer stated, the number of Papers sent from Paris in 1829 doubled the number sent from Paris in 1825; while during those years in England there had been

\* “We should gain,” adds the “Times”—“but we doubt if the public would—we should sell a great many more copies—but the public would be inundated with cheap, bad papers.” Does not our acute Contemporary see that the two arguments destroy each other—if

the public as well as the “Times” benefit by th

its rivals in public favour—the public is not contaminated by a rivalry so effectively counteracted. Take away the stamp, and the “Times” and “The Poor Man's Guardian” would assume a tolerable equality in point of price. How many would purchase the “Times” for its excellence, that now purchase “The Poor Man's Guardian” for its cheapness? We now force the Operative to buy bad papers—solely because they are the only papers he can afford to buy. We can adduce a curious instance of the truth. When Mr. Carpenter's “Political Letter” sold for fourpence—eight hundred copies were sold weekly at Manchester; when it became sevenpence, only fifty were sold at Manchester. Did those who gave up the “Political Letter” purchase the Legitimate Journals? No! on inquiry it was ascertained that they either went without any paper—or they substituted for the “Political Letter”—“The Poor Man's Guardian”—a Journal immeasurably more violent and inflammatory than the one they had deserted! Who, seeing this, can doubt, that to tax knowledge is to administer philtres to crime!

little or no variation in the number sent from London into the Provinces. Yet mark—it was in that country where a postage was put on a cheap Paper that the number sent from the Metropolis had doubled, and it was in that country where the Newspaper is dear, but no postage imposed, that the number had not varied!—a striking fact. But the question certainly demands deep inquiry. If, on examination, it appears that a postage *would* operate against the London, or, indeed, the country papers, there must be *no* Postage *upon* Papers—the Revenue must look elsewhere for compensation. But Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, all Literary Publications—they at least might *unquestionably* be allowed to circulate cheaply by post—a tax that would be most advantageous to the Public, and sure to produce the same sum, at the lowest computation, as the odious advertisement duty!

What's this?—"the London Penny Journal"—very good—tales, sketches—as light as the Penny Magazine is wise. A penn'orth of sack to a penn'orth of bread. "The New Entertaining Press"—a respectable, tall, graceful, well-shaped young Gentleman, full of accomplishment and research.—Poetry, Criticism, Fiction, Morality, nothing comes amiss to him—you may breakfast with him most agreeably, and his fee for attendance is only a Penny—heartily do I thank him for his reasonable charges, and his excellent qualities. But here is a threepenny Leviathan, sixteen pages of close print, and capital matter! Stories by the dozen—puns, jokes, reviews, and all manner of delicacies, for the dimidium of sixpence. Blessed be the name of "The Original!" It is really a most spirited, entertaining, and intelligent periodical. What a capital extravaganza! a Fishing Schoolmaster, angling and catching one of his own drowned disciples.

"Ye dream of sport—too speedy in your flight,  
Enough to make a gentleman grow wild;  
How hard his lot, who hungering for a bite,  
Must earn his meat by *bringing up a child!*"

"The British Drama and Literary Humourist"—full of plays and farces—a place where the damned are recovered, and where the author takes his revenge on the manager that refused him, by proving the manager an ass—a very good idea, and very amusingly bodied forth. More—more—more Halfpenny Magazines, Farthing Gazettes. Our old friend or foe, "The Literary Omnibus," with a lampoon on ourself, which is now become a joke old enough in its mouth to be a little tiresome. And the pretty little pedant, with the household name of "The Tatler," coming over us with a Mr. Bickerstaff air, and a ghostlike odour from the memory of White's Chocolate House! A witle field and fair play for ye all, gentlemen—may ye live and flourish, and afford an encouragement to this expensive world to be reasonable in its expenses as well as its views! It is a pleasant thing to see your honest faces smiling upon us with a friendly air of good-natured wisdom; and if I were not in Cypriolis, thinking of Jesthah and Queen Anne's Court, I would spend an hour in Fleet Street to watch the schoolboy and the mechanic buy his pennyworth of pleasant relaxation. What more touching thought, than that even by these fresh seeds springing up on the roadsides, we may judge of that future—that general—that all-supplying harvest of intellectual food which may reward hereafter our present labours. **Free Trade in Thought, and no Corn Laws for the Mind!**

The day seldom passes in Cyprolis without a visit from Kosem Kesamim. Sometimes, when I least expect it, I lift my eyes and behold his dim, undefined, and awful shape in the far recesses of my subterranean chamber. Then, perhaps, he will converse for hours on high and mystic themes, in which only by fit and interval I can follow his shadowy words—or, as often without uttering a sound, he will gradually recede, and pass like a vapour from my eyes. The Witches all speak of him with wonder, and yet reserve; they concur in terming him a human and living shape, though gifted with superhuman powers, and having shunned the conditions of Life (Death) through a hundred ages—a man like ourselves in aught, save the powers of his sorcery. As to the Witches, it seems, that in every age, and within every country, this dread and singular magician has had the power to select one person, of either sex, whom, if the selected so wills it, he may transplant yet living—though for ever dead to the common usages and tribes of Earth—to this preternatural life and these unseen abodes. Thus he gathers round him slowly, and from century to century, a grotesque and motley court—evidences of the duration of his own desolate and wondrous life. These, his subjects, are commonly dispersed in various depths and hollows of Earth; and only once a year they meet in one solemn and stately interview. This is the grand event of the Witch life, though it is varied with many minor gala days, and is, altogether, passed pleasantly enough, considering that the ladies and gentlemen live as separately as Mrs. Trollope's Americans. I stay here partly for the purpose of attending this great ceremonial—glad, too, of an excuse for learning more of mysteries, which gradually vanish into simple facts beneath the daily light of custom. Mystery!—sounding word!—apology for our own ignorance! No one thing is in itself more mystic than another; it is our imperfect sight that makes the monster and shapes forth the spectre. What is there more mysterious in the dark existence of this magician—in the life of his Court—in these still wastes of forgotten marble by which I am surrounded, than in the swarming life that peoples the drop of water—than the growth of the tree before our window—than the everlasting course of the seasons under which we glide insensibly from life to death? Magic incredible!—Pooh! Custom!—what magic in that one word!

I am not without hopes of learning, from the lips of Kosem Kesamim, the secret of his own life. At times I venture to approach that subject, and he does not avoid it; nay, I believe that he will be disposed to—Ha!

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While I wrote these last words, I chanced to turn—I beheld HIM beside me! “And wouldst thou learn?” said the Magician, in that mournful voice which seems to breathe of the vanity of all knowledge, “wouldst thou, in truth, learn the secret of his life who has conquered the ordinary laws which circumscribe his race? Somewhat of his gloomy history thou mightest indeed glean from his lips, but how much to thy soul would be lost, and utterly uncompassed! Yet thou shalt have a portion of thy wish. At midnight we shall meet again!”

With these words, the Sorcerer's figure faded gradually away. I am alone—his words still ring in my ear—with what anxiety I shall watch for midnight!

(To be continued in our next.)

# CHARACTER OF THE LAST UNREFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

“ As the sun  
Ere it is risen sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere—so often do the spirits  
Of Great Events stride on before the events ;  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.”

IN those magnificent lines there is an undeniable aphorism. Remove the metaphor, and a daily truth remains;—the dim unworldly superstition shadows forth a great law of actual society. Before any deep change in the conditions of a state, you may read the change itself reflected upon the surface of the times. In every innovation universally assented to, look in the quarter to be innovated on, and you will see the best index of the degree and order of change it will receive. The House of Commons is to be reformed, and it glances at this moment the very Reform it is to receive. When Louis XVI. appeared at the window of his palace with the cap of liberty on his head, his kingdom was morally gone;—when the House of Commons refused its confidence to any but a reforming Minister, the House of Commons was already virtually reformed! What remained? To give permanence by law to the spirit already caught from Opinion! “Why,” cried Sir Robert Peel, “why make your Parliament more popular, when at this moment the people influence all its decisions?” Because we would fix what is now temporary. The question was a token of that school of statesmen which thinks only of the moment, desirous of peace rather than the security for peace. When Poland was divided, Poland obtained a better form of government than she possessed before. But how long might that better form continue? Her fate depended on caprice; nay, she ceased to have a fate of her own. If the House of Commons is reformed only morally, how long would that Reform continue? Like the enslaved amelioration of the Polish Government, it would depend on caprice. The people could not be always in a fever; their sentiments would grow less audible; their commands would sink into whispers; violent pressure would become a gentle bias; the House of Commons, not hearing the loud noise, might not believe the deep opinion—as we judge only of the progress of the sea by its storm and outrage, forgetful of the inroad which in silence and calm it eternally makes upon the shore. It was, then, not to create, but to fix within the Representative Assembly that spirit which now pervades it, that the Bill was necessary. But the character of “the Last Unreformed Assembly” is essentially Reform!

“And in to-day already stalks to-morrow.”

What an evening for some future Clarendon was that in which Lord Ebrington brought forward his motion for an Address to the King! There was something almost fearful in the deep, gathered, resolute determination of the majority! Before that wrathful, steady determination, all the shifts and quirks of the Old Small Policy sank, at once abashed and silent. The Tories had triumphed; but what a triumph! No poor, pitiful, sneaking bully, thrashed within an inch

of his life, kicked round the market-place, nose-pulled, ear-tweaked, writhing and wealed beneath the lash, could look more completely crest-fallen, humiliated, sore, indignant, than did the conquering Tories! They literally paled before the mighty cheers that from side to side echoed to every blistering epithet of reproach and scorn lavished on that sudden apostasy which had found on the same bough (twin cherries on one stalk!) Tory Power and Reforming Principles! Those cheers spoke not the souls of a party alone—not of Reformers alone—not of popular Representatives alone—but of *Men of Honour*! It was that consciousness, in spite of themselves, round which the Tories writhed. A defeated Party they could have fronted; an angry People they might still have despised; but they could not front the hisses of disgrace; they could not despise the value of an honest character for themselves. When, stern and lowering, the grim majority hung upon every word each speaker uttered, in order to shout forth their applause at the most violent—when the mere expressions of “profligate,” “apostasy,” “tergiversation,” “disgrace,” drew down the instant thunders which no eloquence could have increased—when all conciliation in that most conciliatory Assembly was only received with impatience and disgust—when party courtesies (that had been bowed and bandied to and fro, even in the most violent discussions on public matters—amidst the laughter of the Nation, which liked not those scrapings and capers in so mighty a cause of contest,) were abruptly suspended—when Peel could blandish, and Baring quibble no more—when hard blows were hit in earnest—when the Anti-reforming few felt they were about to be openly considered dishonourable, truckling men, by three hundred *Gentlemen* whom they should meet every day athwart their path—then their stubborn spirits were indeed quelled. They trembled not at being crushed by the People, but they trembled at being cut in the streets;—they were callous as legislators, but sensitive as gentlemen. “It is all up with us!” said a Tory, supposed at that very moment to be in office, to the writer of this article; “what man will incur these shameful attacks on his moral character? I’ll be d—d if I will, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.” In this instance, then, we perceive very remarkably how strongly the present character of the House of Commons retains one distinguishing trait of its predecessors; *viz.* the conventional impress of *Men of the World*. It has changed in all else: but still the readiest, the most powerful feeling to appeal to, is that of a coterie. Its sentiments are those of the people, but the experience which best touchés—sways—rouses those sentiments, is the experience of the Clubs!

But it must be confessed, that never did an Assembly, lapped, and cradled, and swathed round in the prejudices of Aristocracy, behave more faithfully, more nobly to the people, than has done the English House of Commons in this Parliament. Unwearied by delay, stubborn against fatigue, night after night they submitted patiently to the hair-splitting, and the straw-picking, the *verborum minutia*, which made the tactics of the Fabii of the Opposition. The results of all the patience were demolished. After a more painful attention than a question ever received before from any legislative Assembly, the Lords threw out the Bill. What did the Commons do? Exactly

what they ought;—passed a vote of confidence in the defeated Ministry—exhorted quiet to the people—obtained quiet—because they showed resolution as well as temper; they uttered enough of the sentiment of the People to control the disappointment of the People; they placed themselves at the head of the State, and thus, in sharing the popular enthusiasm, they led it. And never in past history was there a more august spectacle than that Union between the People and their Representatives. Never was strength so mighty, yet so calm. A few enemies, shivering in their ermine and coronets, stood before them:—one blow, and the enemy would have been crushed for ever! There was something sublime in the disparity of force—the stillness of the lowering people—the perilous rashness of the two hundred nobles—something sublime, yet something ludicrous! The Atlantic on one side—Mrs. Partington's uplifted mop on the other!

When we look back, it is with a sentiment of admiration. There might have been such violence, and there was only such magnanimity. The House recorded its solemn vote—adjourned in peace—met once more—went through the same labour—encountered the same fatigue—experienced the same reward. The Bill was a second time lost, and this time Ministers resigned. Not a man deserted the defeated cause. The nation was aroused in an instant—from east to west rang the tocsin of alarm. Trade stopped—the veins of commerce were numbed—there was a shock from one end of society to the other—a convulsion was at hand. The House of Commons saved the country. It is the necessity of the people either to confide, or to rule: they never yield their power except where they place trust. *Revolutions arise but from one source—want of confidence in those quarters where confidence was once placed.* Whom now were the people to trust?—not the King, that spell was broken—that pillar of strength was crumbled;—not the Government—the new Government were their most bitter enemies. Whom were they to trust? Had the House of Commons swerved, yea, by a hair's breadth (since trust in the King had roused universal suspicion) the equilibrium would have been lost—the people, not ruined—a people cannot again be ruined till the art of printing is forgotten!—but its peace for the present generation shivered into atoms. Once more the Representatives of the People stood in their legitimate place. As the public feeling had justly grown more violent than at the period of their former vote, their present conduct was proportionably more decided. They not only voted confidence in the Ministers, but want of confidence in their successors. They ripened matters at once to a head. They forced a necessity on the new Ministers which the new Ministers dared not face—the necessity of an immediate dissolution. In the teeth of that vote, the Duke of Wellington could not take office—that vote restored Lord Grey, and saved the tranquillity of the existing generation. It must be confessed that nothing could be more timely—more judicious than that vote. It went to the verge, and not an inch beyond the verge, of what the occasion required.

To judge of the character of this House of Commons—compare it with that of the Lords. What a wonderful schism in opinion! The



vast majority of the Lords cheering up the Wellington Ministry to the ninth heaven—the vast majority of the Commons damning it down to the lowest deep. The Lords all admiration at the nobleness of renouncing principle—the Commons all scorn at the ignominy! What a picture! And the Lords are to brave this (increased) collision in a Reformed Parliament!

The character of an Assembly may also be judged by its most popular speakers. Homely congeniality of sentiment is more applauded than eloquent dissent; therefore the most popular speakers in an Assembly represent the character of that Assembly. Look then at Mr. O'Connell. From the icy coldness with which that extraordinary man was received when he first entered the House, he has risen perhaps to be the most attractive debater that Assembly possesses. His style of Parliamentary speaking has, we believe, never been sketched. Let us humbly attempt to supply the omission.

Daniel O'Connell has great advantages of person—he has all that appearance of power which height and robust proportions invariably give to the orator, without being the least corpulent or fleshy, without coming under Cicero's anathema against the "*Vastus*." He has great girth of chest—stands firm as a rock;—his gestures are free, bold, and warm—his countenance plays with all he utters—his mouth in particular indicates with great felicity the passion of the moment—frank in conciliation, bitter in scorn. Indeed the shape of the lips is rather a contradiction to the manlier traits of the orator's fine athletic person, it is so pliable in character, so delicate in outline. It indicates, according to the science of physiognomy, a quick, and even over-quick susceptibility. Eyes light, full, and clear; the dark *Brutus*; the throat nervous and finely shaped—always left free in the loosened neckcloth; a small nose, but with deep set, resolute nostrils, complete a very striking and characteristic *tout ensemble*. Well, then, fancy the orator on his legs—and now for the voice! The Irish accent, in its more polished dialect, does not detract from a voice by far the most clear, flexible, and lucidly distinct you ever heard. You can't escape into a corner of that ill-built house to avoid it. Shut your ears—it will creep into them! Yet he speaks in a much lower tone than most other speakers, and in a much mellower key. As to matter—he throws himself at once on the strong bearing of the subject—he seizes the question by its common sense. Unlike other lawyers, you never find him prying into the little holes and corners, niggling his soul into the cranny of a question. As was said of Lord Chatham, it is the one broad view which he takes and insists upon, and that that view should allow him to be so popular in the House of Commons is a striking proof how democratic that Assembly has become. A week or two ago, on Mr. Buxton's motion for the emancipation of slaves, O'Connell made an excellent speech; yet in Parliament some ten years ago, it would have been called sad stuff, viz. he insisted more on justice than expediency—did not bandy words about the interests of the planter thousands, but went at once to the marrow of the matter—the interests of the enslaved millions: ten years ago, we say, this would have been Irish declamation—now it is Catholic truth. What is visionary to-day is only declamatory to-

morrow, sensible the next day, unanswerable the day after, and a truism at last. But while taking this broad popular view of a question, while nervous, and often florid in language, O'Connell is not a declamatory—not an Irish—speaker in the English House. The burning flights of that astonishing eloquence he exercises over the multitude, he seems always anxious to repress in the House—he rather figures as a Debater than an Orator—curbs his ardour, and puts his genius under restraint. He has sensibly improved in Parliamentary speaking—he improves daily. From confidence in his powers, he is now advancing to a certainty of his superiority. His Parliamentary fame is nothing to what it will be. By his occasional *puttings forth*, we may judge of what he *could* be in reply—crushing as a millstone. His answer, some time since, to Sir Charles Wetherell, when that very whimsical, but singularly clever speaker lectured him on the graces, was, to use an expressive vulgarism, thoroughly *smashing*!—so easy—so good-natured, and yet such a blow. It reminded one of the description of Ulysses felling Irus, when the hero—

“Checked half his might: yet rising to the stroke  
His *jawbone* dashed, the crashing *jawbone* broke,  
Down dropped he stupid from the stunning wound,” &c.

No man can combine in perfection, at the same moment, the cool, refining legislator, and the vivid, popular orator. Common-place is the most popular style of eloquence in the House of Commons, and to be popular, common-place you must use; to be refined, or philosophical, or speculative, is to empty the House in an instant. It is impossible to read Burke's speeches and not to feel that they *could not* have been popular—not to be convinced that he *must* have been called the Dinner Bell!\* But Burke's speeches printed are not entirely as they were spoken.—No! for if they had been, he would have had no auditor but the Speaker!—anything resembling them must have panic-struck the country squires; but the speeches themselves, verbatim et literatim, it would have been a moral impossibility to have delivered in the House!—you might as well fancy Confucius lecturing in Chinese. So with O'Connell—though you may see at once that he could refine if he would—though his mind (as his great law-knowledge proves) is peculiarly searching, as well as comprehensive, yet he knows too well the temper of his audience to try it in any abstruser speculation. And hence his main fault in the House, that of clinging often too much to the more hacknied as well as the broader view of a subject. If O'Connell's popularity prove that his general sentiments are congenial with those of the majority, we must not forget that he also consults their darling passion—an aversion to *longueurs*: he speaks at least twice every night on an average, but never seems long. Short speeches and frequent speeches are the best mode of obtaining parliamentary success.

In taking O'Connell as a personification of the present taste of the general body of the House in public speaking, we must be struck with one fact—the greatness and variety of this man's powers. Coming late in life into the English Parliament—feared, disliked—his very

\* See what has been said more at large on this subject in the article on “Mackintosh.”

reputation as an orator almost enough to weigh him to the dust—(for how, in an assembly where oratory does not thrive, could he keep up to that reputation at first?)—a Catholic—an Irishman—an Agitator—*THE* Agitator —; suddenly obtruded into this chilling assembly, where Grattan had withered and Flood had sunk—every eye upon him, but not to admire—every lip apart, but not to cheer—every ear intent, but not to be soothed—was it surprising that he failed at first?—is it not wonderfully surprising that he has succeeded so eminently at last? He is the only oak of mature age that ever bore transplanting to St. Stephen's! What wrecks of names and reputations lie around him! Literally, he—the Irishman—the Catholic—the Agitator—the mob-orator—is the only man, entering the House at that period of life, who ever obtained ultimate success. How much does that speak, not of power only, but of tact—of subtlety—of conciliation! It is impossible indeed to see much of O'Connell without perceiving that he was formed for great and prominent positions in the world's eye. With all his power—such gentleness, such good-humour, such urbanity! He could not lead without being loved by his followers—and in that lies one great secret of the unprecedented and dangerous (for all individual power is dangerous) personal ascendancy he has obtained. *What* an ascendancy! Daniel O'Connell, the simple counsellor—the private gentleman, on one hand—the moral King of Ireland on the other! This difference between the station and the power, where is its equal!

Our remarks on this singular man would have led us a little astray from our subject, if his position in the House did not so well illustrate the character of the House. Looking onward from this Parliament to its successors one reflection forces itself upon us—the secret of practical Reform (so far as the end of a *wise* Assembly, not the *means* alone of a *Representative* Assembly, is concerned) has never yet been touched upon. You cannot have a wise Assembly while you have so numerous a one. Cull the six hundred sagest men in the three kingdoms—place them in one room—make them sit there a certain number of hours, and they will cease to be sages—the individual character merges in the general emotion—this is the unavoidable consequence of all democratic assemblies. Reform may make them a free Parliament, but not a wise Council. As to secure the one you took away the close boroughs—to secure the other you must diminish the number of free representatives—not in so trifling a degree as was formerly proposed, by fifties and sixties, but sweepingly. No Assembly, to be deliberate, patient, inquiring, ought to exceed, if to equal, a hundred members. So thorough an alteration in the Constitution is not likely ever in our time to occur in England, the more especially as it would not be apparently a democratic alteration; but I opine and prophesy, that as the system of Representative Assemblies becomes more examined, nations will grow aware of the importance of establishing the largest possible Constituencies but returning the smallest practicable number of Representatives—a great principle, opening a novel field to the most interesting and important speculations.

## MISS ——. AN EVERYDAY CHARACTER.

“Portrait of a Lady.”—*Exhibition Catalogue.*

WHAT are you, Lady?—nought is here  
 To tell us of your name or story ;  
 To claim the gazer's smile or tear,  
 To dub you Whig, or daub you Tory :  
 It is beyond a poet's skill,  
 To form the slightest notion, whether  
 We e'er shall walk through one quadrille,  
 Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty !—all the world  
 Are talking of your bright brow's splendour,  
 And of your locks, so softly curled,  
 And of your hands, so white and slender :  
 Some think you're blooming in Bengal ;  
 Some say you're blowing in the city ;  
 Some know you're nobody at all ;  
 I only feel, you're very pretty.

But, bless my heart ! it's very wrong ;  
 You're making all our Belles ferocious ;  
 Anne “never saw a chin so long ;”  
 And Laura thinks your dress “atrocious ;”  
 And Lady Jane, who now and then  
 Is taken for the village steeple,  
 Is sure you can't be four feet ten,  
 And “wonders at the taste of people.”

Soon pass the praises of a face ;  
 Swift fades the very best vermilion ;  
 Fame rides a most prodigious pace ;  
 Oblivion follows on the pillion :  
 And all, who, in these sultry rooms,  
 To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,  
 Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,  
 As if they never had been painted.

Some “Venus born,” or “Cupid stung,”  
 Some “jolly tar,” or “little drummer,”  
 Next year, I'm certain, will be hung,  
 Where you, fair girl, are hung this summer ;  
 Some Captain of the Coldstream Guards,  
 Some gentleman of White's or Boodle's,  
 A fox-hunt, or a game at cards,  
 Or Lady Wilhelmina's poodles.

You'll be forgotten,—as old debts  
 By persons who are used to borrow ;  
 Forgotten,—as the sun that sets,  
 When shines a new one on the morrow ;  
 Forgotten,—like the luscious peach,  
 That blessed the school-boy last September ;  
 Forgotten,—like a maiden speech,  
 Which all men praise, and none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream,  
 That whelms alike sage, saint, and martyr,  
 And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,  
 And Canning's wit, and Gattton's charter,  
 Here of the fortunes of your youth  
 My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,  
 Which have perhaps as much of truth  
 As Passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was 't in the North, or in the South,  
 That Summer-breezes rocked your cradle ?  
 And had you in your baby mouth  
 A wooden, or a silver ladle ?  
 And was your first unconscious sleep  
 By Brownie banned, or blessed by Fairy ?  
 And did you wake to laugh or weep ?  
 And were you christened Maud or Mary ?

And was your father called " your Grace ?"  
 And did he bet at Ascot Races ?  
 And did he chatter common-place ?  
 And did he fill a score of places ?  
 And did your lady-mother's charms  
 Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings ?  
 Or did she prate about the arms  
 Her brave forefather won at Hastings ?

Where were you " finished ?" tell me where !  
 Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick ?  
 Had you the ordinary share  
 Of books and backboard, harp and physic ?  
 And did they bid you banish pride,  
 And mind your oriental tinting ?  
 And did you learn how Dido died,  
 And who found out the art of printing ?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks,  
 A votary of the Sylvan Muses ?  
 Or do you con the little books  
 Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses ?  
 Or do you love to knit and sew,  
 The fashionable world's Arachne ?  
 Or do you canter down the Row,  
 Upon a very long-tailed hackney ?

And do you love your brother James ?  
 And do you pet his mares and setters ?  
 And have your friends romantic names ?  
 And do you write them long, long letters !  
 And are you,—since the world began  
 All women are,—a little spiteful ?  
 And don't you dote on Malibran ?  
 And don't you think Tom Moore delightful ?

I see they've brought you flowers to-day,  
 Delicious food for eyes and noses ;  
 But carelessly you turn away  
 From all the pinks, and all the roses :

Say, is that fond look sent in search  
Of one whose look as fondly answers?  
And is he, fairest, in the Church?  
Or is he,—an't he,—in the Lancers?

And is your love a motley page  
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow?  
Are you to wait till you're of age?  
Or are you to be his to-morrow?  
Or do they bid you, in their scorn,  
Your pure and sinless flame to smother?  
Is he so very meanly born?  
Or are you married to another?

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu!  
I think it is your bounden duty  
To let the rhymes I coin for you  
Be prized by all who prize your beauty.  
From you I seek nor gold nor fame;  
From you I fear no cruel strictures;—  
I wish some girls that I could name  
Were half as silent as their pictures!

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OUR COMMON MOTHER.

When art thou fairest, Nature? When her hood  
Pale Twilight dons, and o'er the quiet vale  
Fares forth, to hear within the silent wood  
The plaintive story of the nightingale;  
And, in the dim and drowsy light of eve,  
The spider loves its subtle snare to weave.

Or art thou fairest in the morning hour,  
When daylight dances on the daisied lea,  
And birds sing forth their matins from the bower,  
And blossom-banners float from every tree:  
When sunshine sparkles from the stream, and all  
The jocund earth seems one bright festal hall?

Nay, thou art ever fair! in every mood,  
Through every season, and at every hour!  
'Tis but the heart where sinful thoughts intrude,  
That doubts thy beauty, and rejects thy power.  
Why—why should evil mingle with our blood,  
Since only they are happy who are good?

Thine is a glorious volume, Nature! each  
Line, leaf, and page, are filled with living lore;  
Wisdom more pure than sage could ever teach,  
And all philosophy's divinest store;  
Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracks are trod—  
The book of Nature is the book of God.

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

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## THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—JEREMY BENTHAM.

WE are a new race ; we are the creatures of a new era, not perfectly risen, but dawning upon us. Never yet has mankind stood in the position which we occupy—so full of knowledge, so full of the past—of a past unparalleled in the history of civilization. The art of printing, at its origin, re-peopled the world : from that hour man was called to another destiny, distinct from that of his former generation. A general principle assumed an universal power, and was assured of a certain, if slow result. Wisdom, no longer confined to the cabinet of the clerk, or the cloister of the monk, ceased to be a mere speculation ; it became an active force, and was doomed, of necessity, to become—a sovereign ruler. Its career forms a variety of epochs : we have passed through many ; we are entering upon one—not of thought, not of meditation. Those who have preceded have thought and meditated for us : we are entering upon an epoch in which it is our part to act. The plans of one generation are left for the next to execute. Society travels faster than the law. Never was there a time in which government was more perfectly anatomized, its veins and arteries, its principle of life, its tendency to destruction, more thoroughly inquired into and ascertained, than during the last fifty years. In some countries it has been practically laid before us, exposed and dissected ; and in those countries, though at a fearful cost, some advantages have been obtained by such experience. But in ours—what has been done ?—wise men have thought ; legislators have written ; politicians and statesmen have observed ; knowledge has been easy of access ; has been sought after, and acquired. But what, we say, has it as yet produced ? The grossest errors and absurdities still crowd our criminal code and our statute book ; our prisons are schools for vice ; our peasantry are left without instruction ; our system of taxation represses industry ; our poor-laws are a premium upon want. Until a new Parliament is called, the very assembly of the people continues a burlesque upon their representation. It is just at this moment, as we have observed, when a new era is rising upon us—that those with whose thoughts we burn, who have been the lights which will still direct our footsteps, have passed simultaneously away. They have passed away ; and as the Lacedemonians swore to their lawgiver, we ought to swear—to follow and obey them till they return.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James Mackintosh, then studying, we believe, for medicine, first came into notice as an antagonist of the most powerful writer of the preceding age, and in an answer to that writer's most masterly production. It was at a time when we hardly knew which to admire most, the mighty revolution which was taking place in France, or the brilliant declamation which an Englishman had poured out against it.—It was at the time when the follies and vices, and possible calamities of that Revolution had been painted with all

the sophisms of rhetoric, and all the colouring of poesy by Mr. Burke, that Mr. Mackintosh, a young and unknown man, put forth his celebrated vindication of that great Event. In the same strain of thought, and in almost the same style of eloquence as the work it contended against, the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" was exactly that sort of publication which was most suited to the taste and most likely to obtain the honourable notice of the person it was addressed to. Perhaps it was as much owing to this as to the merit of the performance itself, that its great and remarkable success (for remarkable we cannot help deeming that success, notwithstanding its ability) is to be attributed. As the work of a young man of twenty-four, the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" is a very superior composition; but as a political writing, it was equalled and surpassed by Priestley; and, in style at least, more particularly by Paine.

Mr. Mackintosh, about this time, betook himself to the profession of the law, and the first case of any eminence in which he appeared was that of the prosecution of M. Peltier, editor of "*The Ambigu*,"—a prosecution, the memory of which remains as a monument of the littleness of Napoleon, and, we must say, of a weak and miserable compliance to that tyrant's wishes in ourselves—totally unworthy of a great nation. Not a word was there in M. Peltier's publication, or Monsieur Chenier's ode, which had not then been, and since was, uttered in the British senate—not a word of which a good Frenchman could be ashamed, or for which he could have been punished in his own country, if a shadow of that liberty had remained there which so much had been sacrificed to procure. General Bonaparte had violated the law—he was accused of having done so; he had erected a tyranny, and he was called a tyrant—and for these truths, which it was impossible to dispute—for these truths, which the whole world was saying and repeating, the Attorney-General of Great Britain prosecuted the poor editor of a newspaper, and obtained a verdict. "Is it to crown a traitor that France has punished her ancient kings? No! guilty ambition shall know that there is nothing inviolable but the rights of the people and their laws!" Was any one now to say—"Was it to destroy the Liberty of the Press that Paris rose on the days of July?—if Louis Philippe be a tyrant, he will find it as difficult to reign as did ever Charles X." If such words were said—and we don't know who would object to say them—we can hardly fancy that M. de Talleyrand would make a formal complaint to our Government and induce Sir Thomas Denman to proceed against them, "as containing a gross and infamous libel, disgraceful to the English press, &c. &c. &c." What rendered this prosecution ludicrous, was the abuse that not only our own papers, but our own legislators and statesmen, had been pouring forth on every individual who had successively distinguished himself in the Revolution—what rendered it dangerous, was the absolute power which the First Consul had acquired over every other free press in Europe. The commencement of the pleading of Mr. Mackintosh is a fine piece of noble and classic eloquence:—

"Certainly, circumstanced as he (my client) is, the most refreshing prospect which his eye can rest upon is an English jury; and he feels with me gratitude to the Ruler of empires, that, after the wreck of every thing else ancient and



venerable in Europe—of all established forms and acknowledged principles—of all long subsisting laws and sacred institutions—we are met here administering justice after the manner of our forefathers, in this her ancient sanctuary. Here, then, parties come to judgment—one the master of the greatest empire on the earth, and the other a weak, defenceless fugitive, who waves his privilege of having half his jury composed of foreigners, and puts himself with confidence upon a jury entirely English. Gentlemen, there is another view in which this case is highly interesting, important, and momentous—and, I confess, I am animated to every exertion I can make, not more by a sense of duty to my client than by a persuasion that this cause is the first of a series of contests with the Freedom of the Press. Viewing this, then, as I do, as the first of contests between the greatest power upon earth and the only press which is now free, I cannot help calling upon you to pause before the great earthquake swallow up all the freedom that remains among men

“Every press on the Continent, from Palermo to Hamburgh, is enslaved—one place only remains where the Press is free, protected by our Government and our patriotism. It is an awfully proud consideration—that venerable fabric, raised by our ancestors, still stands unshaken amidst the ruins that surround us.”

And again, towards the conclusion:—

“In the days of Cromwell, he twice sent a satirist upon his government to be tried by a jury, who sat where this jury now sit. The scaffold upon which the blood of the monarch was shed was still in their view; the clashing of the bayonets which turned out the Parliament was within their hearing—yet they maintained their integrity, and twice did they send his Attorney-general out of court with disgrace and defeat.”

This speech, and a most splendid one it is, was called by the then Attorney-General “the most brilliant he had ever had occasion to hear.” Lord Ellenborough, at that time on the bench, pronounced a similar opinion. Madame de Stael, whose native eloquence was well adapted to do it justice in a translation, translated and circulated it throughout Europe. It is not, however, without faults; the argument of insinuating that the obnoxious passages might not be really intended to attack Napoleon, as Swift did not mean by his defence of atheism really to defend it, is too quibbling and fine-drawn to suit the bolder tone of warning and expostulation with which it is mingled. At all events, though the fame of the orator gained much by this display, the briefs of the advocate received but little increase; and it was in consequence of this circumstance, we presume, that Mr. Mackintosh commenced his lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations in Lincoln’s-inn Hall. Of these lectures we can only speak from reputation, which accords them unanimous praise.

It was as much to the tone of politics displayed in these lectures as to the celebrity they acquired, that the advocate of Peltier owed a situation now offered him of Recordship in Bombay, which he accepted. After seven or eight years passed in India, Sir James returned to England, and was shortly afterwards brought into Parliament by the Whig Opposition. It is from this time that his parliamentary career commenced. On all questions of foreign policy—on the Alien Bill—on Religious Toleration—on the Slave Trade—on Reform in Parliament—on the right of our Colonies to Self-government, he took a prominent part, and always on the right side.

EXTRACTS AND OPINIONS.

THE NEGOTIATIONS RELATIVE TO SPAIN.

"A Right Hon. Gentleman had taken credit for the subdued and mild tone which Ministers had adopted at Verona. But it was not when the liberties of a free people were about to be violated—when the principles on which the free constitution of England rested were openly assailed, that the mild and delicate language of the drawing-room ought to be held by the representatives of this country: that nice and measured tone, expressive more of a sense of weakness or of apathy than of the dignity of a great nation, brought to his recollection the satirical description of Mr. Pope—

'But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;  
Babo observes he lash'd no sort of vice;  
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,  
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;  
In Sappho touch the feelings of the sex,  
In reverend Bishops note some small defects.'"

SETTLEMENT OF GREECE.

"He believed that he was the first who had presented a petition for the establishment of the independence of Greece, and he congratulated them that the end was about to be obtained by the simple but effectual means pointed out in that petition."

THE ALIEN BILL.

"No lawyer had ever yet proved it to be consistent with the law of the country, and no statesman had ever yet shown it to be at all necessary for the tranquillity of the empire. He should not at present employ more words upon this tyrannical and execrable Bill, which he would always call execrable and tyrannical so long as the liberty of speech was left him."

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION—THE JEWS.

"To do good unto all men, and to love one's neighbour as one's self, were vital principles of Christianity. To do good to a whole community, and in doing that to do good to all mankind, was undoubtedly a Christian duty, and so sacred, he might say, that it had been placed by the divine author of our religion among his first precepts. Love thy neighbour as thyself was one of the chief principles of that religion—and who, according to its divine author, was to be considered as our neighbour? He begged the House to recollect the commentary on that word."

We shall finish the few extracts which our space allows from a speech on the Criminal Laws:—

"If a foreigner were to form his estimate of the people of England from a consideration of their penal code, he would undoubtedly conclude that they were a nation of barbarians. This expression, though strong, was unquestionably true; for what other opinion could a humane foreigner form of us when he found that in our criminal law there were two hundred criminal offences against which the punishment of death was denounced, upon twenty of which only that punishment was ever inflicted—that we were savage in our threats, and yet were feeble in our execution of punishments—that we cherished a system which in theory was odious, but which was impotent in practice from its very severity—that in cases of high treason, we involved innocent children in all the consequences of their father's guilt—that in cases of corruption of blood we were even still more cruel, punishing the offspring when we could not reach the parent—and that on some occasions we even proceeded to wreak vengeance upon the bodies of the inanimate dead? If the same person were told that we were the same nation which had been the first to give full publicity to every part of our judicial system—that we were the same nation which had established the trial by jury, which, blameable as it might be in theory, was so invaluable in practice—that we were

the same nation which had found out the greatest security which had ever been devised for individual liberty, the writ of habeas-copus, as settled by the Act of Charles II.—that we were the same nation which had discovered the full blessings of a representative government, and which had endeavoured to diffuse them throughout every part of our free empire, he would wonder at the strange anomalies of human nature which could unite things that were in themselves so totally incompatible. If the same foreigner were, in addition to this, told that the abuses which struck so forcibly on his attention were the abuses of the olden time, which were rather overlooked than tolerated, he might perhaps relent in his judgment, and confer upon us a milder denomination than that of barbarians; but if, on the contrary, he were told that influence and authority, learning and ingenuity, had combined to resist all reformation of these abuses as dangerous innovations—if he were informed that individuals, who from their rank and talents enjoyed not an artificial, but a real superiority, rose to vindicate the worst of these abuses, even the outrages on the dead, and to contend for them as bulwarks of the constitution and landmarks of legislation, he would revert to his first sentiments regarding us, though he might perhaps condemn the barbarism of the present instead of the barbarism of the past generation."

Indeed, it is for his labours in endeavouring to introduce improvements into our criminal law, however slight those improvements are, that we are particularly indebted to Sir James Mackintosh, because here every improvement, however slight, is of the dearest importance. It does appear to us so clear and indisputable that every punishment should be as certain as possible to follow upon an offence, that there should be as little room as possible left in the criminal's mind to dwell, as the human mind in such situations is apt to do, on the chance of total escape from punishment, or even the probability of its remission—It is so certain, as is wisely stated by Mr. Wakefield, that where there is one instance in twenty which offers a favourable view of the consequences of his crime, it will be that view alone which will be open to the eye of the person meditating it—that there is nothing we can conceive so injurious to the ends of justice—and here we say nothing of the feelings of humanity—as that severity in a penalty which creates a doubt as to the prosecution. The majority of offenders whose offence is of death, consider the statute book as their shield of safety—the few who suffer, excite pity for their fate rather than disgust for their guilt.

For murder, and murder alone, do the feelings of the citizen sympathize with the severity of the sentence; nor can any system be better contrived than the present for leaving vice unpunished and making the law odious. As chairman of a committee in 1819, and in pursuance of its report, Sir James Mackintosh introduced six Bills in the course of May 1820. Only three of these, however, were at the time persisted in; and in the Commutation of Punishment Bill, only four offences were suffered to remain out of the eleven it was intended to commute. The remaining seven (among which were "making a false entry in a marriage register;" "sending threatening letters;" "maliciously cutting serges;" "harbouring offenders against the Revenue Act, when returned from transportation," were expunged in the House of Lords, which, says "The Quarterly," "acted on this occasion as a floodgate against the tide of legislation which is now rolling so impetuously through the House of Commons."

We return to Sir James Mackintosh as an orator; and here we shall cite the opinion of an American traveller:—

"Sir James Mackintosh," he says, "is, I think, a much better writer than speaker, although a very powerful orator on the whole. He is fluent and animated, but too florid and studied to appear natural. I can hardly tell what he wants to make him a fine speaker, except it be nature, or that art which supplies its place in some degree."

The critique is just: Sir James Mackintosh never spoke on a subject without displaying, not only all that was peculiarly necessary to that subject, but all that a full mind, long gathering and congesting, has to pour forth upon any subject. The language, without being antithetic, was artificial and ornate. The action and voice were vehement, but not passionate; the tone and conception of the argument, of too lofty and philosophic a strain for those to whom, generally speaking, it was directed. It was impossible not to feel that the person addressing you was a profound thinker, delivering a laboured composition. Sir James Mackintosh's character as a speaker, then, was of that sort acquired in a thin House, where those who have stayed from their dinner, have stayed for the purpose of hearing what is said, and can, therefore, deliver up their attention undistractedly to any knowledge and ability, even if somewhat prolixly put forth, which elucidates the subject of discussion. We doubt if all great speeches of a legislative kind would not require such an audience, if they never travelled beyond the walls within which they were spoken. The passion, the action, the movement of oratory which animate and transport a large assembly, can never lose its effect when passion, action, movement are in the orator's subject—when Philip is at the head of his Macedonians, or Catiline at the gates of Rome. The emotions of fear, revenge, horror, are emotions that all classes and descriptions of men, however lofty or low their intellect, may feel:—here, then, is the orator's proper field. But again: there are subjects, such as many, if not most, of those discussed in our House of Commons, the higher bearings of which are only intelligible to a certain order of understandings. The reasoning proper for these, is not understood, and cannot, therefore, be sympathised with—by the mass. In order not to be insipid to the few, it is almost necessary to be dull to the many. If our Houses of legislature sat with closed doors, they would be the most improper assemblies for the discussion of legislative questions that we can possibly conceive. They would have completely the tone of their own clique. No one would dare or wish to soar above the common-places which find a ready echoing cheer; all would indulge in that rapid violence against persons which the spirit of party is rarely wanting to applaud. But as it is, the man of superior mind, standing upon his own strength, knows and feels that he is not speaking to the lolling, lounging, indolently listening individuals stretched on the benches around him: he feels and knows that he is speaking to, and will obtain the sympathy, of all the great and enlightened spirits of Europe; and this bears and buoys him up amidst any coldness, impatience, or indifference, in his immediate audience. When we perused the magnificent orations of Mr. Burke, which transported us in our cabinet, and were told that his rising was the dinner-bell in the House of Commons; when we heard that some of Mr. Brougham's almost gigantic discourses were delivered amidst coughs and impatience; and when, returning from our

travels, where we had heard of nothing but the genius and eloquence of Sir James Mackintosh, we encountered him ourselves in the House of Commons,—on all these occasions we were sensible—not that Mr. Burke's, Mr. Brougham's, Sir James Mackintosh's eloquence was less, but that it was addressed to another audience than that to which it was apparently delivered. Intended for the House of Commons only, the style would have been absurdly faulty; intended for the public, it was august and correct. There are two different modes of obtaining a Parliamentary reputation: a man may rise in the country by what is said of him in the House of Commons, or he may rise in the House of Commons by what is thought and said of him in the country. Some debaters have the faculty, by varying their style and their subjects, of alternately addressing both those without and within their walls, with effect and success. Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Canning were, and Lord Brougham is of this number. Mr. Burke, and Sir James Mackintosh spoke to the reason and the imagination rather than to the passions; and this, together with some faults of voice and manner, rendered these great orators, (for great orators they were,) more powerful in the printed reports than in the actual delivery of their speeches. We ourselves heard Sir James Mackintosh's great, almost wonderful, speech upon Reform. We shall never forget the extensive range of ideas, the energetic grasp of thought, the sublime and soaring strain of legislative philosophy with which he charmed and transported us; but it was not so with the House in general. His Scotch accent, his unceasing and laboured vehemence of voice and gesture; the refined and speculative elevation of his views, and the vast heaps of hoarded knowledge he somewhat prolixly produced, displeased the taste and wearied the attention of men who were far more anxious to be amused and excited than instructed or convinced. We see him now! his bald and singularly formed head working to and fro, as if to collect, and then shake out his ideas; his arm violently vibrating, and his body thrown forward by sudden quirks and starts, which, ungraceful as they were, seemed rather premeditated than inspired. This is not the picture which Demosthenes would have drawn of a perfect orator, and it contains some defects that we wonder more care had not been applied to remedy. Those who wish to consider Sir James Mackintosh as a metaphysician we principally refer to the Supplement of the Encyclopedia; for our own part, we consider him, as a philosopher, to have been profound in scattered thoughts, but crippled and vague in his notions of any entire system—and constantly oppressed beneath the stores of a memory that seems at last to have numbed and deadened all the more creative faculties.

As a conversationalist, Sir James Mackintosh was almost without a competitor. The companion of all the most distinguished men of his own time, Sheridan, Parr, Burke, Romilly—as intimately acquainted with all the great men of antiquity; with a mind replete with ancient lore and modern anecdote; equally ready on all subjects, philosophy, history, politics, personal narrative, (and most that was remarkable in that most remarkable period, which may just be said to have ceased, passed under his eyes;) eloquent without pomposity; learned without pedantry; gay, and even witty, without affectation;

there never was a man possessed of more advantages for colloquial intercourse—and great as his loss must be to the public in general, it is those who knew and approached him, even the most distantly, by whom he is likely to be the most deeply and affectionately deplored.

As an historian, Sir James Mackintosh is not greatly to be praised. The volumes which he wrote for a miscellaneous publication are laboured, not correct; tedious, and not wise.

In his general skill in composition, the want of a musical ear is often perceptible; his periods frequently halt and limp, and seem, at last, to sink beneath the burthen of the fine words with which he has loaded them.

When we look back on the life of this distinguished man—distinguished in the paths of politics, philosophy, and literature, possessing the highest order of talents, the best desire to render those talents useful, and that situation in the state which, of all others, would seem the best calculated to aid his abilities and wishes;—and then consider the little, with all these advantages and excellent dispositions, which, during a long life, he was able to perform—it becomes impossible not to acknowledge the defects in a system which set such strong barriers against the prevalence of truth and talent! It can hardly have met with too severe or exaggerated censure. At the same time, however, that the current of opinion seemed to be checked and still, it was in reality gliding insensibly, but strongly on,—propelled by the breath of those illustrious men, who, after having preached and spread the religion of a new era, have died amidst the triumph of their Faith.

#### JEREMY BENTHAM.\*

And that grey-haired, venerable old man, whom all who beheld him loved to look on, has turned to common earth, changed into unconscious gases and metals, never again to originate thoughts, such as those of which he has left behind him an ample store, and which will yet do their work in the regeneration of the world! This indeed gives a humbling sensation to the pride of man. That which was Bentham, has lost the power of thinking, and all that was human in the most kindly of earthly beings, is now of no more account than the materiel of the commonest reptile, which has passed away its existence, studying how to inflict the greatest portion of evil on its fellow-creatures, for the gratification of selfish passions. Yet it was a glorious thing to look on him while in life, to behold that nobly moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost childlike simplicity contended with godlike intellect, and both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose grey hair\* streamed over his shoulders, and played in the wind, as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the still garden wherein the patriot Milton was erst accustomed to contemplate. How has he

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\* To the above paper on Mackintosh, we think this the best place to add the following eloquent remarks on Bentham, from the pen of "Junius Redivivus."

been libelled amongst the unthinking herd, owing to their narrow comprehension of the word "utility!" Loving all beauty, and as keenly alive to the perception of it as any Greek of the olden time, it has been held that he thought nothing worth pursuing, save the study of the regulation of supply and demand, for the commonest corporeal and mental wants. That he liked poetry, and was fond of botany, is a sufficient answer to such a supposition. He wrote on abstruse matters, because he thought the comprehension of such matters essential to human happiness, but he did not, therefore, dislike the lighter sources of innocent pleasure. We shall not soon look upon his like. Even now, his handwriting of a few weeks' lapse is before us, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, at the age of eighty-five years; and it is with sorrow that we peruse it.

Others have possessed knowledge without its bringing forth the fruit of wisdom. The knowledge of Bentham was combined with wisdom of the most exalted class, and the most self-sacrificing beneficence. His outset in life was as an equity barrister, and the little practice which he attained to, was marked as the evidence of a high order of intellect. We know not his history farther back, but it must contain much matter of curious speculation. The most trifling acts and words of such a man are of importance,—to know the source from which so noble an intellect was fed,—whence the first rills of knowledge sprang. Happy will be the lot of that man to whom it shall be given to unfold the accurate biography of the most powerful advocate of the true interests of suffering humanity, who ever yet drew breath on English soil.

By the death of his father he attained independence, after, it is said, a somewhat penurious life: young, rich, and highly intellectual, and moreover of comely presence, a wide field of ambition opened to him, with the promise of a fruitful harvest in whatever sphere of public life he chose to pursue. But selfishness was abhorrent to him, and he clung only to sympathy. He abandoned the practice of mischievous laws, and retired wholly from public life in the flower of his age, to devote himself in seclusion to the unwearied study of those branches of knowledge which he held it essential to human happiness should be rightly comprehended. Through good report, and through evil report, he steadfastly pursued the object which his reason had analysed, and pronounced desirable. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, either for praise or blame; fear dwelt not in him, and praise could not move him from his purpose; his reflection was that he individually might perish, but that his principles must survive, and though thrillingly alive to the approval of the discriminating amongst his fellow creatures, his integrity could not be stirred from the strict path of duty for the sake of gaining popularity. He gathered a rich harvest of wisdom to distribute in the charity of universal love and benevolence, without one selfish thought, without a prospect of personal gain. He wrought not for a nation, he wrought for the human race; he made them incalculably his debtors, yet, without heeding the amount, without ever adverting to it, he still continued labouring unceasingly for their benefit. The human race he considered as his children, and wayward as they were, he gave up his mind for their maintenance; a treasury not lightly to be ex-

hausted. They are yet young, and they cannot appreciate the wealth he has left them. As they search into it, their surprise will increase. The mere fertility of his writings is in itself extraordinary, and a remarkable instance of what one man may accomplish; but when we reflect on the variety and profundity of knowledge they display, that each line, each word, is pregnant with thought, the strongest mind feels itself give way to the sensation of wonder.

Wisdom has too long been held to be synonymous with austerity—knowledge with supercilious dignity, at least amongst superficial people. The amiable and blameless life of Bentham has withered up that ancient lie. A childlike simplicity of manner, an engaging affectionate disposition, and an unstudied habitual kindness of friendly intercourse, were his most conspicuous traits.\* He was a pure concentration of benevolence, seeking his only reward in the thrilling consciousness that he was doing universal good. In common intercourse he respected the feelings of the meanest equally with the highest. He never willingly gave pain, nor shrank from the infliction of it, or the suffering it, when he deemed it essential to the service of humanity. Never lived there a human being, in whom wisdom, knowledge, integrity, and perfect love, were all so intimately blended, and so earnestly devoted to the service of a race, who, so far from thanking him for his labours, scarcely knew that he existed, and when they gleaned the knowledge, they in most cases used it for the purpose of vilifying him. So it must ever be till human intellect shall be more widely expanded than is at present the case. The refined and honest man, who shrinks with disgust from pandering to the passions of the herd, cannot expect to be their idol, even if his nature would permit him to wish it.

While in life, his spirit had ever been devoted to the service of his fellows, and his last act was to devote his material frame to the same purpose, with the object of removing a mischievous prejudice which had been largely productive of evil to his fellows. We were present at the lecture read by his attached friend over his earthly remains, not to a large audience, but to an audience marked by all the external signs of a developement of intellect, such as is rarely gathered together in one assembly. Whoso looked around upon that audience, must have remarked to his own mind, that the spirit which had animated the clay before him was not all dead. The sympathy was indeed deep. The voice of the lecturer was choked by his emotions.

The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the Heavens wept while the oration was spoken over the mortal remnants of the benefactor of the human race, amidst the silence of his sorrowing friends. The superstition of the ancient days would have believed that his spirit was passing to Heaven on the wings of the storm, and in those days a statue would have been raised to his memory, as to a God. They who knew him in life, know that the influence of his spirit rests around them, and upon them, and that his best sepulchral monument will be the increasing reverence of the human race. The latest joy

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\* In dining with him if he observed you to favour any especial dish—it was sure to re-appear the next time you met him at his table.



he experienced in life was in the knowledge that the charter of the freedom of his fellow countrymen was sealed. It would seem as though he had lingered on but to behold the successful achievement of the work to which he had so mainly contributed, ere his spirit left his frame, as though he had apostrophized his country—"Let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The chords of sympathy have been rudely strained by his loss, though the days he had numbered were many.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

We have given insertion to the above remarks without entering at present into that more detailed criticism which the works of Bentham require, and will shortly receive, at our hands; nor have we commented on the manner in which this wonderful man collected and built up, from the opinions he found dispersed and scattered, a systematic and stupendous pile of his own.

And now, it is hardly possible to conclude this article without drawing something like a comparison, not only between the two eminent men we have been speaking of, but between the manner—in which each passed his existence. One we see distinguishing himself almost as a boy—distinguishing himself how variously!—in the closet as the author; at the bar or the chair as the philosopher; in the seat of justice as the judge; on the bench of the House of Commons as the orator and the legislator—versatile, eloquent, persevering. He dies after a long career, and all of a sudden he appears to us to have been rather squandering away his time and abilities than purchasing from them any solid happiness or real glory. Nothing remains of him: he has perished; nor can we believe that in the fret and fever of a life which belied his character, for the life was active, and the character indolent, he found that pleasure which a calm philosophy should have brought. His speeches may be ransacked by some youthful orator to find materials for his own; but to the great bulk of mankind they exist no longer; and even if they did, there is necessarily so much that is personal and passing; so much of the spirit of party; of the desire for power, in a political career, that the pure beauty of the doctrine is sullied and effaced by the passions of the individual. How much more holy, how much more satisfactory, if it were in the ordinary possibility of man to obtain it, were that intellectual retirement, in which every treasure that the mind acquires is accumulated and retained for a great and immortal purpose—a purpose which gives a general tone to every feeling, an universal character to every thought; which makes of the Philosopher's mind the mirror of the Universe—a purpose such as was that of Mr. Bentham's life—the benefit of mankind—the instruction of the human race!

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### THE STATE OF THE POOR IN A MANUFACTURING TOWN.\*

"THE physical and moral evils by which we are surrounded may be more easily avoided when we are directly conscious of their existence."—"The sensorium of the animal structure, to which converge the sensibilities of each organ, is endowed with a consciousness of every change in the sensations to which each member is liable."—"Pain thus reveals to us the existence of evils which, unless arrested in their progress, might insidiously invade the sources of vital action. Society were well preserved did a similar faculty preside, with an equal sensibility, over its constitution, making every order immediately conscious of the evils affecting any portion of the general mass, and thus rendering their removal equally necessary for the immediate ease, as it is for the ultimate welfare, of the whole social system. The mutual dependence of the individual members of society, and of its various orders, for the supply of their necessities and the gratification of their desires, is acknowledged, and it imperfectly compensates for the want of a faculty resembling that pervading consciousness which presides over the animal economy. But a knowledge of the moral and physical evils oppressing one order of the community, is by these means slowly communicated to those which are remote; and general efforts are seldom made for the relief of partial ills, until they threaten to convulse the whole social constitution."—pp. 3, 4.

Such is the formula which Dr. Kay undertakes to illustrate; the arrival of the Cholera upon our shores having directed the public attention more particularly to the state of the poor, who have generally been found most obnoxious to its ravages. The Manchester Boards of Health having provided tabular queries for the purpose, individuals were appointed, whose investigations form the basis of Dr. Kay's very able pamphlet.

The township of Manchester chiefly consists of dense masses of houses, inhabited by the manufacturing population. As may be expected, the rapid growth of the cotton manufacture has attracted hither labourers from every part of the empire, and "Ireland has poured forth the most destitute of her hordes to supply the constantly increasing demand for labour." Dr. Kay attributes the demoralization, and the consequent poverty and degradation of the inhabitants, partly to this source.

"Debased," he says, "alike by ignorance and pauperism, they have discovered, with the savage, what is the minimum of the means of life upon which existence may be prolonged. They have taught this fatal secret to the population of this country. As competition, and the restrictions and burdens of trade, diminished the profits of capital, and consequently reduced the price of labour, the contagious example of ignorance, and a barbarous disregard of forethought and economy exhibited by the Irish, spread. The colonization of savage tribes has ever been attended with effects on civilization as fatal as those which have marked the progress of the sand-flood over the fertile plains of Egypt. Instructed in the fatal secret of subsisting on what is barely necessary to life, the labouring classes have ceased to entertain a laudable pride in furnishing their houses, and in multiplying the decent comforts which minister to happiness. What is superfluous to the mere exigencies of nature is too often expended at the tavern; and for the provision of old age and infirmity, they too frequently trust either to charity, to the support of their children, or to the protection of the Poor Laws."—"Prolonged and exhausted labour, continued from day to day, and from year to year, is not calculated to develop the intellectual or moral faculties of man. The dull routine of a ceaseless drudgery, in which the same mechanical process is incessantly repeated, resembles the torment of Sisyphus—the toil, like the rock, recoils perpetually on the wearied operative. The Mind gathers neither stores nor strength, from the constant extension and retraction of the same muscles—the Intellect slumbers in supine inertness, but the grosser parts of our nature attain a rank development. To condemn man to such severity of toil, is, in some measure, to cultivate in him the habits of an animal. He becomes reckless—he disregards the distinguishing appetites and habits of his species—he neglects the com-

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\* The Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester. By J. J. Kay, M.D.

## 54 *The State of the Poor in a Manufacturing Town.*

forts and delicacies of life—he lives in squalid wretchedness, on meagre food, and expends his superfluous gains in debauchery.”—pp. 7, 8.

Dr. Kay gives a fearful account of the mode of life and habits of these drudges, and the diseases thereby induced; concluding with the following paragraph:—

“We cannot wonder that the wretched victim, invited by those haunts of misery and crime—the gin-shop and the tavern, as he passes to his daily labour, should endeavour to cheat his suffering of a few moments by the false excitement procured by ardent spirits; or that the exhausted artisan, driven by *ennui* and discomfort from his squalid home, should strive, in the delirious dreams of a continued debauch, to forget the remembrance of his reckless improvidence—of the destitution, hunger, and uninterrupted toil, which threaten to destroy the remaining energies of his enfeebled constitution.”—p. 12.

The Inspectors’ reports referred principally to the state of the streets and houses, local nuisances, and other more general evils. The state of the streets powerfully affects the health of the inhabitants—confined air and noxious exhalations lower the tone of the system and depress the physical energies; for this reason, we find that contagious diseases are, in these situations, most rapidly propagated.

“The operation of these causes is exceedingly promoted by their reflex influence on the manners. The houses in such situations are uncleanly, ill-provided with furniture; an air of discomfort, if not of squalid and loathsome wretchedness, pervades them; they are often dilapidated, badly drained, and damp; and the habits of their tenants are gross. They are ill-fed, ill-clothed, and uneconomical; at once spendthrifts and destitute; denying themselves the comforts of life, in order that they may wallow in the unrestrained licence of animal appetite. An intimate connexion subsists among the poor, between the cleanliness of the street and that of the house and person. Uneconomical habits and dissipation are almost inseparably allied; and they are so frequently connected with uncleanness, that we cannot consider their concomitance as altogether accidental. The first step to recklessness may often be traced in a neglect of that self-respect, and of the love of domestic enjoyments, which are indicated by personal slovenliness and discomfort of the habitation: hence the importance of providing, by police regulations or general enactment, against those fertile sources, alike of disease and demoralization, presented by the gross neglect of the streets and habitations of the poor.”—pp. 15, 16.

In Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, and 10, with Nos. 13 and 14, which contain a large proportion of the poor, we find 579 streets, 243 of which are altogether unpaved; and 307 containing heaps of refuse, deep ruts, stagnant pools, &c. Replies to the tabular inquiries relating to dwellings, afford equally remarkable, if not more disgusting results: suffice it to say, that out of 6951 houses examined, 2565 wanted whitewashing, 1435 were reported as damp, and 2221 entirely wanting necessary conveniences. In one street, called Parliament-street, there appears only one for 380 inhabitants, and this built in a narrow passage, which must, consequently, prove a fertile source of contagion and disease.

Cess-pools, with open grids, have been made close to the doors of the houses, in which disgusting refuse accumulates, and whence its noxious effluvia constantly exhale.”—“Unwilling to weary the patience of the reader by extending these disgusting details, it may suffice to refer generally to the wretched state of the habitations of the poor, especially throughout the whole of the districts, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4: the houses, too, generally built back to back, having therefore only one outlet—no yard, no privy—and no receptacle for refuse. Consequently, the narrow, unpaved streets, in which mud and water stagnate, become the common receptacles of offal and ordure: often low, damp, ill-ventilated cellars exist beneath the houses.”—“The streets in the districts where the poor reside are generally unsewered, and the drainage is consequently superficial.”

“Much less can we obtain satisfactory statistical results concerning the want of furniture, especially of bedding, and of food, clothing, and fuel. In these respects, the habitations of the Irish are most destitute—they can scarcely be said to be furnished. They contain one or two chairs, a mean table, the most scanty culinary apparatus, and one or two beds, loathsome with filth. A whole family is often accommodated on a single bed; and sometimes a heap of filthy straw, and a covering of old sacking, hide them in one undistinguished heap, debased alike by penury, want of economy, and dis-

solite habits. Often more than one family lived in a damp cellar, containing only one room, in whose pestilential atmosphere from twelve to sixteen persons were crowded."—p. 19.

We will not follow our author in his terrible details relating to the pauper lodging houses; those frightful sources of contagion, where, "without distinction of age or sex, careless of all decency, they are crowded in small and wretched apartments, the same bed receiving a succession of tenants, until too offensive even for their unfastidious senses."

The following we extract, as a little bit of graphic description:—

"A portion of low, swampy ground, liable to be frequently inundated, and to constant exhalation, is included between a high bank, over which the Oxford Road passes, and a bend of the river Medlock, where its course is impeded by weirs. This unhealthy spot lies so low that the chimneys of its houses, some of them three stories high, are little above the level of the road. About two hundred of these habitations are crowded together in an extremely narrow space, and are inhabited by the lowest Irish. Most of these houses have also cellars, whose floor is scarcely elevated above the level of the water flowing in the Medlock. The soughs are destroyed, or out of repair; and these narrow abodes are in consequence damp, and on the slightest rise of the river, which is a frequent occurrence, are flooded to the depth of several inches. This district has been frequently the haunt of hordes of thieves and desperadoes, who defied the law, and is always inhabited by a class resembling savages in their appetites and habits. It is surrounded on every side by some of the largest factories of the town, whose chimneys vomit forth dense clouds of smoke, which hang heavily over this insalubrious region."—p. 21.

We may naturally inquire as to the wages of labour in these loathsome and impoverished districts.

In the various branches of cotton-spinning, the labourer in general, "with the exercise of an economy, without which even wealth may be wasted," can earn sufficient to support him with decency and respectability: the average, young and old, children and adults, being from nine shillings to twelve shillings per week. A man with a family, therefore, is placed in a situation of comparative affluence. But, alas! these means are too generally consumed by improvidence and vice! The introduction of the power-loom, on the contrary, has occasioned a temporary embarrassment; and the hand-loom weavers, though they labour fourteen hours daily, earn only, on the average, from five to eight shillings per week. These consist mostly of Irish workmen, who are, in consequence, most liable to all the causes of moral and physical depression we have before noticed.

Dram-shops, and the new houses for the sale of beer, we hesitate not to assert, are the most fertile sources of dissipation and distress. In the poorer and most wretched parts of our communities, we generally find by far the greatest proportion of these nuisances. "Some idea may be formed of the influence of these establishments on the health and morals of the people," says Dr. Kay, "from the following statement, drawn up by Mr. Braidley, the Boroughreeve:—He observed the number of persons entering a gin-shop in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods, from seven o'clock until ten. The average result was 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 412 per hour."—p. 35.

"Visiting Manchester," says Dr. Kay, "the Metropolis of the Commercial System, a stranger regards with wonder the ingenuity and comprehensive capacity, which, in the short space of half a century, have here established the staple manufacture of this kingdom. He beholds with astonishment the establishments of its merchants—monuments of fertile genius and successful design: the masses of capital which have been accumulated by those who crowd upon its mart, and the restless but sagacious spirit which has made every part of the known world the scene of their enterprise. The sudden creation of the mighty system of commercial organization which covers this country, and stretches its arms to the more distant seas, attests the power and the dignity of man. Commerce, it appears to such a spectator, here gathers in her store-houses the productions of every clime, that she may minister to the happiness of a favoured race. When he turns from the great capitalists, he contemplates the fearful

strength only of that multitude of the labouring population, which lies like a slumbering giant at their feet. He has heard of the turbulent riots of the people—of machine breaking—of the secret and sullen organization which has suddenly lighted the torch of incendiarism, or wellnigh uplifted the arm of rebellion in the land. He remembers that political desperadoes have ever loved to tempt this population to the hazards of the *swindling game of revolution*, and have scarcely failed. In the midst of so much opulence, however, he has disbelieved the cry of need.”—p. 46, 47.

Want of cleanliness, forethought, and economy, being found invariably connected with dissipation and disease;—to inculcate habits of decency and prudence will be found of great utility as the means of our moral and social regeneration. Not the least evils attending the introduction of Irish labourers into our manufacturing towns have been the pernicious examples of uncleanly habits and debasing propensities.

“ Ere the moral and physical condition of the operative can be much elevated, a general system of education must be introduced. If,” says McCulloch, “ we would really improve the condition of the lower classes, if we would give them better habits, as well as make them better workmen, we ought to endeavour to make them acquainted with the principles that must determine their condition in life. The poor ought to be taught that they are in a great measure the architects of their own fortune; that what others can do for them is trifling indeed compared with what they can do for themselves; that they are infinitely more interested in the preservation of the public tranquillity than any other class of society; that mechanical inventions and discoveries are always supremely advantageous to them; and that their real interests can only be effectually promoted by their displaying greater prudence and forethought.”

Dr. Kay informs us that—

“ In Liverpool a charitable society exists, denominated the ‘ Provident,’ whose Members include a great number of the most influential of the inhabitants. The town is subdivided into numerous districts, the inspection and care of which is committed to one or two members of the association. They visit the people in their houses, sympathize with their distresses, and minister to the wants of the necessitous; but above all, they acquire, by their charity, the right of inquiring into their domestic arrangements, of instructing them in domestic economy, of recommending sobriety, cleanliness, forethought, and method. Every capitalist might contribute much to the happiness of those in his employ, by a similar exercise of enlightened charity. He might establish provident associations and libraries amongst his people. Cleanliness, and a proper attention to clothing and diet, might be enforced. He has frequent opportunities of discouraging the vicious, and of admonishing the improvident. By visiting the houses of the operatives, he might advise the multiplication of household comforts and the culture of domestic sympathies. Principle and interest admonish him to receive none into his employ unless they can produce the most satisfactory attestations to their character. Above all he should provide instruction for the children of his workpeople: he should stimulate the appetite for useful knowledge, and supply it with appropriate food. Happily such a system is not left to conjecture. In large towns serious obstacles oppose its introduction, but in Manchester more than one enlightened capitalist confesses its importance, and has made preparations for its adoption. In the country the facilities are greater, and many establishments might be indicated which exhibit the results of combined benevolence and intelligence. One example may suffice. Twelve hundred persons are employed in the factories of Mr. Thomas Ashton of Hyde. This gentleman has erected commodious buildings for his workpeople, with each of which he has connected every convenience that ministers to comfort. He resides in the immediate vicinity, and has frequent opportunities of maintaining a cordial association with his operatives. Their houses are well furnished, clean, and their tenants exhibit every indication of health and happiness. Mr. Ashton has built a school, where 640 children, chiefly belonging to his establishment, are instructed on Sunday.” “ A library, connected with this school, is eagerly resorted to, and the people frequently read after the hours of labour have expired. An infant school is, during the week, attended by 280 children, and in the evenings others are instructed by masters selected for the purpose. The factories themselves are certainly excellent examples of the cleanliness and order which may be attained by a systematic and persevering attention to the habits of the artisans.”—p. 63—65.

The following is an extract from "*A Minute of Deaths among the Spinners, Piecers, and Dressers, employed at the works of Mr. Thomas Ashton in Hyde, from 1819 to 1832.*"

"We have no orphans at this place, neither have we any family receiving parochial relief, nor can we recollect the time when there was any such. The different clubs or sick-lists among the spinners, dressers, overlookers, and mechanics here, allow ten or twelve shillings per week to the members during sickness, and from six to eight pounds to a funeral, which applies also to the member's wife, and, in some cases, one half or one-fourth to the funeral of a child. The greatest amount of contributions to these funds have in no one year exceeded five shillings and sixpence from each member."

"We thank Dr. Kay for his labours. He has produced a work that no right mind can read without the most melancholy and solemn reflections. What an awful responsibility such conditions of mortality impose upon the Legislature and the Government! With many of Dr. Kay's conclusions we disagree, and there are times when we could wish he had adopted a more simple and natural style, but his facts are startling—his benevolence unquestionable. Two reflections force themselves upon us in closing this painful work. The first, that if nothing else proved the necessity of Legislative Reform, this book would prove it! Good God! and is this the condition of large masses of our fellow creatures whom we make laws to govern! The heart sickens—the blood boils—to turn from such facts and to recall the words of the hollow rhetorician—"*works well!*" What a system!—what results! Another reflection is the imperative necessity of smoothing the path to knowledge, of removing those hateful taxes which obstruct the moral air from the poor man's mind—of establishing a sound, a lasting, a wise system of National Education. Pray God that our Lawgivers meet in the next Parliament with a deep and undisguised sense of their great duties—that they lay aside all those small hypocrisies—that jargon about the proper season, and the exact moment by which the good postponed is the momentarily accumulation of agony—and of guilt!—Human happiness—human life. Great God! can we dare to palter with such a stake! We conclude with Dr. Kay's own wise and admirable warning.—

"The operative population constitutes one of the most important elements of society, and, when numerically considered, the magnitude of its interests and the extent of its power assume such vast proportions, that the folly which neglects them is allied to madness. If the higher classes are unwilling to diffuse intelligence among the lower those exist who are ever ready to take advantage of their ignorance, if they will not seek their confidence, others will excite their distrust: if they will not endeavour to promote domestic comfort, virtue, and knowledge among them, their misery, vice, and prejudice, will prove volcanic elements, by whose explosive violence the structure of society will be destroyed."

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## ANOTHER EPIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

It is not usual, anywhere, to review books before they are published; on the Continent, however, such things *sometimes* happen; and the Master-piece of the German Muse, our readers know, was first printed in a periodical. Without such a medium of publication, the Messiah of Klopstock, it is probable, would never have been published. Our countrymen, we suspect, are not more willing than their neighbours, to buy and read "Another Epic." If the "Paradise Lost" were now published for the first time, we doubt whether it would not fall dead from the press. It does not, therefore, follow that we ought to introduce to our readers the "Spirits and Men" of the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes;" yet it may be worth while to know what sort of an heroic poem a self-educated man can write; and we are quite sure that his epic, whatever merit it may have, could not be published at this time, in the usual way, without great risk. This article then may be considered as a sort of partial publication of it. As we cannot afford to make long extracts, we will quote a passage or two from the Preface, which will, perhaps, give a tolerably good general idea of what the Poem is.

"The World before the Flood" has furnished four English poets with noble subjects for poetry.

"The Paradise Lost" is totally unlike all the poetry that has followed it. Even in the controversial metaphysics of his poetry, Milton has found no rival; and although Byron, in his 'Cain,' has combined the most touching tenderness with a lofty sublimity, still it may be said, with truth, of the Bard of our Republic, that he has never been imitated.

"Byron's 'Heaven and Earth,' which has furnished me with a title, is full of passages which none but he could have written; and it also affords some instances of the facility with which the noble bard could extract honey from any flower, or weed, however humble. He has transcribed, almost literally, the dying words of Eugene Aram: 'What am I better than my fathers? death is natural, and necessary.' He was no dramatist, but he knew how to borrow from a page which he could not have written, and in this instance he borrowed wisely. 'The Human heart in Despair,' furnished him with a truth, which Bacon wrote long before; but Bacon wrote it unendangered, and not so well.

"The Loves of the Angels" is an invaluable gem, which will rank, not with the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' but with the 'Rape of the Lock.' Sometimes, indeed, we cannot help thinking, that the author might have perriwigged his angels with advantage. But I beg pardon—it is no longer fashionable for young coxcombs to wear wigs.

"Montgomery's 'World before the Flood' is deficient in action, and does not contain one well-drawn character. But the incidents, though they are certainly not too numerous, are unequalled in permanent interest. Perhaps there is nothing in all poetry superior to the passage describing the return of Cain,

'When young and old went forth to meet their sire.'

I think the poem is too spiritual; mine, on the contrary, 'is of earth, earthy.' But while the eagle soars to the sun, the dog may breathe pure air on the mountains below; and whether he be the humble friend of the beggar or the prince, still it is with man that he is familiar.

"If it is asked, why I presume to choose ground which has already occupied all that is transcendent in genius? I answer, that I choose it for that very reason. I may reasonably think, that Raphael can have no equal as a painter; but if Correggio had thought so, he could not with truth have said, 'And I, too, am a painter!' Perhaps, there is nothing in art, which the human mind will not yet surpass, except the masterpieces of Shakspeare. What! not the sublimity of Milton? No, Milton has not surpassed Dante. But who can hope to surpass the heart-crushing pathos of Byron? Ford equalled that pathos; and who reads him? But Correggio did not surpass Raphael. True; and what then? My book, however contemptible it may be, will perhaps be better than it could

have been, had I not determined to write with glorious examples before me, and in the presence, as it were, of the conquerors of Time.

"I have been seriously warned, that some of my characters are unscriptural, and therefore improper. I hope they are not liable to this objection. The characters alluded to are four. The one most blamed is Timna—the Spirit of Abel—in whom I have wished to personify that power which is called genius. No fact being better established than that every great improvement in the condition of the human race may be traced to some mechanical invention, much of the interest of the story is founded on this fact, and on the meetings of Timna with his brother Cain, who, under the name of Shemeber, wanders homeless on the earth, deploring and suffering the consequences of his crime, yet doomed to die only with the world in which he became the first homicide. I am also blamed for giving virtues to Iambres, one of the fallen angels. Formed for incessant action, it was once his office and his delight, to accompany and control the comets in their courses; but doomed, for his revolt, to watch the gates of Eden, he steals thence, at times, to gaze unseen on the widowed Zillah, whom he loves with a pure and passionate affection, and to whose lifeless form he clings in despair, when it floats on the waters which have entombed man and his works. But the great fault of my subject, I confess, is the supposed necessity of destroying the world, in consequence of the wickedness of its inhabitants. Did the Creator do his work imperfectly? He could, or he could not, have prevented the catastrophe. After all, this is the great metaphysical difficulty, founded on the existence of evil—into which all other difficulties resolve themselves, when we attempt, with our limited faculties, to unveil the inscrutable. It is, however, a difficulty which must be met—it cannot be evaded; I have, therefore, endeavoured to represent in the character of Joel, Christ the creator, and future Redeemer, first trying to avert, and then, with almost human sympathy, deploring the inevitable ruin of the work of his hands. For part of this conception, I have the poetical authority of Milton; and it is not, I hope, though I am told it is, theologically objectionable."

The poem begins with an exordium followed immediately by a description of the scenery of the World before the Flood, from which we copy a few lines.

"I sing of men, and angels, and the days  
When God repented him that he had made  
Man on the earth; when crimes alone won praise,  
When the few righteous were with curses paid,  
And none seem'd vile as they whom truth betray'd.

"But these—are these the flowers of Paradise,  
That bloom'd when man before his Maker stood,  
Offering his sinless thoughts in sacrifice  
On mountain tops, or where the warbling wood  
Became his altar? Lo! this finger'd flower  
That round the cottage window weaves a bower,  
Is not the woodbine! but that lowlier one,  
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,  
Enamour'd of the thatch it grows upon,  
Might be the house-leek of rude Hallamshire,  
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,  
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.  
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends  
Its head on leaves, with liquid diamonds set,  
A heav'nly fragrance in its sighing sends;  
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,  
Yet might it haply to the zephyr tell  
That 'tis belov'd by village maids as well.  
Thou little, dusky, crimson-bosom'd bud,  
Startling, but not in fear, from tree to tree!



I never erst thy plaintive love-notes heard,  
 Nor hast thou been a suppliant erst to me  
 For table crumbs, when winds bowed branch and stem,  
 And leafless twigs form'd winter's diadem.  
 No, thou art not the bird that haunts the grange  
 Storm-pinch'd, with bright black eyes and breast of flame.  
 I look on things familiar, and yet strange ;  
 Known, and yet new ; most like, yet not the same !  
 I hear a voice, ne'er heard before, repeat  
 Songs of the past ! But Nature's voice is sweet  
 Wherever heard ; her works, wherever seen,  
 Are might and beauty to the mind and eye ;  
 To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,  
 She speaks of things that but with life can die ;  
 And while, above the thundering Gihon's foam,  
 That cottage smokes, my heart seems still at home,  
 In England still, though there no mighty flood  
 Sweeps like a foaming earthquake from the clouds ;  
 But still in England, where rock-shading wood  
 Shelters the peasant's home, remote from crowds,  
 And shelter'd once as noble hearts as e'er  
 Dwelt in th' Almighty's form, and knew nor guilt nor fear.

" How like an eagle, from his mile-high rock,  
 Down swoops the Gihon, smitten into mist  
 On groaning crags, that, thunder-stunn'd, resist  
 The headlong thunder and eternal shock,  
 Where, far below, like ages with their deeds,  
 The watry anarchy doth foam and sweep !  
 Now, wing'd with light, which vollied gloom succeeds ;  
 Now, beautiful as Hope, or wild and deep  
 As Fate's last mystery ; now swift and bright  
 As human joy, then black as horror's night !  
 And high above the torrent, yet how near  
 The cottage of the woodman, Thamar, stands,  
 Gazing afar, where Enoch's towers appear,  
 And distant hills that look on farther lands.  
 Beautiful cottage ! breathe thy air of balm,  
 Safe as a sleeping cloud when heav'n is calm ;  
 Smile—like an exiled patriot on the bed  
 Of death, with not a friend to close his eyes—  
 Smile, in the brightness of the sunset red,  
 On all that pride strives vainly to despise.  
 Beautiful cottage ! with an earnest tear,  
 My soul hath sworn, grief never enter'd here !  
 Have I, then, found on earth the long-sought heav'n,  
 Where man's associate, sorrow, never came,  
 Where humbled sin ne'er wept to be forgiven,  
 And falsehood's cheek ne'er blush'd with truth and shame ?  
 Alas ! lone cottage of the mountain's brow !  
 All that wan grief can teach thine inmates know.  
 I look upon the world before the flood  
 That vainly swept a sinful world away ;  
 Vainly—if tyrants still disport in blood,  
 If they who toil are still the spoiler's prey,  
 If War, Waste, Want, Rebellion, now as then,  
 Rave over nations grown in folly grey,  
 And earth, beneath the feet of woe-worn men  
 Still groaning, cries ' Redemption cometh ! ' When ?  
 Oh, World before the Flood, thou answerest not,

Though, still importunate, I question thee !  
 Shall I, then, paint thee as thou seem'st afar,  
 Seen through the mist of years, a moral blot,  
 Too like the world that is, and long may be ?  
 Spirits and Men ! Spirits that were, and are !  
 Though worlds grow old in darkness, I will write  
 The drama of your deeds, with none to aid,  
 And none to praise my song ; not ill repaid  
 Even by the pleasing labour of my choice ;  
 And, haply, not in vain I lift my voice,  
 Intent to teach the future by the past,  
 If Truth, like death long shunn'd, is met at last "

\*The following lines introduce the Spirit of Abel, under the name of Timna, to his descendant, Zillah :—

"Midnight was past ; the children of the dead  
 Slept ; but the widow kiss'd his stiffening form,  
 Laid out his limbs, and wept ; then o'er him threw  
 Her snowy bridal robe, and, like a worm,  
 Sank on his breast convolved, but not in pain.  
 Lo, when she waked to thought and grief again,  
 A lovely blue-eyed youth before her stood,  
 With golden ringlets and an angel's grace,  
 And all the sweetness of the fair and good,  
 And more than mortal sorrow in his face.  
 On his young cheek th' unfaded rose was white,  
 And from his sodden hair the rain of night  
 Dripp'd. ' Give me shelter till the morn,' he cried,  
 ' I'm tur'd and cold '  
     ' Whence com'st thou, pallid one ?'  
 ' From Eden's forest, where the spectres glide.'  
     ' Where is thy home ?'  
 ' In heav'n, or I have none.'  
     ' Where are thy parents ?'  
 ' Here no love-taught bird  
 Is motherless, like me. But thou hast heard  
 My Father whisper, and it shakes th' abode  
 Of the archangels.'  
     ' Tell me, hast thou, then,  
 No friends ?'  
 ' Yea, many friends ; the great good God,  
 The sinless spirits, and all righteous men.'  
     ' Where dwell'st thou ?'  
 ' Everywhere In summer woods  
 I sleep, and where the fountains of the floods  
 Sing in the caves that give the viper birth.  
 The clouds look on me from the hurried sky ;  
 They know their homeless brother of the earth,  
 And all the winds accost me as they fly,  
 Still wandering with me through the desert glad '  
     ' Who art thou ?'  
 ' I am Timna, call'd the sad,  
 Because fond mothers still are doom'd to see  
 Their most unhappy sons resemble me ;  
 Timna, at whose approach dull spirits flee ;  
 Who sleeps beneath the roof of amethyst,  
 And treads the spacious silken-broider'd floor,  
 From courts and palaces with scorn dismiss'd,  
 But sometimes welcom'd by the helpless poor,

And all the children of the forest know  
 The leveret's playmate, the lark's bed-fellow.  
 Yet manless deserts bound not Timna's reign,  
 Untaught by me, the patriot toils in vain ;  
 I am the light of all far-shining minds ;  
 The midnight sage, the city know me well,  
 And in my smile the houseless poet finds  
 Strong wine, and bread, and fire unquenchable."

In the following extract, the anxiety of the Author to shorten the distance which separates his far-off subject from our sympathies, is again evident. The words in italics will explain our meaning:—

"But Zillah slept not. Till the morning broke  
 She watch'd, in desolation and despair,  
 Senseless to all but woe. The guardian oak  
 Moan'd o'er the roof it sheltered; the thick air  
 Labour'd with doleful sounds; the night-bird shriek'd  
 Thrice; with strange boom mourn'd Gihon's bordering wood,  
 Unheard by her; *and on the hearth-stone grey,*  
*The cricket of the World before the Flood*  
*Bounded unseen.* But when the infant day  
 (While the low casement's leaves and flowers all shook  
 In the fresh breeze) darted a brightening look  
 On the poor cottage, and with rosy beam  
 Lit up into a smile the features pale  
 Of the stiff corpse, she started with a scream,  
 Like one who feels the earth beneath him fail;  
 For, like a sweet but gather'd rose, life seem'd  
 To linger yet with silence and decay;  
 But on dark orbs the golden morning beam'd,  
 Though on the dead the lifeless blush still lay  
 So fair, so life-like, that despair was fain—  
 No, not to hope—but yet to weep again.

We will now bring before the reader another of the poet's "Spirits and Men:"—

"No friendly neighbour, in his sad attire,  
 Came to see Thamar in his last home laid;  
 None sooth'd the children, none bewail'd the sire;  
 All shunn'd the house proscib'd. But Eber made,  
 Beneath the loftiest tree that crown'd the steep,  
 His brother's narrow bed of lasting sleep,  
 And hallow'd it with curses; low and dread  
 He mutter'd threats of vengeance o'er the dead.  
 No solemn priest the ritual grand inton'd,  
 No mournful bell toll'd for the doom of all;  
 But o'er his lifeless form affection moan'd,  
 And kings might envy Thamar's funeral;  
 Borne to the tomb by all he lov'd in life,  
 Around him wept son, daughter, brother, wife.  
 And Timna rais'd the sweetest voice that e'er  
 Was heard beneath the azure canopy:  
 'Rest, woe-worn man, that knew'st nor crime nor fear!  
 Sweet after toil is rest. Thou now art free,  
 Enfranchis'd slave! full well thy task is done,  
 Although the fateful work is but begun.'  
 Then all was silent, save the deep-drawn sigh,  
 And bursting sob. But soon strange sounds were heard,  
 That rous'd the echoes; and, approaching nigh,

The sun-bright car of Baalath appear'd,  
 Drawn by six outstretch'd steeds, that scorn'd the rein  
 O'er which th' affrighted drivers shriek'd in vain.  
 Groaning, with shaken forelock, each swift horse  
 Shot from his eyes the shiver'd light abroad,  
 Couch'd close his ears, and in his sightless course  
 Beat up the thunder from the granite road.  
 Wild as the foam of Gihon, backward stream'd  
 The toss of frighted manes The pale slaves scream'd,  
 In terror for their lord All, stooping low,  
 With bloody whip and spur, all follow'd fast,  
 And power-adoring Jared, hopeless now,  
 Beheld the fluctuating car, aghast,  
 Yet resolute with Baalath to die  
 The King alone, though not to danger blind,  
 Sat undismay'd in kingly dignity;  
 He only worthy seem'd to rule mankind  
 Like brandish'd torches steeds and chariot flash'd,  
 Like rushing flames along the rugged path,  
 And lo, th' unsleeping height, whence Gihon dash'd  
 From rock to rock, a giant in his wrath!  
 Still onward, onward, steeds and chariot blazed;  
 The mourners started from their woe and gaz'd!  
 But at that moment, from the depth sublime,  
*A man arose, grey hair'd, of thoughtful mien,  
 Grey-hair'd, and yet no pencil mark of Time  
 On his fresh cheek or lofty brow was seen.  
 He, rising like the Spirit of the flood,  
 Said to the frantic steeds 'Stand!' and they stood  
 Jared again breath'd freely, and all eyes  
 Look'd on the stranger. There was in his face  
 Severest beauty Something of the skies  
 Seem'd mix'd up with his clay, a heavenly grace  
 Awed in his action. Young to every eye,  
 Yet old he seem'd, as if eternity  
 Had felt the weight of years; or gloom and light,  
 Deathless and co-incarnate, mov'd and spoke;  
 A human presence with a spirit's might,  
 That was ere death was, yea, ere morning broke  
 On lands where life was not, save life that fear'd  
 Nor shroud nor worm. As when heaven's fire hath sear'd  
 The early verdure of a grant wood,  
 Thron'd on the mountains, still the living shade  
 Renews its pride, though smitten, so he stood—  
 Like placid Jove, in marble undecayed,  
 Gazing on time with death-defying eye,  
 And throning on his brow divinity."*

We must conclude our notice of this unpublished poem, with an extract which is indeed of earth, earthy. The means which the author has used, to enlist the sympathies of the reader in his favour, differ from those of all his predecessors, for while he writes over his picture, "it is six thousand years since," we see plainly that he thinks only of the times in which we live.

"Then in sweet tones, yet deep and terrible,  
 Timna—like Truth denouncing Guilt—addressed  
 Th' astonish'd son of Hamath, the severe  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Pleas'd with thy people's bane, thy law of force,  
 Thou gazest smiling on a realm undone,

And know'st not that thou gazest on a corse  
 Whose features swell and redden in the sun,  
 While the fat death-worms, in their hungry strife,  
 Make an abhorr'd caricature of life :  
 See, where, unseen, their loathsome feast they share !  
 See—why wilt thou not see—that Death is there !  
 But, hark ! thy victims bid me speak thy doom !  
 Truth, told to thee, shall be to thee a lie,  
 And falsehood, truth. Friendship, and love shall bloom,  
 Like venomous flowers, to thee ; thy jaundiced eye,  
 Hating their innocence, shall gloat on weeds ;  
 And cherish'd foes shall rule thee, and thy deeds.  
 And thou on Danger's lap thy rest shall take,  
 Till, thunder-stunn'd and black, he wake, and gaze  
 On lightnings that the earth's deep centre shake ;  
 Then, rush, for very dread, into the blaze,  
 Dead with a single shriek ; while all who hear  
 That one wild yell, die also in their fear."

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In closing these extracts we must entreat the author to continue a Poem so full of power and beauty : whether or not he has been right in making any character the personification of an idea—remains to be proved. We at present incline to think it not exactly consistent with the Epic simplicity. In forming too an Epic Poem, Mr. Elliott must remember that all beauty of detail is nothing, if the conception itself be not great, natural, and majestic. In short, an Epic is the only Poem, not even excepting Tragedy—in which the Great Whole is the paramount consideration—in which melody of verse and beauty of illustration are auxiliaries only—aiding, not creating, the desired effect. We say this from kindness and from respect, anxious that our author should consider no time—no labour—bestowed on his main plot and the conduct of his interest as mis-spent—and desiring that a Poet who may do and has done so much for the glory of English Literature, should come prepared and warned to that great undertaking in which one man only since the English Language was formed, can be said to have won immortality.

In the extracts we have given (and those lines in the last extract printed in Italics prove the epic sublimity to which the Poet can arrive)—we do hope, and we do believe that we proclaim that heraldry which belongs only to the attributes of the loftiest rank.

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## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.\*

We admired the trim and retired garden for some minutes in silence, and afterwards each answered in monosyllables the other's brief expressions of wonder. Neither of us had advanced a single step beyond the edge of the thicket through which we had entered; but I was about to precede, and to walk round the magic circle, in order fully to survey the place, when Shelley startled me by turning with astonishing rapidity, and dashing through the bushes and the gap in the fence with the mysterious and whimsical agility of a kangaroo. Had he caught a glimpse of a tiger crouching behind the laurels, and preparing to spring upon him, he could not have vanished more promptly, or more silently. I was habituated to his abrupt movements, nevertheless his alacrity surprised me, and I tried in vain to discover what object had scared him away. I retired, therefore, to the gap, and when I reached it, I saw him already at some distance, proceeding with gigantic strides nearly in the same route by which we came. I ran after him, and when I rejoined him, he had halted upon a turnpike-road, and was hesitating as to the course he ought to pursue. It was our custom to advance across the country as far as the utmost limits of our time would permit, and to go back to Oxford by the first public road we found, after attaining the extreme distance to which we could venture to wander. Having ascertained the route homeward, we pursued it quickly, as we were wont, but less rapidly than Shelley had commenced his hasty retreat. He had perceived that the garden was attached to a gentleman's house, and he had consequently quitted it thus precipitately. I had already observed on the right a winding path that led through a plantation to certain offices, which showed that a house was about a quarter of a mile from the spot where I then stood. Had I been aware that the garden was connected with a residence, I certainly should not have trespassed upon it; but having entered unconsciously, and since the owner was too far removed to be annoyed by observing the intrusion, I was tempted to remain a short time to examine a spot which, during my brief visit, seemed so singular. The superior and highly sensitive delicacy of my companion instantly took the alarm on discovering indications of a neighbouring mansion: hence his marvellous precipitancy in withdrawing himself from the garnished retirement he had unwittingly penetrated; and we had advanced some distance along the road before he had entirely overcome his modest confusion. Shelley had looked on the ornate inclosure with a poet's eye, and as we hastily pursued our course towards Oxford by the frozen and sounding way, whilst the day rapidly declined, he discoursed of it fancifully, and with a more glowing animation than ordinary, like one agitated by a divine fury, and by the impulse of inspiring Deity. He continued, indeed, so long to enlarge upon the marvels of the enchanted grove, that I hinted the enchantress might possibly be at hand, and since he was so eloquent concerning the nest, what would have been his astonishment had he been permitted to see the bird herself. He sometimes described

\* Continued from page 352.

with a curious fastidiousness the qualities which a female must possess to kindle the fire of love in his bosom: the imaginative youth supposed that he was to be moved by the most absolute perfection alone. It is equally impossible to doubt the exquisite refinement of his taste, or the boundless power of the most mighty of divinities; to refuse to believe that he was a just and skilful critic of feminine beauty and grace, and of whatever is attractive, or that he was never practically as blind, at the least, as men of ordinary talent. How sadly should we disparage the triumphs of Love were we to maintain that he is able to lead astray the senses of the vulgar alone! In the theory of love, however, a poet will rarely err. Shelley's lively fancy had painted a goodly portraiture of the mistress of the fair garden, nor were apt words wanting to convey to me a faithful copy of the bright original. It would be a cruel injustice to an orator, should a plain man attempt, after a silence of more than twenty years, to revive his glowing harangue from faded recollections; I will not seek, therefore, to pourtray the likeness of the ideal nymph of the flower-garden. "Since your fairy gardener," I said, "has so completely taken possession of your imagination,"—and he was wonderfully excited by the unexpected scene and his own splendid decorations—"it is a pity we did not notice the situation, (for I am quite sure I should not be able to return thither,) to recover your Eden and the Eve whom you created to till it; and I doubt whether you could guide me." He acknowledged that he was as incapable of finding it again as of leading me to that paradise to which I had compared it. "You may laugh at my enthusiasm," he continued, "but you must allow that you were not less struck by the singularity of that mysterious corner of the earth than myself; you are equally entitled, therefore, to dwell there, at least in fancy, and to find a partner, whose character will harmonize with the genius of the place." He then declared, that henceforth it should be deemed the possession of two tutelary nymphs, not of one; and he proceeded, with unabated fervour, to delineate the second patroness, and to distinguish her from the first. "No!" he exclaimed, pausing in the rapid career of words, and for a while he was somewhat troubled, "the seclusion is too sweet, too holy, to be the theatre of ordinary love: the love of the sexes, however pure, still retains some taint of earthly grossness: we must not admit it within the sanctuary." He was silent for several minutes, and his anxiety visibly increased. "The love of a mother for her child is more refined; it is more disinterested, more spiritual; but," he added, after some reflection, "the very existence of the child still connects it with the passion, which we have discarded;" and he relapsed into his former musings. "The love a sister bears towards a sister," he exclaimed abruptly, and with an air of triumph, "is unexceptionable." The idea pleased him, and as he strode along he assigned the trim garden to two sisters, affirming, with the confidence of an inventor, that it owed its neatness to the assiduous culture of their neat hands; that it was their constant haunt; the care of it their favourite pastime, and its prosperity, next after the welfare of each other, the chief wish of both. He described their appearance, their habits, their feelings, and drew a lovely picture of their amiable and innocent attachment; of the meek and

dutiful regard of the younger, which partook, in some degree, of filial reverence, but was more facile and familiar; and of the protecting, instructing, hoping fondness of the elder, that resembled maternal tenderness, but had less of reserve and more of sympathy. In no other relation could the intimacy be equally perfect; not even between brothers, for their life is less domestic; there is a separation in their pursuits, and an independence in the masculine character. The occupations of all females of the same age and rank are the same, and by night sisters cherish each other in the same quiet nest. Their union wears not only the grace of delicacy, but of fragility also; for it is always liable to be suddenly destroyed by the marriage of either party, or at least to be interrupted and suspended for an indefinite period. He depicted so eloquently the excellence of sisterly affection, and he drew so distinctly, and so minutely, the image of the two sisters, to whom he chose to ascribe the unusual comeliness of the spot into which we had unintentionally intruded, that the trifling incident has been impressed upon my memory, and has been intimately associated in my mind, through his creations, with his poetic character.

The prince of Roman eloquence affirms, that the good man alone can be a perfect orator,—and truly, for without the weight of a spotless reputation, it is certain that the most artful and elaborate discourses must want authority, the main ingredient in persuasion. The position is, at least, equally true of the poet, whose grand strength always lies in the ethical force of his compositions; and these are great in proportion to the efficient greatness of their moral purpose. If, therefore, we would criticise poetry correctly, and from the foundation, it behoves us to examine the morality of the bard. In no individual, perhaps, was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley; in no being was the perception of right and of wrong more acute. The biographer who takes upon himself the pleasing and instructive, but difficult and delicate task of composing a faithful history of his whole life, will frequently be compelled to discuss the important questions, whether his conduct, at certain periods, was altogether such as ought to be proposed for imitation; whether he was ever misled by an ardent imagination, a glowing temperament, something of hastiness in choice, and a certain constitutional impatience; whether, like less gifted mortals, he ever shared in the common portion of mortality,—repentance; and to what extent? Such inquiries, however, do not fall within the compass of a brief narrative of his career at the University. The unmatured mind of a boy is capable of good intentions only, and of generous and kindly feelings, and these were pre-eminent in him. It will be proper to unfold the excellence of his dispositions, not for the sake of vain and empty praise, but simply to show his aptitude to receive the sweet fury of the Muses. His inextinguishable thirst for knowledge, his boundless philanthropy, his fearless, it may be, his almost imprudent, pursuit of truth, have been already exhibited. If mercy to beasts be a criterion of a good man, numerous instances of extreme tenderness would demonstrate his worth. I will mention one only.

We were walking one afternoon in Bagley Wood; on turning



a corner, we suddenly came upon a boy, who was driving an ass. It was very young, and very weak, and was staggering beneath a most disproportionate load of faggots, and he was belabouring its lean ribs angrily and violently with a short, thick, heavy cudgel. At the sight of cruelty Shelley was instantly transported far beyond the usual measure of excitement: he sprang forward, and was about to interpose with energetic and indignant vehemence. I caught him by the arm, and to his present annoyance held him back, and with much difficulty persuaded him to allow me to be the advocate of the dumb animal. His cheeks glowed with displeasure, and his lips murmured his impatience during my brief dialogue with the young tyrant. "That is a sorry little ass, boy," I said; "it seems to have scarcely any strength."—"None at all; it is good for nothing."—"It cannot get on; it can hardly stand; if any body could make it go, you would; you have taken great pains with it."—"Yes, I have; but it is to no purpose!"—"It is of little use striking it, I think."—"It is not worth beating; the stupid beast has got more wood now than it can carry; it can hardly stand, you see!"—"I suppose it put it upon its back itself?" The boy was silent: I repeated the question. "No; it has not sense enough for that," he replied, with an incredulous leer. By dint of repeated blows he had split one end of his cudgel, and the sound caused by the divided portion had alarmed Shelley's humanity: I pointed to it, and said, "You have split your stick; it is not good for much now." He turned it, and held the divided end in his hand. "The other end is whole, I see; but I suppose you could split that too on the ass's back, if you chose; it is not so thick."—"It is not so thick, but it is full of knots; it would take a great deal of trouble to split it, and the beast is not worth that; it would do no good!"—"It would do no good, certainly; and if any body saw you, he might say that you were a savage young ruffian, and that you ought to be served in the same manner yourself." The fellow looked at me with some surprise, and sank into solemn silence. He presently threw his cudgel into the wood as far as he was able, and began to amuse himself by pelting the birds with pebbles, leaving my long-eared client to proceed at its own pace, having made up his mind, perhaps, to be beaten himself, when he reached home, by a tyrant still more unreasonable than himself on account of the inevitable default of his ass. Shelley was satisfied with the result of our conversation, and I repeated to him the history of the injudicious and unfortunate interference of Don Quixote between the peasant, John Haldudo, and his servant, Andrew. Although he reluctantly admitted, that the acrimony of humanity might often aggravate the sufferings of the oppressed by provoking the oppressor, I always observed, that the impulse of generous indignation on witnessing the infliction of pain, was too vivid to allow him to pause and consider the probable consequences of the abrupt interposition of the knight errantry, which would at once redress all grievances. Such exquisite sensibility and a sympathy with suffering so acute and so uncontrolled may possibly be inconsistent with the calmness and forethought of the philosopher, but they accord well with the high temperature of a poet's blood.

As his port had the meekness of a maiden, so the heart of the

young virgin who has never crossed her father's threshold to encounter the rude world, could not be more susceptible of all the sweet domestic charities than his: in this respect Shelley's disposition would happily illustrate the innocence and virginity of the Muses. In most men, and especially in very young men, an excessive addiction to study tends to chill the heart, and to blunt the feelings, by engrossing the attention. Notwithstanding his extreme devotion to literature, and amidst his various and ardent speculations, he retained a most affectionate regard for his relations, and particularly for the females of his family: it was not without manifest joy that he received a letter from his mother, or his sisters. A child of genius is seldom duly appreciated by the world during his life, least of all by his own kindred. The parents of a man of talent may claim the honour of having given him birth, yet they commonly enjoy but little of his society. Whilst we hang with delight over the immortal pages, we are apt to suppose that the gifted author was fondly cherished; that a possession so uncommon and so precious was highly prized; that his contemporaries anxiously watched his going out and eagerly looked for his coming in; for we should ourselves have borne him tenderly in our hands, that he might not dash his foot against a stone. Surely such an one was given in charge to angels, we cry: on the contrary, Nature appears most unaccountably to slight a gift that she gave grudgingly; as if it were of small value, and easily replaced. An unusual number of books, Greek or Latin classics, each inscribed with the name of the donor, which had been presented to him, according to the custom on quitting Eton, attested that Shelley had been popular among his schoolfellows. Many of them were then at Oxford, and they frequently called at his rooms: although he spoke of them with regard, he generally avoided their society, for it interfered with his beloved study, and interrupted the pursuits to which he ardently and entirely devoted himself.

In the nine centuries that elapsed from the time of our great founder, Alfred, to our days, there never was a student who more richly merited the favour and assistance of a learned body, or whose fruitful mind would have repaid with a larger harvest the labour of careful and judicious cultivation. And such cultivation he was well entitled to receive. Nor did his scholar-like virtues merit neglect; still less to be betrayed, like the young nobles of Falisci, by a traitorous schoolmaster, to an enemy less generous than Camillus. No student ever read more assiduously. He was to be found book in hand at all hours; reading in season and out of season; at table, in bed, and especially during a walk; not only in the quiet country, and in retired paths; not only at Oxford, in the public walks, and High-street, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Nor was he less absorbed by the volume that was open before him, in Cheap-side, in Cranbourn-alley, or in Bond-street, than in a lonely lane, or a secluded library. Sometimes a vulgar fellow would attempt to insult or annoy the eccentric student in passing. Shelley always avoided the malignant interruption by stepping aside with his vast and quiet agility. Sometimes I have observed, as an agreeable contrast to these wretched men, that persons of the humblest station have paused

and gazed with respectful wonder as he advanced, almost unconscious of the throng, stooping low, with bent knees and outstretched neck, poring earnestly over the volume, which he extended before him : for they knew this, although the simple people knew but little, that an ardent scholar is worthy of deference, and that the man of learning is necessarily the friend of humanity, and especially of the many. I never beheld eyes that devoured the pages more voraciously than his : I am convinced that two-thirds of the period of day and night were often employed in reading. It is no exaggeration to affirm, that out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. At Oxford, his diligence in this respect was exemplary, but it greatly increased afterwards, and I sometimes thought that he carried it to a pernicious excess : I am sure, at least, that I was unable to keep pace with him. On the evening of a wet day, when we had read with scarcely any intermission from an early hour in the morning, I have urged him to lay aside his book. It required some extravagance to rouse him to join heartily in conversation ; to tempt him to avoid the chimney-piece, on which commonly he had laid the open volume. "If I were to read as long as you do, Shelley, my hair and my teeth would be strewed about on the floor, and my eyes would slip down my cheeks into my waistcoat pockets ; or at least I should become so weary and nervous, that I should not know whether it were so or not." He began to scrape the carpet with his feet, as if teeth were actually lying upon it, and he looked fixedly at my face, and his lively fancy represented the empty sockets ; his imagination was excited, and the spell that bound him to his books was broken, and creeping close to the fire, and, as it were, under the fire-place, he commenced a most animated discourse. Few were aware of the extent, and still fewer, I apprehend, of the profundity of his reading ; in his short life, and without ostentation, he had, in truth, read more Greek than many an aged pedant, who, with pompous parade, prides himself upon this study alone. Although he had not entered critically into the minute niceties of the noblest of languages, he was thoroughly conversant with the valuable matter it contains. A pocket edition of Plato, of Plutarch, of Euripides, without interpretation or notes, or of the Septuagint, was his ordinary companion ; and he read the text straightforward for hours, if not as readily as an English author, at least with as much facility as French, Italian, or Spanish. "Upon my soul, Shelley, your style of going through a Greek book is something quite beautiful!" was the wondering exclamation of one who was himself no mean student.

As his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigour of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life most conspicuous. His food was plain and simple as that of a hermit, with a certain anticipation, even at this time, of a vegetable diet, respecting which he afterwards became an enthusiast in theory, and in practice an irregular votary. With his usual fondness for moving the abstruse and difficult questions of the highest theology, he loved to inquire, whether man can justify, on the ground of reason alone, the practice of taking the life of the inferior animals, except in the necessary defence of his life and of

is means of life, the fruits of that field, which he has tilled, from violence and spoliation. "Not only have considerable sects," he would say, "denied the right altogether, but those among the tender-hearted and imaginative people of antiquity, who accounted it lawful to kill and eat, appear to have doubted, whether they might take away life merely for the use of man alone. They slew their cattle not simply for human guests, like the less scrupulous butchers of modern times, but only as a sacrifice, for the honour and in the name of the deity; or rather of those subordinate divinities, to whom, they believed, the supreme being had assigned the creation and conservation of the visible material world; as an incident to these pious offerings, they partook of the residue of the victims, of which, without such sanction and sanctification they would not have presumed to taste. So reverent was the caution of a humane and prudent antiquity!" Bread became his chief sustenance, when his regimen attained to that austerity, which afterwards distinguished it. He could have lived on bread alone without repining. When he was walking in London with an acquaintance he would suddenly run into a baker's shop, purchase a supply, and breaking a loaf, he would offer half of it to his companion. "Do you know," he said to me one day with much surprise, "that such an one does not like bread; did you ever know a person who disliked bread?" and he told me that a friend had refused such an offer. I explained to him, that the individual in question probably had no objection to bread in a moderate quantity, at a proper time and with the usual adjuncts, and was only unwilling to devour two, or three, pounds of dry bread in the streets and at an early hour. Shelley had no such scruple; his pockets were generally well-stored with bread. A circle upon the carpet, clearly defined by an ample verge of crumbs, often marked the place where he had long sat at his studies, his face nearly in contact with his book, greedily devouring bread at intervals amidst his profound abstractions. For the most part he took no condiment; sometimes, however, he ate with his bread the common raisins, which are used in making puddings, and these he would buy at little mean shops. He was walking one day in London with a respectable solicitor, who occasionally transacted business for him; with his accustomed precipitation he suddenly vanished, and as suddenly reappeared: he had entered the shop of a little grocer in an obscure quarter, and had returned with some plums, which he held close under the attorney's nose, and the man of fact was as much astonished at the offer, as his client, the man of fancy, at the refusal. The common fruit of the stalls, and oranges and apples, were always welcome to Shelley; he would crunch the latter as heartily as a schoolboy. Vegetables and especially sallads, and pies and puddings, were acceptable: his beverage consisted of copious and frequent draughts of cold water, but tea was ever grateful, cup after cup, and coffee. Wine was taken with singular moderation, commonly diluted largely with water, and for a long period he would abstain from it altogether; he avoided the use of spirits almost invariably and even in the most minute portions. Like all persons of simple tastes, he retained his sweet tooth; he would greedily eat cakes, gingerbread, and sugar; honey, preserved

or stewed fruit, with bread, were his favourite delicacies, these he thankfully and joyfully received from others, but he rarely sought for them or provided them for himself. The restraint and protracted duration of a convivial meal were intolerable; he was seldom able to keep his seat during the brief period assigned to an ordinary family dinner.

These particulars may seem trifling, if indeed any thing can little, that has reference to a character truly great; but they prove how much he was ashamed that his soul was in body, and illustrate the virgin abstinence of a mind equally favoured by the Muses, the Graces and Philosophy. It is true, however, that his application at Oxford, although exemplary, was not so unremitting, as it afterwards became, nor was his diet, although singularly temperate, so meagre, however his mode of living already offered a foretaste of the studious seclusion and absolute renunciation of every luxurious indulgence, which ennobled him a few years later. Had a parent desired that his children should be exactly trained to an ascetic life and should be taught by an eminent example to scorn delights and to love laborious days; that they should behold a pattern of native innocence and genuine simplicity of manners; he would have consigned them to his house as to a temple, or to some primitive and still unsophisticated monastery. It is an invidious thing to compose a perpetual panegyric, yet it is difficult to speak of Shelley, and impossible to speak justly, without often praising him; it is difficult also to divest myself of later recollections; to forget for a while what he became in days subsequent, and to remember only what he then was, when we were fellow-collegians. It is difficult, moreover, to view him with the mind which I then bore,—with a young mind; to lay aside the seriousness of old age; for twenty years of assiduous study have induced, if not in the body, at least within, something of premature old age. It now seems an incredible thing and altogether inconceivable, when I consider the gravity of Shelley and his invincible repugnance to the comic, that the monkey tricks of the schoolboy could have still lingered, but it is certain that some slight vestiges still remained. The metaphysician of eighteen actually attempted once, or twice, to electrify the son of his scout, a boy like a sheep, by name James, who roared aloud with ludicrous and stupid terror, whenever Shelley affected to bring by stealth any part of his philosophical apparatus near to him.

As Shelley's health and strength were visibly augmented if by accident he was obliged to accept a more generous diet than ordinary, and as his mind sometimes appeared to be exhausted by never ending toil, I often blamed his abstinence and his perpetual application. It is the office of an University, of a public institution for education, not only to apply the spur to the sluggish, but also to rein in the young steed, that being too mettlesome, hastens with undue speed towards the goal. "It is a very odd thing, but every woman can live with my lord and do just what she pleases with him, except my lady!" Such was the shrewd remark, which a long familiarity taught an old and attached servant to utter respecting his master, a noble poet. We may wonder in like manner, and deeply lament, that the most docile, the most facile, the most pliant, the most confiding creature, that

ever was led through any of the various paths on earth, that a tractable youth, who was conducted at pleasure by anybody, that approached him, it might be, occasionally, by persons delegated by no legitimate authority, was never guided for a moment by those, upon whom fully and without reservation that most solemn and sacred obligation had been imposed, strengthened moreover by every public and private, official and personal, moral, political and religious tie, which the civil polity of a long succession of ages could accumulate. Had the University been in fact, as in name, a kind nursing mother to the most gifted of her sons; to one, who seemed to those that knew him best—

“Heaven’s exile straying from the orb of light;”

had that most awful responsibility, the right institution of those, to whom are to be consigned the government of the country and the conservation of whatever good human society has elaborated and excogitated, duly weighed upon the consciences of his instructors, they would have gained his entire confidence by frank kindness, they would have repressed his too eager impatience to master the sum of knowledge, they would have mitigated the rigorous austerity of his course of living, and they would have remitted the extreme tension of his soul by reconciling him to a liberal mirth, convincing him, that if life be not wholly a jest, there are at least many comic scenes occasionally interspersed in the great drama. Nor is the last benefit of trifling importance, for as an unseemly and excessive gravity is usually the sign of a dull fellow, so is the prevalence of this defect the characteristic of an unlearned and illiberal age. Shelley was actually offended, and indeed more indignant than would appear to be consistent with the singular mildness of his nature, at a coarse and awkward jest, especially if it were immodest, or uncleanly; in the latter case his anger was unbounded, and his uneasiness pre-eminent; he was, however, sometimes vehemently delighted by exquisite and delicate sallies, particularly with a fanciful, and perhaps somewhat fantastical facetiousness, possibly the more because he was himself utterly incapable of pleasantry.

In every free state, in all countries that enjoy republican institutions, the view, which each citizen takes of politics, is an essential ingredient in the estimate of his ethical character. The wisdom of a very young man is but foolishness, nevertheless if we would rightly comprehend the moral and intellectual constitution of the youthful poet, it will be expedient to take into account the manner in which he was affected towards the grand political questions at a period when the whole of the civilized world was agitated by a fierce storm of excitement, that, happily for the peace and well-being of society, is of rare occurrence.

(To be concluded.)

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THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, SET FORTH UNDER  
THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

As I walked through the wilderness of the world, I lighted on <sup>1</sup> certain place where was a den, but whether of thieves or of wild beasts I cannot tell—I think, however, it was not of wild beasts; and so I laid me down to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed in rags standing in a certain place, with a book in his hand and a great burden on his back. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he frowned and trembled; and not being any longer able to contain himself, he broke out with most furious indignation, saying—“This is too bad!”

Now I looked in my dream, and behold! the book which was in his hand was called “The Extraordinary Black Book!” Moreover, I observed that the burden which was upon his back did sit there most uneasily; and he hitched it from side to side, and upwards and downwards, but all to no purpose, for it galled and fretted him most marvellously. And when I looked more attentively thereupon, I perceived that the burden consisted of a great multitude of living animals, such as locusts, leeches, rats, vipers, and such like vermin; and that all these animals were sucking the blood out of the poor man's veins and eating the flesh off his bones, so that he was compelled to take not only nourishment enough for his own support, but also for the support of all these animals that adhered to him. Now the book that was in his hand contained a description of the animals that were fastened upon his back, and a statement of the quantity of blood and flesh that each of them drew away from his body.

As I looked, therefore, to see how the afflicted man would deport himself under this grievous burden, I observed, that being greatly distressed in his mind, he cried out, saying—“What shall I do to get rid of these vermin?” I saw, also, that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go—and it was no easy matter to run with such a tremendous load upon his back. I looked, therefore, and saw a man named Reformer coming to him, who asked, “Wherefore dost thou lament?” He answered, “Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that all the weariness and weakness, and pain that I feel, arises from the ungodly crew of vermin that stick to my back, devouring the flesh from off my bones and drawing the blood from out my veins. And this book most clearly shows me that I shall never get rid of my burden so long as I dwell in the city in which I was born, and which is called the City of Corruption.”

Then Reformer said unto him, “Dost thou not see a bright light at a great distance yonder?”

“Verily I do,” replied the man; “and wilt thou have the goodness to explain to me what that light means?”

“That light,” said Reformer, “is the glory of the city of Reform; and if thou wilt diligently bend thy steps thither, turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left, thou wilt find, when thou hast

arrived within the walls of that city, that thy burden will fall from thy back, and that these lazy vermin that now draw the life, blood from thy veins and the flesh from thy bones will forthwith become, at least some of them, servants ministering to thy necessities and contributing to thy wellbeing."

"Alas!" said the man, "I greatly fear that it will never be in my power to travel so long a distance with this great burden on my back. I have often had dreams and visions of that glorious city, but I never have hoped to reach it; and whenever I have set my face that way, I have found that these vermin have always tugged me back again, till I have been quite tired with their pulling and tearing, and I have been fain to set myself down again quietly in my native city of Corruption."

Then Reformer answered him, saying, "Thou wilt certainly never reach the city of Reform, so long as thou sittest down quietly in the city of Corruption."

Now the man knew this perfectly well, and therefore as his burden pressed him sore, and he would fain be rid of it as soon as he possibly could, he took the advice of Reformer, and grasping firmly in his hand a tough oaken staff, called the staff of Perseverance, he proceeded towards the city of Reform. Then, when his old neighbours and companions in the city of Corruption saw that he was fully bent on a pilgrimage towards the city of Reform they came out after him to call him back, and they bade him dwell quietly in the city in which his fathers had dwelt before him with so much satisfaction and content. Some of his neighbours mocked at him and jeered him, calling him by all manner of evil names, and threatening him with unspeakable calamities if he should persist in following the pernicious advice of Reformer. Nevertheless he heeded them not, but went on his way, brandishing his oaken staff of Perseverance, as much as to say, that if any one threw in his way any let or hindrance, they should feel the weight of the said staff upon their heads or shoulders.

I looked again in my dream, and saw that when the general band of the scoffers had turned back, there came running out of the city two men, who overtook Pilgrim and accosted him. The name of the one was Trimmer, and the name of the other was Bully. Then Pilgrim greeted them and said, "Good neighbours, what is your will, I pray?—are ye disposed to journey with me to the city of Reform?"

Bully said, "No, we will not journey with thee; for thou art going after a phantom of thine own evil imagination, which will lead thee onward to destruction."

"Nay, but, my good neighbour Bully," replied Pilgrim with much meekness, "seest thou not yon bright and glorious light? That is the light of the glory of the city of Reform; and when I shall arrive in that city, the burden which is now upon my back will fall off, and I shall keep a little blood in my veins and a little flesh on my bones; and I shall no more be under the necessity of nourishing out of my very vitals this pestiferous mass of vermin that now stick upon my back and shoulders."

Then Bully said, "Bah! Who told thee so?" And Pilgrim replied, "A man that is called Reformer told me."



"Ay," said Bully, "I know Reformer of old; he is a deceitful man, and the truth is not in him. As for the book that is in thine hand, it is a **book** full of lies from beginning to end; and it hath been put into thine hands merely to make thee discontented with thy happy lot in the sweet city of Corruption, from whence thou art now so madly attempting to flee."

So saying, Bully made a snatch at the book, and would fain have wrested it out of the hands of Pilgrim; but Pilgrim withstood him, and said, "Thou shalt not take from me the book—it is a true book, and I feel by my own experience the truth of it; for it describes to me most accurately the causes and consequences of this burden which is on my back, and which I can only get rid of in the glorious city of Reform."

Thereupon Bully set up a loud laugh, and said, "A glorious city indeed! Let me tell thee that that which thou callest a glorious city is a mere bog or quagmire, and that the light which thou seest is but a will-o'-wisp or Jack-o'-th'-lantern, whereby thou wilt be led into miry places and into all manner of annoyances and misfortunes; and instead of getting rid of thy burden thou wilt increase it a hundred fold; and instead of those pious slugs and elegant vipers that now suck the blood so gracefully from thy veins, and eat the flesh so heartily from off thy bones, thou wilt be eaten up alive by gaunt, grim wolves, which are so abundant throughout that wilderness which thou callest the City of Reform."

Then Trimmer, who had stood by twiddling his thumbs and looking first at Pilgrim and then at Bully, answered and said, "Verily, Pilgrim, this is worth thy serious attention; for if thou shouldest find thyself in a howling wilderness or a treacherous bog instead of a glorious city, thou wilt be out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Now Pilgrim began to be impatient, and he grasped his oaken staff more vigorously and brandished it earnestly; whereat Bully and Trimmer started back as if afraid. Thereupon Pilgrim said, "Don't be alarmed; but I tell you what—I have been tormented in the frying-pan long enough, and I am resolved to leap out of it at all events—it is better to perish in the fire than to be tortured in the frying-pan."

Having spoken thus, he set forward again on his journey; and Bully and Trimmer continued to walk by his side and to hold converse with him, the one endeavouring to cause him to turn back again to the city of Corruption, and the other seeking to persuade him only to go half way to the city of Reform.

"My good friend Trimmer," said Pilgrim, "let me whisper a word in thine ear, for I see no hope whatever of Bully. Thou advisest me to go but half way to the city of Reform, saying that there is a pleasant abode between the two cities: where I may get rid of my burden by degrees. Now suffer me to inform thee that there is no place on the face of the earth, save in the city of Reform, where this burden will not grow again, therefore I am fully resolved on proceeding at all events. And let me persuade thee to go with me; for in the city of Reform thou wilt find all manner of amenities and pleasantnesses—the air is wholesome—the food is nutritious, and the commerce is free and active—so that all the necessities and comforts of

life are provided for thee, if thou wilt but exercise a little diligence. There thou wilt enjoy the fruit of thine own labour, and not be compelled to nourish with thy flesh and blood such a grievous mass of vermin as we now carry on our backs."

As Bully was a rude, ill-mannerly fellow, he made no scruple of listening to what was passing between Pilgrim and Trimmer; then he rudely broke in upon them and said, "Pilgrim, thou speakest falsely and foolishly. Ye will never get rid of your burdens at the city of Reform, and if ye did it would do you no good; nay, rather, I will convince you that ye would suffer great harm by getting rid of what ye are pleased to call your burdens. These are not burdens; they are an ornament to your bodies and a health to your bones. Know ye not that all the vigour and health of the body depends upon an active circulation of the blood? and these agreeable and polite companions, whom ye call vermin, are the means of promoting and quickening that circulation."

"Thou speakest plausibly," said Pilgrim, "but I do not believe thee. Accompany me, I beseech thee, to the city of Reform, and then thou shalt see that my health is not impaired by losing this burden."—Then Bully scoffed at Pilgrim, and said, "Thou art an obstinate fellow, and I will have nothing to do with thee." And Bully would have obstructed Pilgrim forcibly, but was afraid of the great oaken staff, the staff of Perseverance, which Pilgrim grasped vigorously in his hand. Then turning to Trimmer, Bully said, "Come, neighbour Trimmer, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than the seven virgins themselves."

Then said Trimmer, "Don't revile; if what Pilgrim says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with our neighbour."

"What! more fools still?" replied Bully. "Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise!"

So saying, Bully turned back a little way, and stood watching how it would fare with Pilgrim and Trimmer. And they went on their way right merrily, singing joyful songs, and talking over all the great things that they should enjoy when they should arrive in the city of Reform. Now I saw in my dream, that as they were thus pleasantly engaged, they drew nigh unto a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt; and Pilgrim, because of the burden that was upon his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Trimmer, "Ah! neighbour Pilgrim, where are you now?"—"Truly," said Pilgrim, "I do not know."

At this Trimmer began to be offended, and angrily said to his companion, "Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while?—is this a specimen of the road that leads to the glorious city of Reform? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I but once get

out of this mess, and you may possess your fine city of Reform all alone for me—I'll have none of it."

At this instant Bully came running up to the edge of the bog, and as he saw them kicking and struggling about like two flies in a treacle pot, he fell a laughing at them right heartily—and his laugh was as loud as the bray of a donkey; and he said, "Aha! I told you so—I guessed what you would come to! That's right, kick away, my hearties—flounder about, my pretty ones! Oh, what a precious pair of ninnies! This is your glorious city of Reform!"

"Nay," replied Pilgrim, "this is not the glorious city, but yonder is the glorious city; and, by all that is good, I will make the best of my way towards it!" So saying, he grasped the oaken staff of Perseverance, wherewith he was enabled to find how deep the bog was, and by means of which he could flounder his way through it. Then he said to his companion, "Come, neighbour, take hold of this staff, and we shall soon get over this difficulty and get upon firm ground again."

But Trimmer, who did not half like the laughter of Bully, and feared that by going on with Pilgrim he should get into more difficulties, scrambled towards that side of the slough which was nearest to the city of Corruption, and by the assistance of Bully got out as well as he could; while Pilgrim by the help of his oaken staff, wherewith he could fathom the depths of the bog, managed to get out on that side which was nearest to the city of Reform.

Now, as Pilgrim was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off, crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way to each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Clip-the-bill, and he dwelt in a town called Truckleborough, not far from the city of Corruption. This man then meeting with Pilgrim, and having some knowledge of him (for Pilgrim's setting forth from the city of Corruption was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the talk in some other places)—Mr. Clip-the-bill having some guess of him, began to enter into talk with him, saying "How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?"

"I am going, Sir," said Pilgrim, "to the city of Reform, that I may get rid of this burden."

"Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?" said Mr. Clip-the-bill.

"A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person: his name, as I remember, is Reformer."

"Heshrew him for his counsel!" said Mr. Clip-the-bill; "there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee, and that thou shalt find if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already. I see the dirt of the slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am wiser than thou; thou art likely to meet on the way which thou goest, botheration, trickery, rattery, juggling, speechifying, pamphleteering, canting, blarney, humbug, and nobody knows what."

"Why, Sir," replied Pilgrim, "this burden upon my back is more

terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned : nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in my way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden."

"But why," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it—especially since I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers thou wilt in this way run thyself into?"

"Pray, Sir," replied Pilgrim, "open this secret unto me."

"Why, in yonder village," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "dwells a gentleman, whose name is Catchflat, and he has a peculiarly dexterous manner of relieving Pilgrims of burdens such as that which thou now carriest, and if thou wilt dwell in that village, thou wilt have all manner of accommodations and comforts far exceeding those which thou couldst have in the city of Reform."

So Pilgrim was mightily pleased at the thought that he might obtain the object of his journey without undergoing all the labour and toil of a long and dangerous journey to the city of Reform; and he began to turn aside with Mr. Clip-the-bill to the village where the ingenious Mr. Catchflat resided. Just at this moment up came Reformer himself, and looked frowningly and sternly at Mr. Clip-the-bill, who at his presence seemed quite flabbergasted, and ready, as we say, to sink into the earth.

"How now, Mr. Clip-the-bill," said Reformer, "art thou attempting to seduce my friend Pilgrim to turn aside from the right path, and to take up his abode at the village where thy friend Catchflat dwells?"

Thereupon Mr. Clip-the-bill had nothing to say for himself, and looking marvellously foolish, he nibbled the nail of his right thumb and hitched up his breeches with his left hand, and sneaked away towards Truckleborough. Then said Reformer to Pilgrim, "What a goose thou wast to listen to the talk of Mr. Clip-the-bill; he would have led thee into the village where Mr. Catchflat resides, and thou wouldst have been as ill-conditioned there as if thou hadst remained in the city of Corruption, and as far as ever from the city of Reform."

I saw, then, in my dream, that when Pilgrim had got nigh unto the city of Reform so as to distinguish its pinnacles, its towers, its palaces, and its temples, that he met with some that brought him an evil report of the land to which he was going. Amongst them was one Mr. Croak, who was a man right fair to behold and most plausible in speech, and as he came nigh unto Pilgrim he put on a right melancholy face, and turned up his eyes like unto a duck in a thunderstorm, the which when Pilgrim saw he greeted him, and said, "How now, neighbour, whence comest thou, and what aileth thee?"

"I am come," said Mr. Croak, "from the city of Reform, where I have seen such melancholy and hideous sights that my heart faileth me for fear, and I am going back again as fast as my legs can carry me."

"Now, I pray thee," said Pilgrim, "that thou wouldest tell me what thou hast seen in the city of Reform so hideous and melancholy as to disturb thy self-possession; for I have been assured that the city of Reform is fair to look upon, and pleasant to dwell in?"

"Then," said Mr. Croak, "thou hast been grievously mis-led and

evilly informed; for in the city of Reform there is nought but what is odious, abominable, mischievous, and detestable. There is nothing in that city so beautiful and desirable as that which thou hast left behind thee in the city of Corruption. There are no pot-wallopers——”

“No pot-wallopers!” exclaimed Pilgrim; “then peradventure they live upon roast meat?”

“Nay, not upon roast meat,” replied Mr. Croak, “for there is no trade in the city whereby the people may obtain meat to roast.”

“No trade, sayest thou?” answered Pilgrim; “surely Reformer did say, that in the matter of merchandise there was great abundance of opportunity for all diligent men to traffic. May I be so bold as to ask, therefore, in what line of business thou didst keep shop?”

“In the most flourishing of all trades,” replied Mr. Croak; “I set up a shop for the sale of boroughs, but there were none to be bought, and consequently none to be sold; so that having no business in the city of Reform, I am driven of necessity to go back into the city of Corruption.”

“Go back,” then said Pilgrim, “and much good may it do thee! for if all thy lamentation cometh but to this, that thou canst not keep a borough-shop in the city of Reform, I am marvellously glad thereof, seeing that it is in the borough-shops which so mightily abound in the city of Corruption, that these vermin are bred which now compose the burden which is upon my-back.”

Now I saw in my dream, as Pilgrim drew nigh unto the city and approached the gates thereof, that he saw divers wild beasts that were set, as it were, to guard it; and these wild beasts set up a loud roaring as he came nearer to the city. At some little distance they looked like lions, but as Pilgrim came closer to them they looked much more like unto donkeys. And as Pilgrim came lifting up and brandishing his broken staff of Perseverance these strange animals grew mighty furious and blared and bleated just like so many new-born calves; and they obstructed his path so, that by reason of their ungainly caperings and clumsy friskings they suffered him not to pass unto the gates of the city; but presently the king of the city came forth to see what ailed the beasts, and he waxed wrath at the interruption which they occasioned, and taking out of his pocket a little whip he lashed their hides right heartily, and sent them howling to their kennels, so that free passage was left for Pilgrim to approach and enter the city of Reform. But at the noise which those beasts made I was awakened from my dream.

W. P. S.

## THE PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

SINCE the period at which the allied invaders were encamped upon the sacred soil; when the Eastern provinces were desolated by foreign, the Western by civil, and the Southern by religious war: when the capital was in the possession of a triumphant and vindictive foe, and no species of authority was acknowledged, save within the immediate sphere of the different armed bands, never has the condition of France been so miserable, and so degraded as it is at present. The enemies of Freedom exult, while they proclaim this state of things as the consequence of the noble resistance of the people to the Ordinances; the friends of popular rights grieve over the bad success which has reversed the triumph of the Barricades. The two years that have elapsed since the Revolution of July, have witnessed the progressive increase of the material misery of the people, and of their discontent with their political condition—of the number and the rage of the various parties, that propose to remedy the evil by the adoption of different political systems. The chief towns of the South have been successively the scenes of formidable insurrections, presenting, during a short period, the most aggravated aspect of civil war; their National Guards have been entirely disarmed, and peace is maintained solely by the fear of enormous garrisons. The standard of Revolt is openly raised in favour of the deposed dynasty, in a great number of the Western departments. The course of Civil government is entirely suspended in these districts, and Martial Law is enforced by an army of forty thousand men, and the incessant labour of the citizen soldiery. To crown all, the seat of Government has been devastated by a most sanguinary insurrection, of which no serious provocation can be assigned as the immediate cause. After two days of bloody conflict, an immense army has succeeded in annihilating resistance, at the expense of a profuse destruction of human life. It is asserted that this desperate resistance was maintained by not more than two or three thousand men, of whom all are either slain, fugitive, or prisoners. Nevertheless, it is also asserted that this has been the result of a conspiracy, in which the reckless partizans of legitimacy and republicanism united their forces. The Government has taken on itself the protection of the public safety by a total suspension of constitutional freedom. The quieted capital is kept in a state of siege, and occupied, or threatened, with an army of eighty thousand regular soldiers. The gaols are filled with nearly two thousand prisoners, some of whom are, in their turn, brought before councils of war, whose authority they refuse to acknowledge, and which secures impunity to the most notorious treason, owing to the popular reluctance to give evidence before tribunals which are declared illegal by the public voice. Some of the most illustrious statesmen and writers of France are confined under unexplained charges of mysterious plots; members of the Legislature are concealing themselves from warrants, to which the public declaration of their most esteemed colleagues justifies them in refusing obedience; the Liberty of the Press is annihilated: the Constitution of the Ordinances is administered by the Citizen King of the Barricades; and regenerated France reposes in

the silence of sullenness or content beneath the tranquillizing sceptre of a Reign of Terror!

A complete history of the late events we cannot pretend to give. The proximity of their occurrence—the great excitement of all parties—above all, the thorough suppression of free discussion, involve the facts in the most complete mystery. The civil war in the West has now been going on more than a month, under the immediate auspices of the Duchess de Berry and Marshal Bourmont. Every day has supplied us with assurances, from the French Ministerial papers, of the languid progress, or decisive defeat, or approaching close of the contest—of the forlorn state of the Duchess, and frequently of her flight and escape. Nevertheless no evidence is given of pacification, by the re-establishment of the ordinary course of law-administration in La Vendée and the other disturbed departments. On the contrary, the duty of the National Guard is as harassing as ever; for even according to the Ministerial accounts, the Chouans run away only that they may live to fight the next day: reinforcements have been sent to the army, and the late Commander-in-chief has been replaced by one supposed to be more active. There is no reason, however, for supposing that the forces of the Duchess are very formidable. The whole of the middle classes of the disturbed departments are among the most energetic Liberals of the French nation, and their hostility to the cause of Charles X. is unabated. If they think the present dynasty preferable to the deposed, the cause of the latter is entirely hopeless. It can only make a temporary stand, if the Liberal part of the population of those districts feel so disgusted at the late measures of the King as to render them unwilling to uphold his authority. A *Mouvement* Ministry would pacify La Vendée in a week.

The insurrection in Paris was at first publicly attributed by the Ministry to a confederation of Republicans and Carlists; and it is evident that it still intends to use this accusation as a means of securing the persons of its most distinguished opponents of either party. Some say that it was a dark, premeditated design of establishing a Republic "*à la Robespierre*;" others, that the Carlists were the only conspirators, and a few hot-headed Republicans their dupes, tools, and victims. It is evident, however, that the insurrection arose from a merely accidental collision between the troops and the people at Lamarque's funeral. These conflicts are perpetually occurring in France. The constant presence of an armed police, and the frequent and wanton use of military violence, have habituated the French to the notion of armed resistance to authority. The police are regarded as armed enemies, when arms may and must be used to resist. It is probable that this tumult, of which the origin is so variously reported, commenced with some scuffle of this kind. It derived strength from the unpopularity of the Government with the lower orders of Paris. Popular discontent was continued by the accession of persons who had been preparing the means of a violent overthrow of the existing Government, and who seized on this as a favourable opportunity of executing their plans. There appears to be some evidence of a premature explosion of a Republican conspiracy. Not that this is borne out by any disclosures which have been made before the Councils-of-war: the cries that were raised by the combatants—the flags

that suddenly appeared—the arms that were distributed, amount to no satisfactory proof of prepared rebellion. There is, however, great likelihood of the existence of a conspiracy of the nature asserted. It is well known that there are even yet to be found in France some reckless and wrong-headed fanatics, whom neither the mischief which was done to the cause of liberty by the numerous plots that were detected in the first years of the restoration, nor the glorious triumph of the popular resistance when it assumed a constitutional form, has succeeded in convincing of the wickedness and folly of attempting to overthrow a Government by conspiracies. These, possibly, had some secret councils, plans, and promises of arms. They fought, animated at first with the sudden hope of success—subsequently by revenge and desperation. The numbers of their associates never were great: the great body of the workmen appear to have kept quite aloof: scarcely any of the National Guard joined them: many took an active part against them. Those who took up arms under the influence of sudden rage, seem to have, ere long, relinquished the fight. A few continued a furious combat against the overwhelming military force, and perished, after an uselessly and unjustifiably protracted defence. The insurrection, which commenced on Tuesday the 5th of June, was quelled on the evening of Wednesday. On Thursday, tranquillity was perfectly re-established; the shops were open; and the people, with a readiness which is truly Parisian, returned to their ordinary avocations.

There can be no doubt that the alarm and indignation excited by this unexpected and deplorable movement gave an immense moral power to the Government. All people of any discretion, or any honest love for their country, saw the necessity of supporting the regular authorities against a violence which is subversive of all social happiness. This high position, however, the Government instantly lost, by its extravagant abuse of its victory. It is difficult to say on which side the preponderance of feeling may be exactly at present; it is clear, however, that the Government has forfeited the unanimous support within its reach; its violent measures have excited the greatest alarm among the most moderate and judicious of the *Mouvement* party. Even if the dread of the establishment of despotism does not drive them into a junction with the Republicans, the bitterness, as well as the strength, of their opposition in the Chamber will doubtless be increased.

The Ministerial papers have been endeavouring to involve the distinguished leaders of the Opposition in the guilt of the late insurrection; and the "*Journal des Débats*" traces it to the meeting at Lafitte's, and the Protest there signed. It is needless for us to argue that there is no necessary connexion between constitutional opposition to a ministry and violent rebellion. It may be convenient to a ministry and its hirelings to attempt to connect them; all thinking men see that the habit of legal resistance is the best safeguard against the formation of illegal designs. It is true that warrants were issued against MM. Garnier-Pagès, Cabet, and Labodguère, three deputies of the *new right*, as it is called—that is, of that portion of the Liberal Members of the Chamber which owe their seats to the last elections; and that these gentlemen, having no duty for being tried by a court-



martial have withdrawn. This is no proof of their guilt; and their guilt, if proved, would not imply that it is participated by such men as Odillon Barrot, Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, or Lafayette. All these men, on the contrary, have declared and proved their attachment to the present form of Government; their desire to see the Government acting on a more popular system; their determination to bring it into that course of policy solely by constitutional opposition. As long as the Government keeps within the Law, it has no reason to dread any inclination in this party to infringe it.

The violation of the Constitution by Louis Philippe and his Ministers is, however, hardly to be considered a matter of speculation. The Charter must be of little worth if the late measures be conformable to it; if it may constitutionally be suspended by raking up some old un repealed law of any former tyranny. What guarantee is there for person, property, or freedom, if the King has the power of depriving any portion of his dominions of the protection of the laws?—if he can prevent the circulation of any newspapers hostile to his policy, send his officers to break up the presses of obnoxious journalists; arrest and imprison, for an indefinite length of time, any persons whom he may choose to fancy or call guilty, or place their lives at the mercy of a military tribunal? The 62nd article of the Charter says, “Nul ne pourra être distrait de ses juges naturels.” If this is to be evaded, by saying that in a state of siege the natural judges of a citizen are the officers of any regiment quartered in the town, the article is pure delusion. It should be declared, instead, that any one may be tried by any judges the King may choose to appoint. But even this evasion is guarded against by the express words of the Charter; for the very next article says—“Il ne pourra, en conséquence être créé de commissions et tribunaux extraordinaires.”

No doubt the same thing has been done in the Western departments. If the placing Paris in a state of siege is illegal, the doing so with respect to La Vendée is no less so. The only defence for the latter act is the public opinion of its necessity. Demonstrate in the clearest manner the same plea in favour of the violences committed by the Government in Paris, and the same indulgence ought to be extended to its necessary assumption of a vigour beyond the law. But there is no ground for such a defence. When martial law was declared in Paris, the revolt was quelled; the insignificance of its extent was apparent; the loyalty of the great mass of the population clear. The Government was not driven into arbitrary conduct by the suddenness or greatness of the emergency; the ordinary process and laws would have sufficed. It has been influenced, therefore, by a desire of releasing its powers of inquisition and arrest from any legal control—of trying its victims before the creatures of its will. It appears, further, to have been its object to establish its influence by means of terror; to frighten its opponents into submission, and to frighten the great people into implicit reliance on them; the sole safeguard against imminent anarchy. Robespierre upheld his bloody rule by alarming the nation with alarms of the aristocrats and foreign powers; so the dread of the late occurrences is used by Louis Philippe to forward another Reign of Terror. Strange as it may appear to careless observers, there seems little

reason to doubt the fact, that, with a great body of tradespeople of Paris the establishment of Martial Law, and the rigorous exercise

The two years that have elapsed since the Revolution of July, have to them been constant years of apprehension and loss. They have been harassed by the duties of the National Guard, and their customers have been frightened away by the successive disturbances. Tranquillity is their sole interest—tranquillity under the protection of any power. They were anxious, therefore, to have an end of the tumults, to grapple at once with their authors, and put them down by main force. They now applaud measures which show the power of the Government and its determination to maintain its authority. At the same time, it is equally clear that this feeling is by no means universal, even in this class, and that the late measures have had the effect of greatly exasperating both the higher and the lower orders. The *Mouvement* papers incite to resistance by the display of their chains—by the complete silence which they prefer to trammelled discussion. The resolutions taken by the Opposition Deputies are said to be very strong, the adhesions to their policy very numerous. The three accused Deputies have refused to submit to tribunals which they declare to be illegal, and the most respected names of the Opposition are affixed to a public approval of their conduct. The great body of the Parisian Bar have given a formal opinion against the legality of the *mise en état de siège*. It is said, though it is difficult to believe the Government can be deceived on this point, that the Court of Cassation, the supreme criminal tribunal of France, entertains the same opinion, and is prepared to nullify the judgments of the Councils-of-war. Certain it is, that whatever obstacles can result from the dislike of the people will be thrown in the way of these military tribunals. The prisoners are daily acquitted, from the deficiency of evidence properly withheld. A few convictions are obtained, where the sole testimony of policemen and soldiers affords sufficient proof.

If the Government abstains from enforcing the capital sentences pronounced by the Courts, it is possible that its authority may not be attacked, until it is proved that the Chambers cannot or will not redress the encroachments on the Constitution. In spite of their recklessness to the loss of life in tumult, the aversion of the French people to judicial bloodshed is so strong, that there seems little doubt that they will not tolerate the infliction of capital punishment for political offences. Any violence to the distinguished prisoners, who seem only to be arrested in order that the opportunity of subjecting them to Martial Law may not be lost, would rouse all classes. The very journals of the Ministry denounce the apprehension of Chateaubriand, whose arrest seems considered an insult to the national reverence for men of letters.

The great unpopularity of the King and his Ministers is the obvious cause of the disturbed state in which France has long been. The people look on them as having tricked them out of all the consequences of that Revolution which was achieved at the cost of the people's blood. A disgraceful foreign policy—a system of coercion at home—a bad electoral law—a neglect of the wishes of the nation with respect to the constitution of the Upper Chamber—an absolute denial

of improved municipal institutions—the profuse expenditure of Government—the consequent continuance of the most odious taxes—connivance towards the Carlists—unrelenting persecution of the press—these form the subject of the complaints which circulate among the people, and are proclaimed by the *Députés* and the journals. These are the results of that precious system of the *juste-milieu*, which Perier sacrificed his popularity and his life in defending; which is now supported solely by the obstinacy of the weak and vain man, who seems desirous of effacing by his acts the stain of having received his power from a people's choice.

There would, however, be little danger of any farther disturbances ensuing from the national discontent, if any confidence were felt by the people in the representative body. What course may be adopted by the Chamber it is impossible to divine. Its conduct has hitherto been so uncertain, that it may take a right course, though it is more natural to suppose it will pursue the other. But be its decisions what they may, they will not emanate from the will of that people of which it is not the representative. And this is the fundamental evil of the state of France; the Chamber of *Deputies*, instead of being the mandatory of the nation, rests on the basis of a narrow electoral body. Out of a nation containing thirty-two millions of inhabitants—a nation in which intelligence and the proprietary body are most extensively spread—only 200,000 persons have any share in the election of the Legislature. As long as the electoral body is so limited, none of the advantages of representative government are obtained. The body which is called representative presents no index to the national feeling, and exercises no control over the national mind.

Not only is this a great evil, but it seems also to be one which nothing but the forcible interference of the people can repair. The Chamber of *Deputies* is alone vested with the power of altering its constitution, and it is not probable that it will deprive itself and its constituents of their present influence. It is true that in this country we have seen Parliament reform itself—a House of Commons lay down irresponsible power, and grant it to the people. But had the unrepresented no share in effecting this? Were not the numerous petitions declaratory of the energetic wishes of the nation—the vast array of popular assemblies—the agitation by Political Unions—the constant exhibition of the power of a determined people, all employed, and all necessary to produce the great result? But by what methods are the people of France to declare their will? They have no habit, no power of assembling, to speak their bidding to their rulers. Their laws forbid more than thirty people to assemble together in any place, public or private, without permission from the Police. Since the old *Camps de Mai*, the French people never have had a public meeting, except behind the shelter of the Barricades. The Government, by stifling the Press, have silenced their only monitor. The *Deputies* of a small class cannot speak the sentiments of the people; and the people itself can only speak by a Revolution!

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## THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT. BY MRS. C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away  
 To hide her struggling tears,  
 Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd  
 The secret of her fears ;  
 My father gazes on my face,  
 With yearning, earnest eye ;—  
 And yet, there's none among them all,  
 To tell me I must die !

My little sisters press around  
 My sleepless couch, and bring  
 With eager hands, their garden gift,  
 The first sweet buds of Spring !  
 I wish they'd lay me where those flowers  
 Might lure them to my bed,  
 When other Springs and Summers bloom,  
 And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,  
 Glitt'ring, and gay, and fair,  
 As if it knew my hand too weak  
 To shade me from its glare !  
 How soon 'twill fall unheeded on  
 This death-dew'd glassy eye !  
 Why do they fear to tell me so ?  
 I *know* that I must die !

The Summer winds breathe softly through  
 My lone, still, dreary room,  
 A lonelier and a stiller one  
 Awaits me in the tomb !  
 But no soft breeze will whisper there,  
 No mother hold my head !  
 It is a fearful thing to be  
 A dweller with the dead !

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs  
 His hour of parting light,  
 And seems to make my farewell hours  
 Too fair, too heavenly bright !  
 I know the loveliness of earth,  
 I love the evening sky,  
 And yet I should not murmur, if  
 They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads  
 When parting with me now,  
 The nurse that tended me a babe,  
 Now soothes my aching brow.  
 Ah ! why are those sweet cradle-hour  
 Of joy and fondling fled ?  
 Not e'en my parents' kisses now  
 Could keep me from the dead !

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,  
 And talks to me of Heaven,  
 But with a holier vision still,  
 My soul in dreams hath striven  
 I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd  
 My faltering steps on high,  
 I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,  
 Bade me prepare to die !

They whisper!—Hark!—what stifling sobs  
 Burst from my mother's breast;  
 They should not grieve that one so young  
 Is hastening home to rest!  
 My father bends with warning voice,  
 Oh! that his words were said!  
 If I should tremble now, he'd weep  
 When I am with the dead!  
 He clasps me in his struggling arms,  
 He strives to speak—in vain!  
 Ah! whence this bitter anguish?—God  
 Be with me in my pain!  
 Sisters, draw nearer!—Mother, raise  
 My head;—One kiss!—Reply—  
 I see ye not,—I feel ye not,—  
 Say! is not *this* to die?

#### MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Departure of a Great Philosopher—Political Pictures—Literary Charity—Novelty in Posting—Duty on Advertisements, its Effect—Ultimate Effects of Steam Conveyance—Murder and Madness.

**DEPARTURE OF A GREAT PHILOSOPHER.**—The importance of the death of Mr. Bentham will be more accurately appreciated by posterity than at present; and by foreign countries—a medium between posterity and ourselves—than at home, in the native land of the philosopher. The great length of his life gave him, however, to see the principles he had discovered, laid down, and advocated, brought into extensive, though, to a great measure, unseen operation. It would not be difficult to show that the vast change in the character of reforming opinions, in the greater practicability of the objects of reformers, and the more rational view now taken of Constitutional questions, flowed directly from his writings and immediately influenced many, who, if they had been asked the source of their tenets, would have denied their master. For upwards of half a century, Jeremy Bentham laboured upon the great principles of morals and jurisprudence, and reduced whole branches of essential knowledge, previously involved in every description of confusion and delusion, into the form and order of science. A knowledge of his writings is a key which unlocks all the mysteries of social and political government. There is no man, we will venture to say, who, after having studied some of his most essential writings, would not turn round to contemplate his former state of darkness without a mixture of shame and triumph.

Personally, Mr. Bentham was like so many other great men, all simplicity and playfulness. He had that thorough amiability, which arises from the warmest benevolence. He was without guile—the very antipodes of a worldly man: he who could unfold all the secrets of jurisprudence and legislation, and lay down regulations for the accurate conduct of whole nations, and resolve society and human nature into its last elements, was as simple as a child, and lived in the centre of a vast capital, as far removed from actual contact with the world, as if he had seated himself on the Andes. All his life he had thus lived in the world, but not of it. The law, for he began life as a

lawyer, by its intricacies, delays, and injustice, soon disgusted one whose vital principle seems to have been benevolence, joined with an intense love of justice; and as soon as a very moderate income was assured to him, he retired to amend the proceedings he had learned only to lament over. It is not meant that he shut himself up, and lived like a hermit; on the contrary, he loved society, and admitted many to his table—but only such as he himself selected, and never, in number, more than one or two at a time. In this manner, singly, at his hospitable board have sate a succession of the great men of Europe, for thirty years. There is scarcely an individual of intellectual celebrity, who has in that period visited England, that has not made it an object to be admitted, for one evening, to his table and his presence. He husbanded his time with the most avaricious care: and it was only during the period devoted to refection and relaxation that he saw anybody: this was during and after his dinner-hour, which was fixed as late as seven or eight o'clock in the evening. At table, his playfulness, humour, and benevolent desire to please, shone out in the most conspicuous manner. He was gay, sprightly, and talkative; and though in external appearance, with his white hair hanging long round his large patriarchal face, he looked more the philosopher than the courtier, there was that easy and graceful attention to the wants and wishes of his guests, which is usually considered characteristic of the *vieille cour*. In a man whose long mornings were spent in studies of so deep and engrossing a species, a forgetfulness of the whims or caprices of others might easily have been forgiven.

Mr. Bentham was never married: he was thus enabled to devote a whole life to philosophy: love does not appear to have troubled his breast even in early life. We conclude that the animal passions were feeble in him: his strongest emotions were those of general benevolence—a wide love of mankind—this was his only passion;—he worked day and night, toiled and strove for his spec ies, as another might do for his mistress or his children. The progress of human happiness was the only news he cared to hear; and great was his joy during his latter years. Every day almost brought him intelligence of some new conquest over arbitrary and despotic power, sweeter far, to his ear, than the shouts of victory to a conquering general; so that his latter days were those of joy and exultation. Death he never feared; and used to talk of the period of his dissolution, solely with reference to its being the time when he must necessarily give up work, as the end of his labours: and as he was well aware the period could not be very distant, he laboured hard and fast, as one who in the harvest field sees the night closing in upon him, and much corn still standing.

The first writings Mr. Bentham committed to the press were letters in a newspaper on the affairs of Europe, somewhere about the close of the American war, which had the singular distinction of being answered by George III. The King published his letter in a Hague journal—it was replied to by Mr. Bentham, and most unmercifully dissected: probably in that manner in which we know he afterwards so much excelled, the application of the rack of analysis. The King learned who the writer was, and never forgot him. Mr. Bentham's bill for the establishment of a Panopticon prison

for the reform of criminals, had passed the two Houses of Parliament, and the King had the pen in his hand to sign it, when he asked Lord Shelburne who it was that was undertaking this scheme. The answer was, Mr. Bentham, of Lincoln's-inn. "Bentham!" said the King, and put down the pen. The bill never received the royal assent; the scheme was obliged to be given up, and Mr. Bentham was saddled with a large pecuniary loss, a thing he cared little for in comparison to the defeat of his benevolent project. This story Mr. Bentham had from the lips of Lord Shelburne himself. This controversy was, perhaps, the only instance of Mr. Bentham's interference in mere temporary politics: the din and turmoil of party little suited his temperament. The actual conduct of affairs demands physical and moral qualities which Mr. Bentham never possessed; his was a different calling: a plain, gentle, and somewhat timid disposition, were joined to a grand intellectual machine, which only required time and quiet to produce results on which the fates of whole nations yet unborn will be made to turn. As well as Newton, Bentham would probably have cut but a poor figure amidst the noisy brawls of a court-of-law, or the still more exciting struggles and crises of a camp. This grand intellectual machine is at length stopped, and its amiable master is no more! He died, it seems, as he would have gone to sleep—this was sure to be the case with the calmest, pleasantest, and most innocent body that ever partook of mortal frailties. His long life (he must have been nearly eighty-five) passed in perfect, though far from robust health; he was never, in all his score of years, guilty of an excess; his frame had never been stained, for a moment, with intemperance; the old man left his body as pure as that of a child. Malignity, the intemperance of the soul, was alike unknown to him; he sometimes felt and expressed indignation, but it was when the people about him, (and such a character was, of course, liable to be easily managed,) spurred him on by some tale of treachery, or injustice, which was sure to excite a transient and tempered wrath. Such a man was necessarily credulous, and depended for all he heard of passing events upon the few channels through which alone he permitted them to pass. What a life this must have been, when the only thing that could possibly be laid to his charge, is a small portion of credulity and timidity, which laid him open somewhat to the practices of interested persons!

It is no part of the object of the duty of a Commentator to lay before the world this great man's claims to the gratitude of mankind—the generations that are, and are to come. The moment we were informed of his death we put down these recollections, partly as an indulgence to ourselves, and partly as they may be likely to satisfy the natural desire of the world to know something of the intimate habits and manners of great men as they disappear from the face of the globe.

**POLITICAL PICTURES.**—In the spirit of a paragraph in the *Commentary* on a letter of Mr. Haydon's published in the newspapers, it appears that artist is now designing a picture in the true historical style; that is to say, on a subject not borrowed from other nations, or other times, but in accordance with the national contemporaneous passions or prejudices. The advertisement of "Haydon's grand picture of the sublime scene at New-Hall Hill," puts forth that

"The genius of the Greeks was inspired by idolatry—that of the Italians by Catholicism—the British people are neither idolatrous nor superstitious, but essentially political. Here is a subject adapted to their feelings, where all the actors are living, combining portrait with fact, and fact with poetry."

The meaning here is very good, but it is as well to be accurate. The Greek painters were not inspired merely by idolatry; if ever a people were "essentially political," it was the different communities of Greeks: and many of their celebrated pictures were not idolatrous, but historical; such, for instance, as the series of pictures of the battle of Marathon, painted in the lifetime of Miltiades—the Wellington of the Athenians, whom they at one time deified, at another dead-dog-pelted.

The New-Hall Meeting at Birmingham was perhaps the most glorious piece of action that the eye or mind of man ever contemplated—genius might make it a fine subject for painting, and we have full confidence that Mr. Haydon will do it justice. But what time or talent can he hope to afford for five hundred guineas? A picture and an engraving and five hundred impressions cannot be given for a sum of that insignificance, with any well-grounded hope of any part being well done, without grievous loss to some one. And in a great national work of this kind, the first too of a grand series of the People's Pictures, every thing should be done well. The engravings should be made worth a guinea and a half each, at least; and orders should be given for three copies of the picture, each at five hundred guineas. Honour would then be done to the subject, and the genius of the artist would be remunerated; in part only, for money can scarcely pay genius. Give the possessor of it rank, respect, and observance: such coin is nutritive of the heart, the mind—it fecundates the soil, and gives birth to the most glorious aspirations. Money is not alone a source of inspiration; but it is a measure of public opinion, and it is this which inspires a man to find his fame and name of power in the hearts of a people.

It will be sometime before our political people have painters of political subjects. The painters, generally speaking, have the politics of upper servants in a noble family; they have been mere adherents of the Aristocracy, the ministers of their caprice: the patronage of wealthy individuals has been their sole support, and the public interests, the public feelings or national glories, have never been by them felt or appreciated, except as they might have effect upon the class for whom they worked. A "popular order" is quite a new thing in the history of British art: and until we have buildings for their reception it is not probable that there will be many. By the time that the Reform Bill, (as amended in the first two or three sessions of a Reform Parliament,) is in full operation, we shall have election rooms of the size of Exeter Hall, where all Election business will be transacted, and where political pictures will find an appropriate place.

#### LITERARY CHARITY.

The Council of the Literary Fund, to their eternal honour, have subscribed for forty copies of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's new edition of "The Queen's Wake," to be published by Mr. Murray and Mr. James Duncan, and have paid forty pounds in advance for the immediate relief of poor Hogg, who has sustained considerable inconvenience by the failure of his London publisher.



J. G. Lockhart, Esq. has taken a warm interest in the distresses of the Poet, and has prevailed upon several *Littérateurs*, friends of his, to subscribe in order to emancipate Hogg from his difficulties. Lord Brougham and Lord Mahon each sent a check for five pounds, and Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Murray of Albemarle-street gave similar sums, so that one hundred pounds have already been transmitted to Scotland. Surely those Noble personages, Lords and Barons, who were so extremely solicitous to give their splendid dinners to Mr. Hogg to hear him sing his songs and recite his verses, during his short residence in London, will not hesitate to contribute liberally for his comfort when they are informed that he has sustained so heavy a loss. Mr. Murray and Mr. Duncan volunteer the publication of "The Queen's Wake" without the slightest pecuniary advantage.

Many things may be learned hence. First, let it be understood, that no poet or literary man is to be asked to dinner unless his host is prepared to subscribe five pounds in case of the failure of his guest's bookseller. If the said poet shall sing songs or recite verses, the entertainer must be prepared to act more liberally. The company of a poet is a favour done to the dinner-giver; it is, in short, the opening of a credit account, for the balance of which the author is entitled to draw in an emergency. Let dinner-givers then beware of the company of poets, verse-writers, and rhapsodists in general.

Next we learn, that two booksellers can actually volunteer to publish a book without the "slightest pecuniary advantage;" a fact which should be noted in literary history. The paragraph is altogether one of wonders in the way of liberality, from the five pound check of a Lord Chancellor, to the demand upon those who gave Mr. Hogg dinners to come down with the price of his company.

One observation cannot fail to strike every body, viz. how much better it is to be a bookseller than a bookmaker. Poor Cochran goes to gaol, and nobody troubles their head about him: while the unhappy Hogg has not only to submit to the humiliation of five pound checks, and Mr. Lockhart's persuasion of the *littérateurs*, friends of his, to subscribe—but likewise to the d——d good-natured friendliness of the blunderer who puts such things as these in circulation. Bitter and protracted is the suffering of the poet: his heart is hollowed out with dribbling drops of pity, and after being insulted by the offers of busy pretenders to liberality, is ordinarily left to starve. The bookseller, on the contrary, passes a brief ordeal: after, perhaps a few weeks of detention in Whitecross Street, his creditors meet and look at their debts as matter of business, insult the bankrupt with no pity, but do what is much better—on sharing what he has left, and which is really their own, they give the man absolution, and leave him to begin life anew. This is a civic resurrection; but there is no redemption for the poor poet or author; he is an everlasting bankrupt, doomed to wander about and be pitied until he shakes off the mortal coil.

When such paragraphs as this meet the eye—when we see men of genius reduced so far as to be under the necessity of accepting relief of the kind here described, it is impossible to help thinking of some remedy for similar deplorable cases. Either no man should ever aim at living by his writings, or writings must be very differently paid for. Mr. Babbage has attempted to prove, in his *Economy of Manufactures*, that the profits of the retail trade of booksellers are unreasonably high, and trench upon the profits of the writer; while, undoubtedly, much must be attributed to the uncertainty of the publishing trade, and the

enormous expense of advertisements. Every thing is against the author:—his paper is taxed—capital in the bookselling trade returns too high a profit—and an arrangement among the retailers secures a most disproportionate advance upon the wholesale price, being no less than a fourth of the entire of the work. And then, in addition to all this, he is compelled to give away numerous copies to public institutions, to reviews, and newspapers; and, before he can communicate the existence of his work to the public, he must lay out (or his publisher for him, an outlay to be paid for,) a sum in advertisements, half of which is taxes, equal to a third at least, and perhaps a half, of the entire payment to himself for his work, in case of moderate success. Thus, between the revenue and the booksellers, the poor author goes to the wall. The natural reflection on this is, that if the nation gets so much, even in the way of pence, from the author, something ought to be given back. It would be curious to calculate how much the revenue has actually gained by any given author of celebrity, whose publications have been numerous. In cases of need surely some of this might be returned in the way of pension; or by the establishment of a literary Greenwich Hospital, where retreat might be both a comfort and an honour. We should like to know whether such persons as Mr. Hogg, or the occupiers of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, for instance, have a greater claim upon the country for a pleasant lodging. This is the narrowest view of the subject; the great intellectual debt of a country to its authors we forbear to touch upon, as well understood. Government pensions are bad things, but, in better days, we may hope to see Parliamentary grants not made a job; when it will be time to do something to make up for the shameful injustice with which the claims of literature have ever been treated, in this country at least. The diffusion of knowledge will prove a natural source of increased means and power to the author; this is a sure, but a very gradual process, and unless some measures be taken in the mean time the benefactors of nations must depend on the alms of individuals.

A NOVELTY IN POSTING.—Mr. Babbage, in his admirable little work on the Economy of Manufactures, has a new plan of conveying the mail. The immense revenue of the Post-office would afford means of speedier conveyance; the letter-bags do not ordinarily weigh a hundred pounds, and are yet conveyed in bulky machines of some thousand times the weight, drawn by four horses, and delayed by passengers. The rail-road and the steam-carriage will probably soon relieve the speculator. Mr. Babbage proposes the erection of pillars along each line of road; these pillars are to be connected by inclined wires, or iron roads, along which the letters inclosed in cylinders, attached to the rods by rings, are to slide; persons stationed on these columns are to forward the cylinders from each point, after having extracted the contents belonging to their own station. In this manner it is calculated that a letter might be sent, (from pillar to post,) to the farthest limits of the land in the course of a very small portion of time; from London to York, probably, in an hour or two. In the absence of pillars, and in the interior districts, it is suggested that church steeples, properly selected, might answer the purpose; and in London the churches might be used for the circulation of the twopenny post. This is certainly a most singular contrivance, and

would be a droll use of church steeples: we fear that the clergy would not approve of the idea of turning the House of God into a twopenny post-office, though probably this is not the most solid objection to the scheme and might be got over if, in other respects, it was found practicable. Deliveries would, of course take place every quarter-of-an-hour, and the next improvement would be that the twopenny postman should come in at the window instead of the door, like the dove letter-carrier in the Alhambra. The correspondence of both town and country would at least be carried on openly, and a very pretty spectacle it would be to see the cylinders sliding through the air in all directions, and to hear the whirr of the post a hundred yards overhead, like a bird in full flight. We may suggest that there would be no fear of the post or pillar-men (these new Simons Stylites of the philosophers) sleeping at their stations, for the Comptroller-general might, by means of the wires, communicate an electric shock every now and then by way of *avant courier* to the mail, or to attract attention in case of any extraordinary dispatch. In this manner, also, a reply might be conveyed in an instant, and, while the Postmaster-general was sitting at his case in the dome of St. Paul's, he might give a Welsh or a Scotch postmaster such a rap over the knuckles as he would not be likely soon to forget. One grand electrical machine would charge the wires along two or three hundred miles of road, and stand in the stead of a thousand chronometers. Epistolary language would necessarily suffer a revolution. In the neurological dictionary, instead of "drop you a line," we should insert "slide you a line,"—"have you put a letter into the post?" would be, "did you staple it?" and impatient correspondents would perhaps request the Duke of Richmond of the day to communicate their ardours by the next shock.

**DUTY ON ADVERTISEMENTS.—ITS LIFE OR DEATH.**—The effect that the reduction, or rather destruction of the advertisement duty would have upon the exchange of commodities, and in increasing the facilities of communication between buyers and sellers, those who want to have a thing, and those who want to get rid of it, has never been duly appreciated. The sacrifice every day made by people who wish to sell or exchange articles in their possession, is notorious. This sacrifice is made, not because the article is not wanted, but because the persons wanting it are not to be found. This house, or this horse, would exactly suit a person of this or that kind if he could only be met with. Advertisements, at present, are not resorted to in many instances, partly because of the expense, and partly because the expense has caused a prejudice against advertisements. It is said, and naturally, the advertiser could not afford repeated advertisements, unless he reckoned upon an enormous profit. No man who knew any thing of the matter would buy a horse or a carriage from an advertisement: it does not pay to advertise one horse, to be sold only at his value, but will answer the purpose of a rogue, who has half a dozen screws to dispose of, and who aims at procuring ten times their worth: thus, in consequence, of an exorbitant and impolitic duty, a means of communication that might be of the most essential advantage, is, in fact, turned into a source of mischief and delusion.

**ULTIMATE EFFECTS OF STEAM CONVEYANCE.**—There seems little doubt that steam-carriages and rail-roads will, in less than fifty years, have entirely superseded the present means of conveyance. The obvious consequence is, the greater rapidity of travelling, as well

as greater security; but there are others of an important character. The diminution of the cost of carriage, will equalize the value of land and its produce, in every part of the country: no one will go into Wales for economy, for prices will be as low at Hampstead. The capital is considered to have a market extending in a circle round it, whose radius is from fifty to sixty miles; the circle will be multiplied in some directions sevenfold, so that the *wen* will cease to be a curse. The general produce of the country will also be greatly increased by the easy conveyance of appropriate manures; and all those heaps of articles, of which it is often remarked they are not worth carriage, will suddenly rise into great value. Treasures will start up under the feet of some men. A fishery, perhaps, that was not worth three pounds, may become worth three thousand. In steam conveyance, the safety of the passenger is the only limit of speed; what, then, will be the rate of travelling for a cargo that runs no risk? mackerel, for instance; we may expect mackerel from Brighton in an hour, the cart returns with a load of sugar, salt, soot, or slate, in the same time. Farmers, who are the most timid of God's people, and about the most shortsighted, cry out that horses will cease to be wanted; that is very dubious—they may be in still greater demand—but should draught horses cease to be, what then? fewer oats will be wanted, and more wheat may be grown for men, or more turnips for sheep.

MURDER AND MADNESS.—June has been a fatal month: the number of great men who have died during its progress is striking; but the malignity of the stars has not been confined to the extinction of genius; murder has been excessively frequent, and in some of its blackest forms. The reader of the newspapers, on going over the file of the month, will scarcely find a day not marked by some foul murder, in some part of the country or other. The murder of Mr. Paas, by Cook, at Leicester, stands out from among the rest by its preeminent atrocity. The disposal of the body in this case by *cooking*, though it does not add to the foulness of the murder, heightens the natural horror of the offence. The scheme of consuming the *corpus delicti* by fire, is not new in the history of crime, and probably Cook took the idea from some copy of the Newgate Calendar he may have had to bind, in the way of his trade. In this truculent work, there is a picture, representing a murderer in the act of burning the body of a man he and his accomplice have destroyed: the fire is made to flame high, as if fed with a rich fuel, and the wretch is seen thrusting upon it an entire leg and thigh, which he has just succeeded in haggling from the mangled body of his victim. The disposal of the corpse has always been the stumblingblock of the murderer—"What was I to do with it?" said Cook to his gaoler. The water gives up its dead: the fresh soil shows the recent traces of unhallowed work; the process of decomposition is attended with a peculiar and powerful odour, which forbids concealment in places ordinarily frequented. It was the overcoming this difficulty, that made Burking so easy and so awful; that which was an obstacle to other criminals, was to the Burker a reward and an inducement.

{ The horrid experiment of Cook would, if murderers were to be acted on by reasoning, prove to them, that "murder will out," according to the old proverb, and that roasting is as dangerous as burying or sinking. These warnings, as well as all others, we fear, must necessarily be lost upon the homicide. Murder must (in our opinion at least) be

the result of either passion or madness, the first does not reason at all, and the other reasons falsely. Cook, we have not a doubt, was mad at the time of committing the offence, his subsequent conduct is confirmatory of the idea, and his present state of psalm-singing bliss is no proof to the contrary. A rushing idea of destruction used to be called the instigation of the devil. malignity, however, is a most frequent first sign of madness: absence of sympathy with suffering is another and the man who laughs when others weep should be looked to. Madness of this kind, however, so far from being an argument against the punishment of an individual, is an additional reason for his being disposed of in such a manner as to secure his fellow beings from injury.

## The Lion's Mouth.

"ATHENA NEGOTIA CINCUM"—Horat.

THE first Number of a Weekly Periodical Work, entitled "The Story Teller," has been laid before us. It is a valuable addition to the better class of cheap literature, and will doubtless become one of the most popular. The plan is altogether new, and highly attractive. It is meant to contain a selection of the best written and most successful tales that have been published of late years, not only in England but also on the Continent. We shall, hereafter, be enabled to judge of the manner in which it is conducted, but from the specimen we have already seen, together with a rumour that it is in very able and experienced hands, we entertain no doubt that it will merit and obtain a sale extensive in proportion to its cheapness. And this is marvellous, it is a beautiful example of typographical elegance, printed in double columns, containing as much as most five shilling volumes,—and is sold for sixpence. With the first Number is issued a fine and accurate medallion of Scott—the first of a series to be given occasionally to the purchasers of the work. It is certainly worth the amount of a month's subscription to the publication, and would doubtless be charged for at that rate if published separately.

The paper on Phrenology is not of a nature to induce us to recede to the subject, while so many matters of more immediate interest are pressing upon us. We thank the writer for his attention. A communication is left for him at the Publishers'.

We have received an extensive collection of Comic Songs, by Mr Beuler—many of which have been set to Music by Mr Blewett and other composers. The greater proportion of them are full of humour and character,—they read well, and would doubtless sing admirably. If Mr Beuler sings as well as he writes, he must be a most pleasant companion.

The "Indicator," and the "Verses to the Months," would have been continued in our present Number but for the author's illness.

We can sympathize with Lucy M——, "a Governess out of place,"—but cannot give insertion to her letter. We shall, one day or other, ourelves take up the cause of a most unfortunate, but useful and meritorious class of labourers in the high-ways of Education.

We have received a long letter maintaining that "the only real musical taste left in the world is to be found in England." Unhappily the author has attempted to prove the assertion—which, standing alone, is excellence itself.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1, 1832.

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## THE POLITICIAN, NO. II.

### THE RUSSIA-DUTCH LOAN.

THIS question has been made, next to the Reform Bill, the great subject of dispute between Ministers and their opponents. Much time has been wasted in the discussion, many speeches, long and bad, to and fro, have been made, and the general impression of the public, always suspicious of economical affection from the lips of the Tories, is, that the debt was

justly owed and must be fairly paid. At the same time there has been a great want of clearness and simplicity in all said on the subject, and though the question is now, for a time at least, set at rest, we are quite sure that the public will not beaverse to a further justification of its current opinion, a further examination of a still historical question, especially when we promise that our exposition shall be short, and we think it can scarcely fail to be a little more clear than anything we have yet seen or heard upon the subject.

At the close of the war, a treaty was entered into between England, Holland, and Russia, by which treaty England agreed to pay, by way of annuity, the half of fifty millions of florins to Russia. Holland paying the other half. To Russia England pays the money in consideration (as Lord Liverpool stated in the House of Lords, on a 12th of June, 1815) “of the vast exertions which Russia had made in the case of Europe, and the distressed state of her finances,” and is inequivalent to Holland making upon her self half the debt which more properly belonged to Holland, she returns possession of four Dutch colonies, taken during the war, and which otherwise would have returned to the dominion of Holland. In the Treaty occur these words — “It is hereby undertaken and agreed between the high contracting parties, that the stipulations on the part of their Majesties the King of the Netherlands and the King of Great Britain as aforesaid, shall cease and determine, should the possession and sovereignty (which God forbid) of the Belgic provinces, at any time pass away or be severed from the dominions of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, previous to the complete liquidation of the sum.”

Thus decreed “severance,” I say, the world all know, taken place, and the Opposition accordingly say, the debt should be paid no longer.

Very well, but before that decision be quite clear, we are bound at least to ascertain, 1st Whether in this separation, by which we were to profit, we ourselves interfered, 2dly Whether the separation itself was of a nature clearly not contemplated by the framers of the Treaty including England herself.

First, then, did England interfere in the separation of Holland and Belgium? “No,” cry the Tories, “prove that, and we yield the case.” England did not interfere till the countries were separated, England, therefore, actioned the separation, not interfered with it. This is not true. A separation takes place by internal convulsion—England repays to Russia and says — “For God’s sake don’t interfere to prevent this severance—allow the severance, you cannot, with your peculiar views, like a separation produced by the will and aims of the people, but pervert your disapprobation, allow the divorce to take place. If you oppose the separation, you plunge Europe into a war, and besides, it is our intention to put the son-in-law of George IV on the Belgian throne.”

England, therefore, interferes not to produce the separation—but to,

confirm the separation ; England does not cause the severance to commence—but she causes the severance to be safe. How is it possible to deny that this is interference ? or how is it possible for England to say to Russia, “ A separation takes place between Holland and Belgium, by which, according to the words of a certain treaty, we are to refuse a debt to you ; we beseech you to grant that separation—we beseech you to protect that separation—we beseech you to allow it to be safely established ; you grant our request contrary to your own wishes—in opposition to your own policy—and we now turn round and inform you that the separation has taken place, we shall refuse to pay you any longer ; we have enticed you into consenting to the severance, and we now bid you look into the bond, and see if, in consequence of the favour you have done us, we cannot withhold the payment of our debt to you ? ”

Would this not be rather a shabby proceeding for the Mistress of the Secrets ? Could John Doe act thus to Richard Roe without being called a pilfering fellow ? Supposing John Doe owed Richard an annuity of 500*l.* a year, which was to be held as long as a marriage existed between Mr. and Mrs. Straw ; but Mr. Straw is about to be divorced from his wife, and Richard has it in his power to throw an obstacle in the way of the divorce, and John Doe runs up to him—“ My dear fellow, the peace of my life depends upon separating Mr. and Mrs. Straw ; I beseech you not to oppose the separation ; it would be the greatest favour to me if you would keep yourself quiet in this negotiation.” Richard consents, and John marries the lady, who has a great fortune, to his son-in-law ; and then says, “ By the bye, my friend Richard, the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Straw does not exist any longer—my debt to you ceases.”

Would not Richard reply—“ Sir, this is very unhandsome conduct ; I could have prevented the divorce—I would have done my best to do so. You besought me not, as a most particular favour ; and for my favour to you I am to be defrauded of my debt. No ; when it was agreed that if the marriage ceased to exist you were to refuse to pay me—we could never have supposed that you were to meddle in establishing the divorce.”

It would not be strictly honourable, then, in England, to refuse payment in consequence of any separation, to consummate (as well as to produce) which she herself interfered. But what if the separation itself be of a nature that was never contemplated in the treaty ?

Now, no man, no child, can read the transactions of that period without rising from the task perfectly certain that, by a separation between Holland and Belgium, was solely meant a separation in which France was to be the gainer. The whole war had been against France—the design of the war had been to check the aggrandizement of France. Against France was formed the Alliance between England and Russia—as a barrier against France were these two kingdoms united ; and how is it possible that France was not contemplated in the treaty, when it was



against France that all the proceedings that led to the treaty were solely directed? But fortunately this does not rest on the mere evidence of common sense. Look at the facts.

In the first place,—in the official communication made to the Russian ambassador at London in 1805, January 19, (see *Parl. Debates*, vol. 31,) *explanatory* of the views with which the alliance between Russia and England was undertaken, it is expressly stated that the objects of the alliance are three: the two first, with which we now have to do, are—“1. To rescue from France the countries it has subjugated, and reduce it to its former limits. 2. To make such an arrangement with respect to the territories recovered from France as may provide for their security and happiness, and may at the same time constitute a more effectual barrier in future against (what?)—encroachments on the part of France.” So that here we find that the territorial arrangement with respect to Belgium was clearly made according to a former agreement, and, by that agreement, solely with a reference to the ambition of France. Again, on the 19th of February, 1816, what did Lord Castlereagh say? why, “That it was a fundamental maxim of France to be involved in war with the Low Countries; and *that we had therefore taken care* to secure the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, as much as possible, against any *attack of France*.” So that here, too, from the minister most acquainted with the spirit and meaning of the treaty, we have it distinctly stated that France was the power to be guarded against in the disposition of the Belgic provinces. All this is highly important—(though not a word of it was stated in the House of Commons in the late debates.) For if Belgium was united to Holland as a barrier to France, so, in the passing of that country from the Dutch, (a severance “which God forbid!”) could any passing away, except to the dominion of France—thus alone dreaded, thus alone guarded against—possibly be considered? But this is still more evident from an expression in Lord Castlereagh’s speech on the 12th of June, 1815, which Lord Palmerston did indeed hit upon by some miracle of exertion,—when that exquisite statesman (Lord Castlereagh we mean) observed, that this payment would only be continued so long as—what? why, so long as the Netherlands were *separated from France*. France—France, then, was alone dreamt of: against France were the belgian fortresses erected—against France the treaty was framed—against France the unwise and ill-omened union of those countries was formed; and what man considering this, and reading the extracts we have given, can doubt that, at the time of the treaty, a separation by which France was to gain the Netherlands was alone contemplated, when a separation was referred to? But let us erect an hypothesis—let us suppose that fact to be doubtful—what then? at least a separation by *external force* was undeniably contemplated; because all the old jurists—Grotius, Puffendorf, and above all Vattel, the favourite authority of Mr. Herries—especially declare, that in no treaty is a revolution, produced by internal

dissensions, ever contemplated as possible. True that these jurists, who had a felicitous habit of supposing that a state was always without a people, are not very wise reasoners, but they are still unhappily the authorities of diplomatists; and the jurists, in a treaty between nations, are yet as the lawyers to a compact between persons. So that even if a doubt rested on the point, that by a separation was intended one by which France was the gainer, there is no doubt on the point that by a separation was *not* intended one which internal revolution was to cause. It is clear, then, that England could not honourably refuse to pay her debt to Russia in consequence of the separation between Holland and Belgium;—1st, because she interfered to establish the separation—2d, because the separation itself was not of that nature which England herself contemplated in the condition introduced.

But see how much stronger the case grows by increased examination. The words are—“Should the sovereignty and possession (*which God forbid!*) of the Belgian provinces at any time pass away,” &c. By the words “God forbid,” England then solemnly deprecates the separation as a misfortune; yet the separation happens, and she goes to Russia to confirm it. And what is her excuse? Why this—that the separation she now desires to be established is not of that nature which she deprecated so earnestly in the treaty. How, then, if this be the case, can England refuse the payment?—How could she say—“Allow this separation, because it is *not* of the nature we deprecated;” and then button up the national pockets, and say—“We don’t pay you our debt, because the separation that has happened *is* of that nature we contemplated?”

But if the claim be just if you look to the *strict* equity, it is more so when you reflect that we are bound to take a liberal and large view of the matter. For Russia had discharged her services—services that England had allowed—had manned, and armed, and lost her additional thousands and tens of thousands of human beings,—and therefore it was for services that could no longer be questioned, (for questionable as they really are, they had been formally allowed and ratified by the English state)—that we were to pay the wages. We had largely accepted the service—were we closely to haggle about the hire? Again,—What was our advantage in the treaty? The Colonies.—We had retained them. We had set our clench upon the consideration; were we to strain to the letter the right of granting the equivalent? “But,” cries Mr. Baring, “look at Holland—Holland refuses to pay the debt,—why should England be more generous?” And this question, this simple question, has not been answered in the House of Commons. No, because there the men who speak are rarely the men who think,—they rush into personalities in order to escape from facts. Why should England pay, when Holland, bound by the same treaty, refuses to pay?—For this plain, simple reason,—because the situation of Holland is

utterly different. In the first place, what were England's objects in the treaty? In addition to the requital of the services of Russia, they were these:—1st. The preservation of the Belgian provinces from France. 2ndly. The winning to her policy, in respect to Belgium, the power of Russia. 3rdly. The possession of the four Dutch colonies. Separation occurs, and all these three objects remain. Belgium is preserved from France; the power of Russia is conciliated to the English policy; the four Dutch colonies are retained. England is exactly as well off after the separation as before it. But look at Holland. What was her object in the treaty?—Why, the acquisition of the Belgian provinces. A separation occurs, and Holland loses Belgium. England retains all the advantages of the treaty—Holland loses all. But again, England gives her sanction to the separation, and interferes for its permanence,—Holland always opposed the separation, and resisted it by arms. So that the cases of the two countries are wholly different. The one retains the advantage, and should continue the equivalent,—the other loses the benefit, shall she continue the return? The one did her utmost to prevent the literal forfeit of her debt to Russia,—the other did nothing to prevent, and much to procure it. And so much for the statesmanship of Mr. Baring, and the power of reply on the ministerial benches.

But we have not done yet. What will be the merits of the case when we recollect that this very clause—about the severance of the kingdoms was introduced by the generosity of Russia, solely to denote her entire concurrence with the policy of England—which was then that the two kingdoms should be united, and as a proof of her sincerity in wishing them to continue so?—and yet more, when we tell the reader that there is in the treaty a provision, by which Holland might have demanded the annual payment of three per cent. as a sinking fund for the liquidation of the principal: had she demanded that from the first year to the present, how much of the debt would now remain for dispute? But for the generosity of Russia, that clause would not have been introduced. But for the confidence of Russia, how much of the debt would have been discharged? the cavil of the Tories would now wring from the very friendship of the one party the very fraud of the other.

But, oh! cry the Tories, "Economy!"—Be it so: let us get rid of the honour of the case—let us suppose that the old policy of the small Italian states, instead of being ultimately the cause of their ruin, was the cause of their greatness—let us suppose that there is no honour but self-interest. Economy!—would a war have been economical? We do not say that Russia would have taken up arms; but we say this, that reverse the parties, and put England in the place of Russia, and we very much doubt whether England would have tamely submitted to so sneaking an insult, yet so impudent a fraud. Grant that Russia only menaced war—the very preparations against the menace would have consumed in one month twice the money spent on the preservation of our honour

and our peace. Thus then have we exhausted the side of this question which was taken by the majority of the Commons—the reader will see with what justice.

Happily has the question ended: bright through the mists of the past hypocrisy and violence, by which nations have been governed, we see that era when Opinion shall dictate to states in their foreign relations, as it does now in their domestic. When justice shall be maintained and oppression checked—not by the sword and fire—but by the loud expression of the Moral Voice: when that indignation on one side—that homage on the other—which retain individual virtue in its high paths, and make men feel that not only Knowledge but Character is Power—shall make the code of states and the terror of kings. As that time advances, those nations will become the most powerful which are the most esteemed; and that opinion will be the most obeyed which proceeds from such states as are most jealous for honesty, and most scrupulous in justice. Happy then we say has it been for England that she has done nothing to forfeit that proud eminence, which, be her former faults and blindness what they may, in these respects she may already assert. For those poor and much pitied men who brought forward this question with so much bitterness of parade, we acquit them willingly of all intentional design to palter with the national faith. Economy is a novelty to them; and the heat of their inexperience—the blindness of too eager proselytes, can only excuse that somewhat hasty confusion of understanding which mistook swindling for thrift—which groping for Cincinnatus stumbled upon Jonathan Wild—which believed that the only way to save our income was to refuse our debts. But who will not congratulate the country—when he sees the members for the close boroughs opposed to this claim, and the main body of Reformers, the representatives of the people, contending for its justice—on the improbability of that prophecy which assured us that the *Reformed* Parliament would push economy into fraud—that Old Sarum was the safeguard to public honour—that national faith was incompatible with national representation. No; the people can be guardians of their own honour—they cling still to the old English sturdy pride of character—they boast still the old hereditary maxim, that *Honesty is the best policy*.

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ASMODEUS AT LARGE, NO. VI.

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*A Scene—The Men of Old—The Tale of Kosem Kesamim.*

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It was deep night, and the Magician suddenly stood before me. "Arise," said he, "and let us go forth upon the surface of the World." I rose, and followed the Sorcerer through the dead vastness of the buried city, until we came to the entrance of a cavern. Pursuing its subterraneous course for some minutes,—not with a natural swiftness of step, but with the gliding and rapid motion with which the Sorcerer passed; not touching the earth, but just above its soil, so that it was the air (which he could agitate and strengthen at will) which charioted us along;—pursuing, I say, the course of this cavern for some minutes, with the rushing sound of prisoned waters loud and wild upon the ear, we came at length to a spot where the atmosphere struck upon my breath with a chill and earthy freshness; and presently, through a fissure in the rock, the sudden whiteness of the moon broke in, and lit up, partially, walls radiant with spars, and washed by a deep stream, that wound its mysterious way to the upper air. And now, gliding through the chasm, we stood in a broad cell, with its lofty arch open to the sea. Column and spire (brilliant with various crystallizations—spars of all hues) sprang lightly up on either side of this cavern—and with a leap, and a mighty voice, the stream, whose course we had been tracking, rushed into the arms of the great Sea. Along that sea star after star mirrored its solemn lustre—and the Moon, clad in a fuller splendour than I had ever seen gathered round her melancholy orb, filled the cavern with a light, that was to the light of day what the life of an Angel is to that of a Mortal. Passionless, yet tender—steadfast—mystic—unwavering—it shone upon the glittering spars, and made a holiness of the very air; and in a long line, from the cavern to the verge of Heaven, her sweet face breathed a measured and quiet joy into the rippling billows—"smiles of the sea."\* A few thin and fleecy clouds alone varied the clear expanse of the heavens—and they rested, like the cars of spirits, far on the horizon.

"And beautiful," said I, "is this outward earth—your dim realms beneath have nothing to compare with it. There are no stars in the temples of the hidden earth—and one glimpse from the lovely Moon is worth all the witchfires and meteors of the Giant palaces below."

"Thou lookest, young Mortal," said the Wizard in his mournful voice, "over my native portion of the World. Beside that sea stood my ancestral halls—and beneath that Moon first swelled within my bosom the deep tides of human emotion—and in this cavern, whence we now look forth on the seas and heavens, my youth passed some of its earnest hours in contemplation of that high and starred order which your lessened race—clogged with the mire of ages—never know; for that epoch was far remote in those ages which even Tradition scarcely pierces. Your first fathers—What of their knowledge know ye?—what of their secrets have ye retained? Their vast and dark

\* *Æthylus' Prometheus.*

minds were never fathomed by the plummet of your researches. The waves of the black night have swept over the Antique World—and all that you can guess of its buried glories are from the shivered fragments that ever and anon Chance casts upon the shores of the Modern Race.”

“Do we sink then,” said I, “by comparison with the men of those distant times? Is not our lore deeper and more certain?—Was not their knowledge the offspring of a confused and labouring conjecture?—Did they not live among dreams and shadows, and make Truth itself the creature of a fertile imagination?”

“Nay,” replied the shrouded and uncertain form beside me—“their knowledge pierced deeper into the Heart of Things. They consulted the stars—but it was to measure the dooms of Earth;—and could we raise from the dust their perished scrolls, you would behold the mirror of the living times. Their prophecies—(wrung from the toil and rapture of those powers which ye suffer to sleep, quenched, within the soul)—traversed the wilds of ages, and pointed out among savage hordes the Cities and Laws of Empires yet to be. Ten thousand Arts have mouldered from the Earth—and Science is the shadow of what it was.—Young Mortal, thou hast set thine heart upon Wisdom—thou hast wasted the fresh and radiant hours of opening life amidst the wearying thoughts of others;—thou hast laboured after Knowledge, and in that labour the healthful hues have for ever left thy cheek, and age creeps upon the core while the dew is yet upon the leaf;—and for this labour—and in the transport and the vision that the soul’s labour nurtures—your spirit is now rapt from its fleshly career on earth,—wandering at will amongst the dread chasms and mines wombed within the world,—breathing a vital air amongst the dead,—comraded by Spirits, and the Powers that are not of flesh,—and catching, by imperfect glimpse and shadowy type, some knowledge of the arch mysteries of Creation;—and thou beholdest in me and in my science that which thy learning and thy fancy tracked not before. No legend ever chanced upon my strange and solemn being: nothing in my nature resembles to the tales of Wizard or Sorcerer that the vulgar phantasies of Superstition have embodied. Thou hast seen what none have drawn—and Fable has hacknied not the Truth. Thou wouldst learn something of the Being thus permitted to thy marvel:—be it so. Under these sparkling arches—and before my ancestral sea—and beneath the listening ear of the halting Moon—thou shalt learn a history of the Antique World.

#### THE TALE OF KOSEM KESAMIM.

Along the shores which for thirty centuries no human foot has trod—and upon plains where now not one stone stands upon another, telling even of decay—was once the city and the empire of The Wise Kings—for so termed by their neighbours were the monarchs that ruled this country. Generation after generation they had toiled to earn and preserve that name. Amidst the gloom of mysterious temples, and the oracular learning of the star-read priests, the youth of each succeeding King was reared into a grave and brooding manhood.—Their whole lives were mystery.—Wrapt in the sepulchral grandeur of the Imperial Palace—seen rarely—like Gods—they sent forth, as from a cloud, the light of their dread but benign laws:—the courses of their life were

tracked not—but they were believed to possess <sup>A</sup>the power over the seasons and elements—and to summon, at their will, the large-winged spirits, that walk to and fro across the earth, governing, like dreams, with a vague and unpenetrated power, the destinies of Nations, and the ambition of Kings.

There was born to this imperial race a son, to whom seer and king alike foretold a strange and preternatural destiny. His childhood itself was of a silent, stern, and contemplative nature. And his learning, even in his boyish youth, had ransacked all that the grey priests could teach him.

But the passions are interwoven deeply with the elements of thought. What man earns real wisdom but by the process of fierce emotion?—And amidst all the pursuits of his aspiring mind, the heart of the young prince burned with a thousand passions untold and unregulated. The Magician paused for a moment, and then, in a voice far different from the cold and solemn tone in which his accents were usually clothed, he broke forth:—

Oh, beautiful, beyond the beauty of these sicklied and hoary times, was the beauty of Woman in the young world!—The glory of Eden was not yet departed from her face, and the lustre of unwearied Nature glowed alike upon Earth and Earth's majestic daughters. Beauty is youth's Idol—and in the breast of Gondorah, for so was the Prince popularly called, (his higher and mystic titles may not be revealed,) the great passion—the great yearning—the great desire—was for the lovely and the august—whatever their shapes or mould. Not in woman only, but in all things, the Beautiful made his worship—wherever he beheld it, the image of the Deity was glassed to his adoring soul. But to him—or rather to myself—for I—(if memory retains identity through the shift and lapse of worlds; making *me*, the same as one who, utterly dissimilar, lived a man amongst men, long ages back)—to me, there was yet a fiercer and more absorbing passion—than love, or the idolatry of Nature—THE DESIRE TO KNOW!—My mind launched itself into the depth of Things—I loved step after step to trace Effect to its first Cause. Reason was a chain from heaven to earth, and every link led me to aspire to the stars themselves. And the wisdom of my wise fathers was mine; I knew the secret of the elements, and could charm them into slumber, or arouse them to war. The mysteries of that dread Chemistry which is now among the Sciences that sleep—by which we can command the air and walk on its viewless paths—by which we can wake the thunder—and summon the cloud—and rive the earth—the exercise of that high faculty—the Imagining Power—by which *Fancy* itself *creates* what it *wills*, and which, trained and exercised, can wake the spectres of the dead—and bring visible to the carnal eye the Genii that walk the world—the watchful, straining, sleepless science, that can make a Sage's volume of the stars—these were mine, and yet I murmured—I repined!—what mysteries were yet to know! The acquisition of to-day was but the disappointment of the morrow, and the dispensation of my ambition—was—to *desire*.

It was the evening, and I went from the groves of the sacred temple, to visit one whom I loved. The way spread over black and rugged masses of rock, amidst which, the wild shrub and dark weed sprung rife and verdant; for the waste as yet was eloquent of some great

revulsion of the soil in the earlier epochs of the World—when Change often trod the heels of Change, and the earth was scarcely reconciled to the sameness of her calm career. And I stood beneath the tree where she was to meet me—and my heart leapt within me as I saw her footsteps bounding along—and she came with her sweet lips breathing the welcome of human love, and I laid my head on her bosom and was content.

And, “Oh,” said she, “art thou not proud of thy dawning fame? The Seers speak of thee with wonder, and the Priests bow their heads before thy name.”

Then the passion of my soul broke forth, and I answered,—“What is this petty power that I possess, and what this barren knowledge? The Great Arch Secret of all, I have toiled night after night to conquer and I cannot attain it. What is it to command even the dark spirits at war with Heaven—if we know not the nature of what we command? What I desire is not knowledge, but *the source* of knowledge. I wish that my eye should penetrate at once into the germ and cause of things; and that when I look upon the outward beauty of the world, my sight may pierce within, and see the mechanism that causes and generates the beauty working beneath. Enough of my art have I learned to know that there is a film over human eyes which prevents their penetrating beyond the surface; it is to remove that film, and dart into the essence, and the One Great Productive Spirit of all Things, that I labour and yearn in vain. All other knowledge is a cheat; this is the high prerogative which mocks at conjecture and equals us with a God!”

Then Lyciah saw that I was moved, and she kissed me, and sung me the sweet songs, that steeped my heart, as it were, in a bath of fragrant herbs.

Midnight had crept over the earth as I returned homeward across that savage scene. Rock heaped on rock bordered and broke upon the lonely valley that I crossed—and the moon was still, and shining, as at this hour, when its life is four thousand years nearer to its doom. Then suddenly I saw moving before me, with a tremulous motion, a meteoric fire of an exceeding brightness. Ever as it moved above the seared and sterile soil, it soared and darted restlessly to and fro;—and I thought, as it danced and quivered, that I heard it laugh from its burning centre with a wild and frantic joy. I fancied, as I gazed upon the fire, that in that shape revelled one of the children of the Elementary Genii; and, addressing it in their language, I bade it assume a palpable form. But the Fire darted on unheeding, save that now the laugh from amidst the flame came all distinct and fearfully on my ear. Then my hair stood erect—and my veins curdled—and my knees knocked together;—I was under the influence of an Awe; for I felt that the Power was not of the world—nor of that which my ancestral knowledge of the power of other worlds had yet pierced. My voice faltered, and thrice I strove to speak to the Light—but in vain; and when at length I addressed it in the solemn adjuration by which the sternest of the Fiends are bound, the Fire sprang up from the soil—towering aloof and aloft—with a livid but glorious lustre, bathing the whole atmosphere in its glare,—quenching, with an intenser ray, the splendours of the Moon,—and losing its giant crest in the Far Invisible of Heaven!



And a voice came forth, saying—"Thou callest upon inferior Spirits; I am that which thou hast pined to behold—I am 'The Living Principle of the World!'"

I bowed my face, and covered it with my hands, and my voice left me; and when again I looked up, behold, the Fire had shrunk from its momentary height, and was (now dwarfed and humble) creeping before me in its wavering and snake-like course. But fear was on me, and I fled, and fast fled the Fire by my side; and oft, but faint, from its ghastly heart came the laugh that thrilled the marrow of my bones. And the waste was past, and the Giant Temple of the One God rose before me; I rushed forward, and fell breathless by its silent Altar. And there sat the High Priest, for night and day some one of the Sacred Host sat by the Altar; and he was of a great age, and all human emotion had left his veins; but even he was struck with my fear, and gazed upon me with his rayless eyes, and bade me be of cheer, for the place was holy. I looked round and the Fire was not visible, and I breathed freely; but I answered not the Priest, for years had dulled him into stone, and when I rose his eye followed me not. I gained the purple halls set apart for the King's son. And the pillars were of ivory inlaid with gold—and the gems and perfumes of the world gave light and fragrance to those wondrous courts; and the gorgeous banquet was spread, and music from unseen hands swelled along arch and aisle as I trod the royal Hall. But lo! by my throne, crouching beneath the purpureal canopy, I saw the laughing Fire—and it seemed, lowly and paled, to implore protection. And I paused, and took the courtiers aside, and I asked them to mark the flame; but they saw it not—it burnt to mine eye alone. Then knew I that it was indeed a Spirit of that high race, which, even when they take visible form, are not visible save to the students of the Dread Science! And I trembled but revered.

And the Fire stayed by me night and day, and I grew accustomed to its light. But never, by charm or spell, could I draw further word from it; and it followed my steps with a silent and patient homage. And by degrees a vain and proud delight came over me to think that I was so honoured; and I looked upon the pale and changeful face of the Fire as the face of a friend.

There was a man who had told years beyond the memory of the living—a renowned and famous seer—to whom, in times of dread and omen, our Priests and Monarchs themselves repaired for warning and advice. I sought his abode. The seer was not of our race—he came from the distant waters of the Nile, and the dark mysteries of the City of Egypt had girded his youth. It was in this cavern in which, young stranger of the North, this tale is now poured into thine ear, that the Seer held his glittering home—for lamp upon lamp then lighted up, from an unfailing naphtha, these dazzling spars—and the seamen of the vessels that crowded yonder bay beheld, far down the blue waters, when on their various cruise, the nightly blaze flickering along the wave, and reminding the reverent mariner of many an awful legend of the Cavern Home. And hither had often turned my young feet in my first boyhood, and from the shrivelled lip of the old Egyptian had much of my loftiest learning been gleaned; for he loved me—and seeing with a prophet eye far down the great depths of Time, he knew that I

was fated to wild and fearful destinies, and a life surpassing the period of his own.

It was on that night, when the New Moon scatters its rank and noxious influence over the foliage and life of earth, that I sought the Egyptian. And the Fire burned with a fiercer and redder light than its wont, as it played and darted by my side. And when, winding by the silver sands, I passed into the entrance of the Cave, I saw the old man sitting on a stone. And when I entered, the Seer started from his seat in fear and terror—his eyes rolled—his thin grey hairs stood erect—a cold sweat broke from his brow—and the dread master stood before his pupil in agony and awe.

"Thou comest," muttered he with white lips; "What is by thy side? hast thou dared to seek knowledge with the Soul of all Horror—with the ghastly Leper of—— Avaunt! bid the fiend begone!"

His voice seemed to leave the old man, and with a shriek he fell upon his face on the ground.

"Is it," said I, appalled by his terror—"is it the Fire that haunts my steps at which thou tremblest? behold, it is harmless as a dog; it burns not while it shines; if a fiend, it is a merry fiend, for I hear it laugh while I speak. But it is for this, Dread Sir, that I have sought thee. Canst thou tell me the nature of the Spirit—for a Spirit it surely is? Canst thou tell me its end and aim?"

I lifted the old man from the earth—and his kingly heart returned to him—and he took the Wizard Crown from the wall, and he placed it on his brows—for he was as a Monarch among the Things that are not of clay. And he said to the Fire—"Approach!" And the Fire glided to his knees. And he said, "Art thou the Spirit of the Element, and is thy home in the Flint's heart?"

And a voice from the flame answered "No."

And again the Egyptian trembled.

"What art thou, then?" said he.

And the Fire answered, "Thy Lord."

And the limbs of the Egyptian shook as with the grasp of Death.

And he said, "Art thou a Demon of *this* world?"

And the Fire answered, "I am the Life of this world—and I am *not* of other worlds."

"I know thee—I fear thee—I acknowledge thee!" said the Wizard; "and in thy soft lap shall this crowned head soon be laid."

And the Fire laughed.

"But tell me," said I,—for though my blood stood still my soul was brave and stern—"Tell me, O Sir, what hath this Thing with me?"

"It is the Great Ancestor of us all!" said the Egyptian, groaning.

"And knows it the Secrets of the Past?"

"The Secrets of the Past are locked within it."

"Can it teach me that which I pine to know?—Can it teach me the essence of things—the nature of all I see?—Can it raise the film from my human eyes?"

"Rash Prince, be hushed!" cried the Egyptian, rising, and glaring upon me with his stony eye—"Seek not to know that which will curse thee with the knowledge. Ask not a power that would turn life into a living grave. All the lore that man ever knew is mine; but *that* secret have I shunned, and *that* power have I cast from me, as the shepherd casts the viper from his hand. Be still—be moderate—be wise. And bid me exorcise the Spirit that accosts thee from the Fire!"

"Can it teach me the arch mystery? When I gaze upon the herb or flower, can it gift my gaze with the power to pierce into the cause and workings of its life?"

"I can teach thee this," said the Fire; and it rose higher, and burned fiercer, as it spake, till the lamps of naphtha paled before it.

"Then abide by me, O Spirit," said I; "and let us not be severed."

"Miserable boy," cried the Egyptian; "was this, then, the strange and preternatural doom which my Art foresaw was to be thine, though it deciphered not its nature? Knowest thou that **this** Fire so clear—so pure—so beautiful—is——"

"Beware!" cried the voice from the Fire; and the crest of the flame rose, as the crest of a serpent about to spring upon its prey.

"Thou awe-st me not," said the Egyptian, though the blood fled from his shrivelled and tawny cheeks. "Thou art——"

"The Living Principle of the World," interrupted the voice.

"And thine other name?" cried the Egyptian.

"Thy Conqueror!" answered the voice; and straight, as the answer went forth, the Egyptian fell, blasted as by lightning, a corpse at my feet. The light of the Fire played with a blue and tremulous lustre upon the carcase, and presently I beheld by that light that the corpse was already passed into the loathsomeness of decay—the flesh was rotting from the bones—and the worm and the creeping thing, that the rottenness generates, twined in the very jaws and temples of the Sage.

I sickened and gasped for breath—"Is this thy work, oh fearful Fiend!" said I, shuddering. And the Fire, passing from the corpse, crept humbly to my feet—and its voice answered—"Whatever my power, it is thy slave!"

"Was that death thy work?" repeated my quivering lips.

"Thou knowest," answered the Fire, "that Death is not the will of any Power—save one. The Death came from His will—and I but exulted over the blow!"

I left the cavern; my art, subtle as it was, gave me no glimpse into the causes of the Egyptian's death. I looked upon the Fire, as it crept along the herbage, with an inquisitive, yet dreading eye. I felt an awe of the Demon's power; and yet the proud transport I had known in the subjection of that power was increased, and I walked with a lofty step at the thought that I should have so magnificent a slave. But the words of the mysterious Egyptian still rang in my ear—still I shuddered and recoiled before his denunciation of the power and the secret I desired. And the voice of the Fire now addressed me (as I passed along the starry solitude) with a persuasive and sweet tone. "Shrink not, young Sage," it said, or rather sang, "from a power beyond that of which thy wisest ancestors ever dreamed—lose not thy valour at the drivelling whispers of age—when did ever age approve what youth desires? Thou art formed for the destiny which belongs to royal hearts—the destiny courts thee. Why dost thou play the laggard?"

"Knowledge," said I, musingly, "can never be productive of woe. If it be knowledge thou canst give me, I will not shrink."

The Fire played cheerily to and fro. And from the midst of it there stepped forth a pale and shadowy form, of female shape and of exceeding beauty; her face was indeed of no living wanness, and the limbs were indistinct, and no roundness in their vapoury robes; but the features were lovely as a dream, and long yellow hair—glowing as sunlight—

fell adown her neck. "Thou wouldst pierce," said she, "to the Principle of the World. Thou wouldst that thine eye should penetrate into my fair and most mystic dominion. But not yet; there is an ordeal to pass. To the Whole Knowledge thou must glide through the Imperfect!" Then the female kissed my eyes, and vanished, and with it vanished also the Fire.

Oh, beautiful!—Oh, wondrous!—Oh, divine! A scale had fallen from my sight—and a marvellous glory was called forth upon the face of earth. I saw millions and millions of spirits shooting to and fro athwart the air—spirits that my magic had yet never descried—spirits of rainbow hues, and quivering with the joy that made their nature. Wherever I cast my eye, life upon life was visible. Every blade of grass swarmed with worlds invisible to the naked eye—but performing with minic regularity all the courses of the human race; every grain of dust, every drop of water, was an universe—mapped into a thousand tribes, all fulfilling the great destinies of Mortality—Love—Fear—Hope—Emulation—Avarice—Jealousy—War—Death. My eyes had been touched with a glorious charm. And even in that, which to the casual eye would have been a mute and solitary, and breathless hour, I was suddenly summoned into a dazzling atmosphere of life—every atom a world. And, bending my eyes below, I saw emerging from the tiny hollows of the earth, those fantastic and elfin shapes that have been chiefly consecrated by your Northern Bards; forth they came merrily, merrily—dancing in the smooth sheen of the silent heavens, and chasing the swift-winged creatures, that scarcely the glass of science can give to the eye. If all around was life, it was the life of enchantment and harmony—a subtle, pervading element of delight. Speech left me for very joy, and I gazed, thrilled and breathless, around me—entered, as it were, into the Inner Temples of the Great System of the Universe.

I looked round for the Fire—it was gone. I was alone amidst this new and populous creation, and I stretched myself voluptuously beneath a tree, to sate myself with wonder. As a Poet in the height of his delirium was my rapture—for my veins were filled with Poesy, which is Intoxication—and my eyes had been touched with Poesy, which is the Creative Power—and the miracles before me were Poesy, which is the Enchanter's Wand.

Days passed, and the bright Demon which had so gifted me appeared not, nor yet did the spell cease; but every hour, every moment, new marvels rose. I could not walk—I could not touch stone or herb, without coming into a new realm utterly different from those I had yet seen, but equally filled with life—so that there was never a want of novelty; and had I been doomed to pass my whole existence upon three feet of earth, I might have spent that existence in perpetual variety—in unsatisfied and eternally new research. But most of all, when I sought Lyciah I felt the full gift I possessed; for in conversing with her my sense penetrated to her heart, and I felt, as with a magnetic sympathy, moving through its transparent purity, the thoughts and emotions that were all my own.

By degrees I longed indeed to make her a sharer in my discovered realms; for I now slowly began to feel the weariness of a conqueror who reigns alone—none to share my power or partake the magnificence in which I dwelt.

One day, even in the midst of angelic things that floated blissfully round me—so that I heard the low melodies they hymned as they wheeled aloft—one day this pining, this sense of solitude in life—of satiety in glory—came on me. And I said, “But this is the imperfect state; why not enjoy the whole? Could I ascend to that high and empyreal Knowledge, to which this is but a step, doubtless this dissatisfied sentiment would vanish; discontent arises because there is something still to attain; attain all, and discontent must cease. Bright Spirit,” cried I aloud, “to whom I already owe so great a benefit, come to me now—why hast thou left me? Come and complete thy gifts. I see yet only the wonders of the secret portions of the world—touch mine eyes that I may see *the cause* of the wonders. I am surrounded with an air of life; let me pierce into the principle of that life. Bright Spirit, minister to thy servant!” Then I heard the sweet voice that had spoken in the Fire—but I saw not the Fire itself. And the voice said unto me—

“Son of the Wise Kings, I am here!”

“I see thee not,” said I. “Why hidest thou thy lustre?”

“Thou seest the Half, and that very sight blinds thee to the Whole. This redundancy and flow of life gushes from me as from its source. When the mid-course of the River is seen, who sees also its distant spring? In thee, not myself, is the cause that thou beholdest me not. I am as I was when I bowed my crest to thy feet; but thine eyes are not what then they were!”

“Thou tellest me strange things, O Demon!” said I; “for why, when admitted to a clearer sight of things, should my eyes be darkened alone when they turn to thee?”

“Does not all knowledge, save the one right knowledge, only lead men from the discovery of the Primal Causes. As Imagination may soar aloft, and find new worlds, yet lose the solid truth—so thou mayest rise into the regions of a preternatural lore, yet recede darklier and darklier from the clue to Nature herself.”

I mused over the words of the spirit, but their sense seemed dim.

“Canst thou not appear to me in thine old, wan, and undulating brightness?” said I, after a pause.

“Not until thine eyes receive power to behold me.”

“And when may I be worthy that power?”

“When thou art thoroughly dissatisfied with thy present gifts.”

“Dread Demon, I am so now!”

“Wilt thou pass from this pleasant state at a hazard,—not knowing that which may ensue. Behold, all around thee is full of glory, and musical with joy! Wilt thou abandon that state for a dark and perilous Unknown?”

“The Unknown is the passion of him who aspires to know.”

“Pause; for it is a dread alternative,” said the Invisible.

“My heart beats steadily.—Come,—mine be the penalty of the desire!”

“Thy wish is granted,” said the Spirit.

Then straightway a pang, quick, sharp, agonizing, shot through my heart. I felt the stream in my veins stand still, hardening into a congealed substance—my throat rattled, I struggled against the grasp of some iron power.—A terrible sense of my own impotence seized me—my muscles refused—my will my voice fled—I was in the possession of

some authority that had entered, and claimed, and usurped the citadel of mine own self. Then came a creeping of the flesh, a deadly sensation of ice and utter coldness; and lastly, a blackness, deep and solid as a mass of rock, fell over the whole Earth—I had entered DEATH!

From this state I was roused by the voice of the Demon. "Awake, look forth!—Thou hast thy desire!—Abide the penalty!" The darkness broke from the earth; the ice thawed from my veins; once more my senses were my servants.

I looked, and behold I stood in the same spot, but how changed! The earth was one blue and crawling mass of putridity; its rich verdure, its lofty trees, its sublime mountains, its glancing waters, had all been the deceit of my previous blindness; the very green of the grass and the trees was rottenness, and the leaves (not each leaf one and inanimate as they seemed to the common eye) were composed of myriads of insects and puny reptiles, battered on the corruption from which they sprang. The waters swarmed with leprous life—those beautiful shapes that I had seen in my late delusion were corrupt in their several parts, and from that corruption other creatures were generated living upon them. Every breath of air was not air, a thin and healthful fluid, but a wave of animalculæ, poisonous and fetid; (for the Air is the Arch Corruptor, hence all who breathe die; it is the slow, sure venom of Nature, pervading and rotting all things;) the light of the Heavens was the sickly, loathsome glare that steamed from the universal Death in Life. The tiniest thing that moved—you beheld the decay moving through its veins, and that its corruption, unconscious to itself, engendered new tribes of life! The World was one dead carcase, from which every thing the World bore took its being. There was not such a thing as beauty!—there was not such a thing as life that did not generate from its own corruption a loathsome life for others! I looked down upon myself, and saw that my very veins swarmed with a motelike creation of shapes, springing into hideous existence from mine own disease, and mocking the Human Destiny with the same career of love, life, and death. Methought it must be a spell, that change of scene would change. I shut my eyes with a frantic horror, and I fled, fast, fast, but blinded; and ever as I fled a low laugh rang in my ears, and I stopped not till I was at the feet of Lyciah, for she was my first involuntary thought. Whenever a care or fear possessed me, I had been wont to fly to her bosom, and charm my heart by the magic of her sweet voice. I was at the feet of Lyciah—I clasped her knees—I looked up imploringly into her face—God of my Fathers! the same curse attended me still! Her beauty was gone. There was no whole,—no one life in that Being whom I had so adored. Her life was composed of a million lives. Her stately shape, of atoms crumbling from each other, and so bringing about the ghastly state of corruption which reigned in all else around.—Her delicate hues, her raven hair, her fragrant lips—Pah!—What, what was my agony!—I turned from her again,—I shrank in loathing from her embrace,—I fled once more,—on—on. I ascended a mountain, and looked down on the various leprosies of Earth. Sternly I forced myself to the task; sternly I inhaled the knowledge I had sought; sternly I drank in the horrible penalty I had dared.

"Demon," I cried, "appear, and receive my curse!"

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"Lo, I am by thy side evermore," said the voice. Then I gazed, and saw the FINE was by my side; and I saw that it was the livid light that the jaws of Rottenness emits; and in the midst of the light, which was as its shroud and garment, stood a Giant Shape—that was the shape of a Corpse that had been for months buried. I gazed upon the Demon with an appalled yet unquailing eye, and, as I gazed, I recognized in those ghastly lineaments a resemblance to the Female Spirit that had granted me the first fatal gift. But exaggerated, enlarged, dead,—Beauty rotted into horror.

"I am that which thou didst ask to see face to face.—I am The Principle of Life."

"Of Life! Out, horrible mocker!—hast thou no other name?"

"I have! and the other name is—CORRUPTION!"

"Bright Lamps of Heaven," I cried, lifting my eyes in anguish from the loathly Charnel of the Universal Earth; "and is this, which men call 'Nature,' is this the sole Principle of the World?"

As I spoke, the huge carcase beneath my feet trembled.—And over the face of the Corpse beside me there fell a fear.—And lo! the Heavens were lit up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth A Voice, which rolled slowly over the whole face of the charnel earth as the voice of thunder above the valley of the shepherd. "SUCH," said the VOICE, "IS NATURE, IF THOU ACCEPTEST NATURE AS THE FIRST CAUSE—SUCH IS THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT A GOD!"

*(To be continued.)*

### THE SPIRIT OF DEATH!—A FRAGMENT.

Roses, en qui je vois paroître  
Un éclat si vil et si doux,  
Vous mourez bientôt, mais peut-être  
Je dois mourir plutôt que vous!—GASPARQUES.

SWIFT violet, I saw thee sigh  
Warm beauty from thine eye of blue!  
Thou must wither soon, but I  
May wither sooner far than you!  
I sung a lay of olden time  
Among the summer leaves reclined,  
And wakéd by that pleasant chime,  
Memory did unbind  
The flowers gleaned in childhood's prime,  
And shook them on the mind.  
But suddenly a sound I heard  
Among the branches near,—  
It could not be the singing bird  
Whose voice fell on mine ear;  
It had a chilling tone, that stirr'd  
My wondering heart with fear.  
The green leaves quiver'd, and behold  
Death stood beside me.—Lovely Flower!  
Thy bloom shall wither with the night,  
But mine will wither in an hour!

W.

OF THE THREE EARLIEST AUTHORS IN OUR VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

AMIDST the ruins and the rubbish of our ancient native literature, three entire columns are still found standing. They are the works of Sir Thomas Elyot, Sir Thomas More, and Roger Ascham.

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS ELYOT.

Sir Thomas Elyot is the first English writer who avowedly attempted to cultivate the language of his country. We track the prints of the first weak footsteps in this new path; and we detect the aberrations of a mind intent on a great popular design, but still vague and uncertain, often opposed by contemporaries, but cheered by the public voice.

Elyot for us had been little more than a name, as have been many retired students, from the negligence of contemporaries, had he not been one of those interesting authors who have let us into the history of their own minds, and either prospectively have delighted to contemplate on their future enterprises, or retrospectively have exulted in their past labours.

This amiable scholar had been introduced at court early in life; his "great friend and crony was Sir Thomas More;" so plain Anthony à Wood indicates the familiar intercourse of two great men. Elyot was a favourite with Henry the Eighth, and employed on various embassies, particularly on the confidential one to Rome to negotiate the divorce of Queen Katherine. To his public employments he alludes in his first work, "The Governor," which "He had gathered as well of the sayings of most noble authors, Greek and Latin, as by mine own experience, I being continually trained in some daily affairs of the public-weal from my childhood."

A passion for literature seems to have prevailed over the ambition of active life, and on his return from his last embassy he decided to write books "in our vulgar tongue," on a great variety of topics, to instruct his countrymen. The diversity of his reading, and an unwearied pen, happily qualified, in this early age of the literature of a nation, a student who was impatient to diffuse that knowledge which he felt he possessed only in the degree, and the space, over which he communicated it.

His first elaborate work is entitled, "The Boke of the Governor, devised by Sir Thomas Elyot," 1531—a Work once so popular, that it passed through seven or eight editions, and is still valued by the collectors of our ancient literature.

"The Governor" is one of those treatises which, at an early period of civilization when general education is imperfect, becomes useful to mould the manners and to inculcate the morals which should distinguish the courtier and the statesman. Elyot takes his future "Governor" in the arms of his nurse, and places the ideal being amidst all the scenes which may exercise the virtues, or the studies, which he develops. The work is dedicated to Henry VIII. The design, the imaginary personage, the author and the patron are equally dignified. The style is grave; and it would not be candid in a modern critic to observe that, in the progress of time, the good sense has become too obvious, and the perpetual illustrations from ancient history too familiar. The erudition



in philology of that day has become a school-boy's learning. They had then no other volumes to recur to of any authority but what the ancients had left.

Elyot had a notion that for the last thousand years the world had deteriorated, and that the human mind had not expanded through the course of ages. When he compared the writers of this long series of centuries, the babbling though the subtle schoolmen who had chained us down to their artificial forms, with the great authors of antiquity, there seemed an appearance of truth in his decision. Christianity had not yet exhibited to modern Europe the refined moralities of Seneca, and the curious knowledge of Plutarch, in the Homilies of Saints and Fathers; nor had its histories of Man, confined to our monkish annalists, emulated the narrative charms of Livy, nor the grandeur of Tacitus. Of the poets of antiquity Elyot declared that the English language, at the time he wrote, could convey nothing equivalent, wanting even words to express the delicacies, "the turns," and the euphony of the Latin verse.

A curious evidence of the jejune state of the public mind, at this period, appears in this volume. Here a learned and grave writer solemnly sets forth several chapters on "that honest pastime of dancing," in which he discovers a series of modern allegories. The various figures and reciprocal movements between man and woman, "holding each other by the hand," indicate that order, concord, prudence, and other virtues, so necessary for the common weal. The *singles* and *repulses* exhibit the virtue of circumspection, which excites the writer to a panegyric of the father of the reigning sovereign. These ethics of the dance contain some curious notices, and masters in the art might hence have embellished their treatises on the philosophy of dance, for "In its wonderful figures, which the Greeks do call *idea*, are comprehended so (as) many virtues and noble qualities." It is amusing to observe how men willingly become the dupes of their fancies, by affecting to discover motives and analogies the most unconnected imaginable with the objects themselves. Long after our polished statesman wrote, the Puritan excommunicated the sinful dancer, and detected in the graceful evolutions of "the honour," the "brawl," and the "single," with all their moral movements, the artifices of Satan, and the perdition of the souls of two partners, dancing too well. It was the mode of that age thus to moralise or allegorise on the common acts of life, and to sanction their idlest amusements by some religious motive. At this period, in France, we find a famous *Veneur*, Gaston Phebus, opening his treatise on "Hunting," in the spirit that Elyot had opened to us the mysteries of dancing. "By hunting, we escape from the seven mortal sins, and therefore the more we hunt, the salvation of our souls will be the more secure. Every good hunter in this world will have joyance, glee, and solace, (*joyeuseté, liasse, et deduit*,) and secure himself a place in paradise, not perhaps in the midst, but in the suburbs, because he has shunned idleness, the root of all evil."

"The Boke of the Governor" must now be condemned to the solitary imprisonment of the Antiquary's cell, who will pick up many curious circumstances relative to the manners of the age—always an amusing subject of speculation, when we contemplate on the gradations of social life. I suspect the world owed "*the Governor*" to a book more famous

than itself—the *Cortegiano* of Castiglione, which appeared two years before the first edition of this work of Elyot, and to whose excellence Elyot could have been no stranger in his embassies to his Holiness and to the Emperor. But of “the Governor and “the Cortegiano” what can we now say, but that three centuries are fatal to the immortality of volumes, which, in the infancy of Literature, seemed to have flattered themselves with a perpetuity of Fame?

It was, however, a generous design, in an age of Latin, to attempt to delight our countrymen by “the vulgar tongue;” but these “first-fruits,” as he calls them, gave their Author a taste of the bitterness of “that Tree of Knowledge.”

In a subsequent work, “Of the Knowledge which maketh a Wise Man,” Elyot has recorded how he had laid himself open to “the vulgar.” In the circle of a Court there was equal peril in moralizing, which was deemed to be a rebuke, as in applying rusty stories, which were considered as nothing less than disguised personalities. “The Boke” was not thankfully received. The *Persifleurs*, those butterflies who carry waspish stings, accounted Sir Thomas to be of no little presumption, that “in noting other men’s vices he should correct *Magnificat*.” This odd neologism of “*Magnificat*” was a mystical coinage, which circulated among these Aristocratic Exclusives, who, as Elyot describes them, “like a galled horse abiding no plaisters, be always knapping and kicking at such examples and sentences as they do feel sharp, or do bite them.” The Chapters on “The Diversity of Flatterers,” and similar subjects, had made many “a galled jade wince;” and, in applying the salve, he got a kick for the cure. They wondered why the Knight wrote at all! “Other much wiser men, and better learned than he, do forbear to write anything.” They inscribed modern names to his ancient portraits. The worried Author exclaims—“There be Gnathos in Spain as well as in Greece; Pasquils in England as well as in Rome, &c. If men will seek for them in England which I set in other places, I cannot let (hinder) them.” But in another work—“Image of Governance, 1540”—when he detailed “the monstrous living of the Emperor Heliogabalus,” and the contrast which he drew between that gross Epicurean and Severus, such a bold and open execration of the vices of a luxurious Court could not avoid being obvious to the royal sensualist and his companions, however the character and the tale were removed to a by-gone age.

In this early attempt to cultivate “the vulgar tongue,” some cavilled at his strange terms. It is a striking instance of the simplicity of the Critics at that early period of our language, that our Author formally explains the word *Maturity*—“a Latin word, which I am constrained to usurp, lacking a name in English, and which, though it be strange and dark, yet may be understood as other words late comen out of Italy and France, and made denizens among us.” Augustus Cæsar, it seems, had frequently in his mouth this word *Matura*—do maturely! “as if he should have said, do neither too much nor too little—too swiftly nor too slowly.” Elyot would confine the figurative Latin term to a metaphysical designation of the acts of men in their most perfect state, “reserving,” as he says, “the word ripeness to fruit and other things, separate from affairs, as we have now in usage.” Elyot exults in having augmented the English language by the introduction of this Latin term, now made English for the first time! It has flourished, as well as this

other, "the *redolent* savours of sweet herbs and flowers." But his ear was not always musical, and some of his neologisms are less graceful:—"an *alective*—to wit;" "*fatigate*"—to fatigue; "*ostent*"—to show; and "to *sufficate* some disputation." Such were the first weak steps of the Fathers of our language, who, however, culled for us many a flower among their cockle.

The Court-curs of Criticism, however, must have found themselves muzzled; for an infallible Critic, "our most dear Sovereign Lord," had passed his imprimatur. I transcribe this passage:—

"His Highness benignly receiving my book, which I named 'The Governor,' in the reading soon perceived that I intended to augment our English tongue, whereby men should as well express more abundantly the thing that they conceived in their hearts, having words apt for the purpose; as also interpret of Greek, Latin, or any other tongue, into English, as sufficiently as out of any one of the said tongues into another. His Grace also perceived that throughout the book there was no term new-made by me of a Latin or French word, but it is there declared so plainly by one mean or other to a diligent reader, that no sentence is thereby made dark or hard to be understood."

It appears that the King was not offended, as evidently some of the Courtiers were, with the freedom of Elyot's pen:—"His Grace not only took it in the better part, but with princely words, full of majesty, commended my diligence, simplicity, and courage, in that I spared no Estate in the rebuking of Vice."

But a murmur more prejudicial arose than the idle cavil of new and hard words; for some asserted that "the Boke seemed to be over-long." Our primeval Author considered that "knowledge of Wisdom cannot be shortly declared." Elyot had not yet attained, by sufficient practice in authorship, the secret, that the volume which he had so much pleasure in writing could be over-tedious in reading. "For those," he observes sarcastically, "who be well willing, it is soon learned—in good faith, sooner than *Primero* or *Gleek*." The nation must have then consisted of young readers, when a diminutive volume in twelves was deemed to be "over-long." In this apology for his writings, he threw out an undaunted declaration of his resolution to proceed with future volumes.—"If the readers of my works, by the noble example of our most dear Sovereign Lord, do justly and lovingly interpret my labours, I, during the residue of my life, will now and then set forth such fruits of my study, profitable, as I trust, unto this my country, leaving malicious readers with their incurable fury."—Such was the innocent criticism of our earliest writer—his pen was hardly tipped with gall.

As all subjects were equally seductive to the artless pen of a primitive author, who has yet no rivals to encounter in public, Elyot now turned his useful studies to a topic very opposite to that of political ethics. He now put forth "The Castle of Health," a medical treatise, which passed through nearly as many honourable editions as "The Governor." It did not however abate the number, though it changed the character of his cavillers, who were now the whole corporate body of the physicians!

The author has told his amusing story in the preface to a third edition in 1541.

"Why should I be grieved with reproaches wherewith some of my country do recompense me for my labours, taken without hope of temporal reward,

only for the fervent affection which I have ever borne toward the public weal of my country. 'A worthy matter,' saith one, 'Sir Thomas Elyot has become a physician, and writeth on physic, which beseemeth not a knight; he might have been much better occupied.' Truly, if they will call him a physician who is studious of the weal of his country, let men so name me."

But there was no shame in studying this science, or setting forth any book, being

"thereto provoked by the noble example of my noble master King Henry VIII., for his Highness hath not disdained to be the chief author of an introduction to grammar for the children of his subjects.

"But yet one thing much grieveth me, that notwithstanding I have ever honoured the reverend college of approved physicians, yet some of them hearing me spoken of, have said in derision that although I were preffily seen in histories, yet, being not learned in physic, I have put in my book divers errors in presuming to write of herbs and medicines. First, as concerning histories, as I have planted them in my works, being well understood, they be not too light of importance as they do esteem them, but may more surely cure men's affections than divers physicians do cure maladies. When I first wrote this book I was not all ignorant in physic, for, before that I was twenty years old, a physician read Galen and Hippocrates with me, and afterwards I pursued those studies in a great number of authors.

"If physicians be angry that I have written physic in *English*, let them remember that Greeks wrote in Greek, the Romans in Latin, and Avicenna in Arabic, which were their own proper and maternal tongues. These were paynims and Jews, but in this part of charity they far surmounted us Christians."

Several years after, when our author reverted to his "Castle of Health," the Castle was brightened by the beams of public favour. Its author now exulted that "It shall long preserve men, be some physicians never so angry." The work had not been intended to depreciate medical professors, but "for their commodity, by instructing the sick, and observing a good order in diet, preventing the great causes of sickness, or by which they could the sooner be cured." Our philosopher had attempted to draw aside that mystifying veil with which some affected to envelope the arcana of medicine, "as if they were desirous of writing in cypher that none but themselves could read." Our author had anticipated that revolution in medical science which afterwards, at a distant period, has been productive of some of the ablest treatises in the vernacular languages of Europe.

The patriotic studies of Elyot did not terminate in these ethical and these popular volumes, for he still taxed his daily diligence for his country's weal. This appeared in "the Dictionary of Sir Thomas Elyot, 1535," a folio, which laid the foundations of our future Lexicons; "declaring Latin by English," as Elyot describes his own labour.

Of this courtly and ethical writer, whose works exhibit all the difficulties of a primeval author, an anecdote must be recorded, indicative not only of the spirit of the times, but of the infirmity of human nature in the Sage. At the dissolution of the monasteries, and of so many houses richly endowed, a crowd of suppliant wearied the Crown, to participate in that national spoliation. The plunder was too monstrous even for an arbitrary monarch to grasp by his single hand. Royalty, by admitting a copartnership with its hungry courtiers, found that the new possessors to whom it transferred this vast and novel wealth would keep all things in quiet, and more particularly those turbulent spirits from

whose hands it was so reluctantly wrenched. Every one now hastened to urge some former service, or some present necessity, as a colourable plea for obtaining a grant of some of the suppressed lands. Among these petitioners it is mortifying for more than one reason, as we shall show, to discover our philosopher.

Lord Cromwell was the chief minister through whose mediation these novel royal grants of houses and lands were distributed. There was evidently no chance of attention from his lordship, without the most open and explicit offers of the grossest bribery. The Chancellor Audley, in bargaining with Lord Cromwell for the Abbey of St. Osyth, for "some present trouble in this suit," one day sent twenty pounds with "my poor hearty good will, during my life." Perhaps the bribe, though only placed to account, was not sufficiently heavy, as the Chancellor does not appear, in the present instance, to have possessed himself of this abbey, though afterwards, with the spoils of two rich monasteries, he built the most magnificent mansion in England, by which he perpetuated his own name in the once-famed Audley-End. Elyot, in soliciting his Lordship's mediation with the King, to reward him with "some convenient portion of the suppressed lands," found it more advisable to offer a conditional promise! Reminding his Lordship that he had "no fee, office, pension, or farm, nor any manner of advantage besides the revenue of my poor lands, which are but small, and no more than I may therewith maintain my poor house," he advances to the point—"Whosoever portion of land that I shall attain by the King's grace, I promise to give to your lordship the first year's fruits, with my assured and faithful heart and service." Every one was offering their hearts and the rest of their lives to Lord Cromwell.

Elyot has written another letter to the same personage. The information is curious. He had suffered some disappointments as a courtier in the days of Wolsey, who lavished the royal favours on churchmen. He describes himself with a very narrow income, supporting his establishment, "equal to any knight in the country where I dwell, who have much more to live on;" but a new office, involving considerable expense in its maintenance, to which he had been just appointed, he declares would be his ruin, having already discharged "five honest and tall personages." "I wot not by what malice of fortune I am constrained to be in that office, whereunto is, as it were, appendent, loss of money and good name, all sharpness and diligence in justice now-a-days being everywhere odious." And this was at a time when "I trusted to live quietly, and by little and little to repay my creditors, and to reconcile myself to mine old studies."

This letter, which conveys a favourable impression of the real character of this learned man, was probably written before the former one we have noticed. The year is not dated.

It is probable, however, that Elyot succeeded in the petition for suppressed lands, for I find his name among the Commissioners appointed to make a general inquiry after lands belonging to the Church, as also to the Colleges of the Universities, in 1534. These zealous Commissioners "struck such a terror into the minds of students, that they, expecting nothing but ruin and subversion, made shift what they could for themselves, and what money could be had from their lands, by leases, renewings, &c." In this radical reform, "some greedy wretches did

now gape after the lands belonging to the Colleges," continues the historian of the annals of the University of Oxford\*, which provoked the King to throw out this remarkable reproach:—"I perceive the Abbey-lands have fleshed you, and set your teeth on edge to ask also those Colleges. We had a regard only to pull down the Monasteries. I tell you, Sirs, that I judge no land in England better bestowed than on the Universities. As you love your welfare, therefore, follow no more this vein; but content yourselves with what you have already, or else seek honest means to increase your livelihoods." Thus rolled the awful tones of the Royal Reformer over the keen hunters of the hares and the foxes of ancient corruption.

Elyot had condescended to join with the herd in this general scramble, and if he feigned poverty, the degradation is not less. There are cruel epochs in a great Revolution; moments of trial which too often exhibit the lofty philosopher shrinking into one of the people.

But in this day of weakness, Elyot sunk far lower than petitioning for suppressed lands. Elyot was suspected of inclining to Popery, and being adverse to the new order of affairs. His former close intimacy with Sir Thomas More contributed to this suspicion, and now, it is sad to relate, he renounces this ancient and honourable friendship! Peter denied his Master. "I beseech your good Lordship now to lay apart the remembrance of the amity betwixt me and Sir Thomas More, which was but *usque ad aras*, as is the proverb, considering that I was never so much addicted unto him as I was unto truth and fidelity towards my Sovereign Lord." Was the influence of such illustrious friendships to be confined to chimney-corners? Had Elyot not listened to the wisdom, and revered the immutable fortitude of "his great friend and crown?" He, the stern moralist, who, in his "Governor," had written a remarkable chapter on "the constancy of Friends," and had illustrated that passion by the romantic tale of Titus and Gesippus, where the personal trials of both parties far exceed those of the Damon and Pythias of antiquity, and are so eloquently developed, and so exquisitely narrated by the great Italian novelist.

The literary history of Sir Thomas Elyot exhibits the difficulties experienced by a primitive author in the earliest attempts to open a new path to the cultivation of a vernacular literature; and it seems to have required all the magnanimity of our author to sustain his superiority among his own circle, by the disdain of their petulant criticism, and the honest confidence he gathered, as he proceeded, in the successive editions of his writings.

#### THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

The massive folio of Sir Thomas More's "English Works,"† remains a monument of our language at a period of its pristine vigour. Viewed in active as well as in contemplative life, at the bar or on the bench, as Ambassador or Chancellor, and not to less advantage where, "a good distance from his house at Chelsea, he builded the new building wherein was a chapel, a library, and a gallery," the character, the events, and the writings of this illustrious man may ever interest us.

\* Vol. II. p. 61.

† The Workes of Sir Thomas More in the English Tongue, 1557, fo., a venerable folio of nearly 1500 pages, in double columns, is closely printed in black letter.

These works were the fertile produce of "those spare hours for writing stolen from his meat and sleep." We are told that "by using much writing towards his latter end, he complained of the ache of his breast." He has himself acknowledged that "those delicate, dainty folk, the evangelical brethren," (so More calls our early Reformers,) "think my works too long, for every thing that is, they think too long." More alludes to the rising disposition in men for curtailing all forms, and other ceremonial acts, especially in the Church-services.

More, however skilful as a Latin scholar, to promulgate his opinions aimed at popularity, and cultivated our vernacular idiom, till the English language seems to have enlarged the compass of its expression under the free and copious vein of the writer. It is only by the infelicity of the subjects which constitute the greater portion of this mighty volume, that its author has missed the immortality which his genius had else secured.

More has been fortunate in the zeal of his biographers, but we are conscious that, had there been a Xenophon or a Boswell among them, they could have told us much more. The conversations of Sir Thomas More were racy. His was that rare gift of nature, perfect presence of mind, deprived of which, the fullest is but slow and late. His conversancy with public affairs, combined with a close observation of familiar life, ever afforded him a striking aptitude of illustration; but the levity of his wit, and the luxuriance of his humour, could not hide the deep sense which at all times gave weight to his thoughts and decision to his acts. Of all these we are furnished with ample evidence.

Domestic affection in all its naïve simplicity dictated the artless record of Roper, the companion of More for sixteen years, and the husband of his adored daughter Margaret\*. The pride of ancestry in the pages of his great grandson, the ascetic Thomas More, could not borrow the charm of that work from whence he derived his enlarged narrative†. More than one beadsman, the votaries of their martyr, have consecrated his memory even with their legendary faith‡; while recent and more philosophical writers have expatiated on the wide theme, and have repeated the story of this great Chancellor of England§.

"The child here waiting at table, whomever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." It was thus that the early patron of More, Cardinal Morton, sagaciously contemplated on the precocity of More's boyhood. His fine and natural genius broke out at the Christmas revels, when the boy, suddenly slipping in among the players, acted an

\* Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, which had been suppressed through the reign of Elizabeth, only first appeared in 1626, and was re-published in 1729. There is also an elegant modern reprint by Mr. Singer.

† The life by his great grandson was printed in 1627, and republished in 1726. This biography is the one usually referred to. With a more lucid arrangement and a fuller narrative, the writer, however, inherited little of the family genius, except the bigotry of his great ancestor.

‡ *Three Thomases*. The three Thomases are Aquinas, A'Becket, and More—by Dr. Thomas Stapleton. Another life by J. H. is an abridgment, 1662. These writers, Romanists, as well as the great grandson, have interspersed in their narrative more than one of those fabulous incidents and pious frauds, visions and miracles, which have been the opprobrium of Catholic biographers.

§ Macdonald, in his "Lives of British Statesmen," has chiefly considered the political character of this Lord Chancellor. Others have written lives merely as accompaniments to the editions of some of his works.

extempore part of his own invention. Yet this jocund humour, which never quitted him to his last awful minute, at times indulged a solemnity of thought, as remarkable in a youth of eighteen. In the taste of that day he invented an allegorical pageant. These pageants consisted of paintings on rolls of cloth; with inscriptions in verse, descriptive of the scenical objects. They formed a series of the occupations of Childhood—Manhood—the indolent lover “a child again,” and Old Age thin and hoar, wise and discreet. The last scenes exhibited more original conceptions. The image of Death, where under his “mishapen feet” lie the sage old man—then came “the Lady Fame,” boasting that she had survived death, and would preserve the old man’s name “by the voice of the people.” But Fame was followed by Time, “the lord of every hour—the great destroyer both of sea and land,” deriding simple Fame, for “who shall boast an eternal name before me?” Yet was there a more potent destroyer than Time; Time itself was mortal! and the eighth pageant revealed the triumph of Eternity! The last exhibited the Poet himself meditating in his chair, he “who had fed their eyes with these fictions and these figures.” The allegory of Fame, Time, and Eternity is a sublime creation of ideal personifications. The conception of these pageants reminds one of the allegorical “Triumph” of Petrarch; but they are not borrowed from the Italian poet—they were indeed in the taste of the age, and such pageants were exhibited in the streets, but the present gorgeous invention, as well as the verses, were the fancies of the youthful More.

More in his youth was a true poet, but in his active life he soon deserted these shadows of the imagination.

A modern critic has regretted that, notwithstanding the zeal of his biographers, we would gladly have been better acquainted with More’s political life, his parliamentary speeches, his judicial decrees, and his history as an ambassador and a courtier.

There is not however wanting the most striking evidence of More’s admirable independence in all these characters. I shall fix on his parliamentary life.

As a burgess under Henry Seventh he effectually opposed a royal demand for money. When the King heard that “a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose,” the malice of royalty was wreaked on the devoted head of the Judge his father, in a causeless quarrel and a heavy fine. When More was chosen the Speaker of the Commons, he addressed Henry Eighth on the important subject of *freedom of Debate*. There is a remarkable passage on the heat of discussion, and the diversity of men’s faculties, which displays a nice discrimination in human nature.

“Among so many wise men, neither is every one wise alike; nor among so many alike well-witted, every man alike well-spoken; and it often happeneth, that likewise as much folly is uttered with painted polished speeches, so, many, boisterous and rude in language, see deep indeed, and give right substantial counsel. And since also, in matters of great importance, the mind is so often occupied in the matter, that a man rather studies what to say than how, by reason whereof the wisest man and best spoken in a whole country fortuneth while his mind is fervent in the matter, somewhat to speak in such wise as he would afterward wished to have been uttered otherwise, and yet no worse will had he when he spake it, than he had when he would gladly change it.”



Once the potent Cardinal, irritated at the free language of the Commons, to awe the House, came down in person, amid the blazonry of all the insignia of his multiform state. To check his arrogance it was debated whether the minister should be only admitted with a few lords. More suggested that, as Wolsey had lately taxed the lightness of their tongues, "it would not be amiss to receive him in all his pomp, with his (silver) pillars, emblems of his ecclesiastical power, as a pillar of the church, his maces, his pole-axes, his crosses, his hat, and his great seal too, to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may the more boldly lay the blame on those his Grace brings with him." The Cardinal made a solemn oration, and when he ceased, behold the whole House was struck by one unbroken and dead silence! The Minister addressed several personally—each man was a mute. Discovering that he could not carry his point by his presence, he seemed to recollect that the custom of the House was to speak by the mouth of their speaker, and Wolsey turned to him: More, in all humility, explained the cause of the universal silence, by the amazement of the House at the presence of so noble a personage, besides that it was not agreeable to the liberty of the House to offer answers—that he himself could return no answer, "except every one of the members could put into his head their several wits." The Minister abruptly rose, and departed *re infectâ*. Shortly after, Wolsey, in his gallery at Whitehall, told More, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker!" "So would I, too!" replied More; and then immediately exclaimed, "I like this gallery much better than your gallery at Hampton Court," and thus talking of pictures, he broke off "the Cardinal's unpleasant talk."

This was a customary artifice with More. He withdrew the mind from disturbing thoughts by some sudden exclamation, or broke out into some facetious sally, which gave a new turn to the conversation. Of many, to give a single instance, on the day he resigned the chancellorship, he went, after service, to his wife's pew; there bowing, in the manner the Lord Chancellor's servant was accustomed to announce to her in the very words More used, that "My Lord was gone!" she laughed at the idling mockery; but when assured, in sober sadness, that "My Lord was gone!" this good sort of lady, with her silly exclamation of "Tillie vallie! Tillie vallie! will you sit and make goslings in the ashes?" broke out into one of those domestic explosions to which she was very liable. The resigned Chancellor, now resigned in more than one sense, to allay the storm he had raised, desired his daughters to observe whether they could not see some fault in their mother's dress? They could discover none: "Don't you perceive that your mother's nose stands somewhat awry?" Thus, by a stroke of merriment, he dissipated the tedious remonstrances, and perplexing inquiries which a graver man could not have eluded.

At the most solemn moments of his life, he was still disposed to indulge his humour. When, in the Tower, denied pen and ink, he wrote a letter to his beloved Margaret, and tells her that "This letter is written with a coal; but that, to express his love, a peck of coals would not suffice."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.

## REPORT FROM SELECT COMMITTEE ON SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.

ONE of those startling facts which appeal at once to the common sense of every one, in regard to the inability of our past organs of legislation, is the little that has been done for the last twenty years in this branch of our criminal law, and in spite of the efforts made to amend it.

In 1812, a committee, of which Sir S. Romilly was chairman, sat to consider the subject of transportation. In that committee were the most able individuals that could at that time be collected together, or who at any time have been found in the House of Commons. Still that report—the result of their great labour and great talents—was almost entirely unattended to.

In 1819 Sir James Mackintosh was chairman of another committee on secondary punishments, in pursuance of the report of which, he introduced six bills, in May, 1820. Only three were persisted in; and in the commutation of punishment bill which followed, but four offences were suffered to remain out of the eleven it was intended to commute.

Now we have another committee, which gives us very valuable evidence, and some very rational opinions, to be also, in all probability, entirely useless.

Their report—now before us—commences with the statement of an increase of crime in England and Wales, from 1817 to 1824, of 78 per cent.; from 1824 to 1830 of 190 per cent.: while in a subsequent part of the report it appears, that in Scotland, judging from the two years 1830 and 1831, which are the only years for which returns exist, the progress of crime has been as rapid as in any other part of Great Britain. This the committee attribute, in a great degree, to the ineffectual system of secondary punishments; and they then class their report under the following heads:—

1. Prison discipline.
2. The Penitentiary.
3. The Hulks.
4. The penal Colonies.

Leaving the question of severity open, the principal evils to complain of in Prison Discipline in general seem to be—the facility of contamination, the inequality of punishment, and the lapse of time which frequently takes place between being committed and brought to trial. In the last two years it would appear that 172,159 persons, exclusive of debtors, have passed through the different gaols in England and Wales. This is a vast population, a great part of which society is again to absorb. In Clerkenwell alone, out of 6730 prisoners, 910, in 1830, were discharged for want of prosecutors,—no inconsiderable number of persons for the law to have unnecessarily depraved, and who unhappily avenge themselves for the wrongs they have received from the community, by the contagion they bear back with them from the gaol.

No attempts at classification have been hitherto successful.

The system of punishment is so unequal in the different prisons, that a man condemned to six months' labour in one performs what would be eighteen months' labour in another. "For instance, in Bedford gaol

the labour performed is equal to an ascent of 5000 feet in summer, and 3600 in winter; while in Knutsford House of Correction it is 14,000 feet in summer, and 9800 in winter." The same inequality exists in respect to diet. At Hereford, a prisoner's food amounts to 3s. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and at Preston to 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., per week.

So in respect to the more frequent delivery of gaols. In London the period of confinement before trial cannot exceed six weeks; in some counties it may extend to several, even to eight, months. A prisoner is frequently confined before trial for a longer period than, *if guilty*, he would be after conviction. These are strong facts.

In respect to the Penitentiary, which is made a separate subject, it is to be looked upon as an experiment of solitary confinement, the only establishment of that kind existing in this country; and there is one remarkable circumstance respecting it, that whereas the discipline was in some degree relaxed by the formation of two classes, the prisoners in the second class being allowed communication with each other, this species of indulgence has been found so prejudicial to the reformation of the prisoners, that one class only is to exist for the future,—as strong a practical instance as could well be quoted of the superiority, as far as the moral improvement of the individual is concerned, of solitary confinement.

The Hulks, though we do not entirely agree with all that has been said by the Committee, is decidedly one of our worst penal establishments. The Committee, we imagine, have been rather too ready to take exceptional cases as the ground of general complaint. We cannot believe that the prisoners are in *the habit* of getting up late, playing on musical instruments, dancing, fighting, gaming, &c. &c. We cannot believe that the convicts live "a jolly kind of life" there, as was stated by one of the witnesses, the rather that we have seen several letters written by prisoners to their friends (never intended to be otherwise circulated), which speak of the deplorable state of wretchedness in which these unfortunate men are placed. Neither can we discover the heinous objection to allowing them sixpence and threepence a-week to purchase tea and tobacco; nor can we see the unpardonable lenity and danger of allowing them to see their friends, at proper times and intervals, who, in many cases, are as likely to give them wholesome advice, and to maintain them against bad example, as to be that source of corruption, "the torrent of which," says Colonel Davies, rather poetically, "it is impossible for the ministers of religion to stem." Still, from the evidence on which the Report is founded, there does seem sufficient to justify the assumption that this establishment is not conducted on that system of sobriety, regularity, and uniform (we do not, as it at present exists, contend for excessive) severity, which would be desirable for the end of its institution.

In respect to the penal colonies—

The objection of the Committee seems to be that the punishment they inflict in transportation ceases, from the manner in which the convicts are treated, to be any punishment at all. They complain most bitterly that a convict's food is more abundant, his clothing better, and the climate under which he lives finer, than he would have enjoyed as an agricultural labourer in his own country. They are offended at the possibility which, owing to his skill and industry, a mechanic has of earning

sufficient to attain a respectable situation in life, which they consider "quite inconsistent with moral improvement." In this point of their report we cannot entirely coincide with the Honourable Committee, rather preferring of the two Burke's antiquated maxim, "that the degree of estimation in which a man is held becomes the standard of the value which he sets upon himself."

As far as the state of the prisons is concerned, we think the present document of considerable utility. We agree, moreover, in the opinion expressed in favour of solitary confinement, as far as it may be obtainable, as well as in thinking it would be better to adopt a more expensive and severe mode of punishment, limiting the expense and the severity by shortening the time for which it is inflicted. What the report evidently wants is a proper grasp and comprehension of the subject in the mind of the person who drew it up. It speaks of preventing contamination and exciting terror; but it is evident at a glance that the maxims laid down, even when right, proceed from a partial and imperfect understanding of the end and justice of punishment. There is manifestly a disposition in the mind of the Chairman, which, while it makes non-contamination an object, induces him to consider excessive terror, produced by excessive severity, the essential one. For ourselves, we have strong feelings upon this subject; we consider every punishment an evil in itself—it is a pain inflicted on the human race, and which can only be justified by removing from it a pain still greater. But we must not forget that the pain which we inflict is—certain; the chance of that pain being the means to prevent another and a greater—doubtful. The Committee seem to consider the prevention of crime an unmitigated good; if it can only be effected by severe laws it is but a mitigated evil: but if we inflict the punishment, and do not prevent the crime, we are ourselves criminal, very probably as criminal as the person whom we combine to punish. Colonel Davies seems to say, "let us torment the criminal as much as we can, and see whether that will not deter from crime:" we say, Be sure that you will thus deter from crime before you heap one single new misery upon the criminal.

The view that should always be present to our minds in this branch of legislation, as indeed in all others, is, that we have to procure as much happiness as we can to the majority with as small a cost of happiness as possible to the minority. All our schemes and inventions should be applied to, and should be tried by, this test. What we do will then be done with a benevolent and cautious spirit. We shall put as far from us as possible the desire to torture and degrade our fellow-creatures. We shall also take a whole view of every thing that is presented to us regarding it, not only in itself, but in its bearings and in reference to its end. Contamination is to be avoided, because, in increasing crime, it increases misery—reformation is to be sought, because, in diminishing crime, it increases happiness; every comfort that the prisoner or the outlaw can possess, is an advantage, if it be not the means of inflicting a disproportionate evil on a disproportionate and greater number of individuals. The more we can reduce punishment, and still reduce crime, the nearer we shall approach to a system of perfection. Neither have we a right to say, we have placed society in such a state that there is a stronger necessity than there ought to be for a man to commit robbery: our police and our law are so inefficient, that

there is every chance of his escaping if he do commit it; and therefore the check upon his doing so, which comes in the shape of punishment, must be the stronger. This is a device for maintaining and increasing, in a variety of processes, the stock of unhappiness among mankind, and no community of men have a right to adopt it. It is not justified by necessity, because the necessity ought to operate in altering the frame of the social body, or in amending its laws and its police. We should get rid of our first fault, not correct it by a second.

But not only do we object to excessive punishment as morally a bad preventive to crime—we think it so politically. There is hardly any punishment, we believe, (except in cases where the criminal is in great necessity, and then no punishment can be sufficient,) which would not deter from the commission of crime, if it were *certain* to follow *speedily* upon its commission. It is the idea that he will escape altogether, and that, if punishment does come, it will not come for some time at all—events, or that, which is a punishment to most, will not prove a punishment to him,—this is the train of reasoning under which, in nine cases out of ten, the criminal braves the law.

It is not, then, by making punishment as severe as possible, but by making it as equal as certain, and as immediate as possible, that we shall best effect our object. Mr. Wakefield has judged the matter rightly. Our disposition is so constituted, that we rather imagine the favourable exception will be ours than the unfortunate general rule. It is not, God knows, the want of severity in the letter of our law, but the looseness and uncertainty with which it is carried into operation, that we have at present to contend against. Transportation is, we believe, in general, a severe punishment enough. That which diminishes the *effect* of its severity is:—1st. The chance of escape altogether; 2ndly. The distance, even when *guilt* is proved, between the punishment and the conviction; and lastly, The possibility that, out of the one hundred cases in which the fate and service of a convict is deplorably wretched, the culprit's may be one of the three cases that occur on which such a lot is comparatively light.

There never yet was a man that gained a prize in the lottery, the whole of whose acquaintance did not immediately purchase a ticket.

We are sorry that our space does not now afford us the opportunity of going deeper into this subject, one of such serious importance. When the objects of the report are likely to be discussed before the House of Commons, we shall again return to it.

The new Parliament, it is to be hoped, will act a different part from those Parliaments which have preceded it. To that Parliament we look with confidence, and trust that the people are looking with the earnest endeavour to choose such men, as, from their talent and integrity, they will be able not to dictate to, but to trust.

A motion was once made during the great rebellion, that such as were chosen to serve in the parliamentary troops should be faithful and skilful riders. Mr. Waller said, "he much approved the motion, for," added he, "*it is most necessary that the riders be faithful, lest they run away with the horses,—and skilful, lest their horses run away with them.*"

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY  
THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. II.

—“ Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice.”

From this period we saw Lord Byron frequently; he met us in our rides nearly every day, and the road to Nervi became our favourite promenade. While riding by the sea-shore, he often recurred to the events of his life, mingling sarcasms on himself with bitter pleasantries against others. He dined often with us, and sometimes came after dinner, as he complained that he suffered from indulging at our repasts, as animal food disagreed with him. He added, that even the excitement of society, though agreeable and exhilarating at the time, left a nervous irritation, that prevented sleep or occupation for many hours afterwards.

I once spoke to him, by the desire of his medical adviser, on the necessity of his accustoming himself to a more nutritious regimen; but he declared, that if he did, he should get fat and stupid, and that it was only by abstinence that he felt he had the power of exercising his mind. He complained of being spoiled for society, by having so long lived out of it; and said, that though naturally of a quick apprehension, he latterly felt himself dull and stupid. The impression left on my mind is, that Byron never could have been a brilliant person in society, and that he was not formed for what generally is understood by that term: he has none of the “small change” that passes current in the mart of society, his gold is in ingots, and cannot be brought into use for trifling expenditures; he, however, talks a good deal, and likes to *raconter*.

Talking of people who were great talkers, he observed that almost all clever people were such, and gave several examples: amongst others, he cited Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Johnson, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Madame de Staël. “But,” said he, “my friend, Lady ———, would have talked them all out of the field. She, I suppose, has heard that all clever people are great talkers, and so has determined on displaying, at least, *one* attribute of that genus; but her Ladyship would do well to recollect that *all* great talkers are not clever people—a truism that no one can doubt who has been often in her society.”

“Lady ———,” continued Byron, “with *beaucoup de ridicule*, has many essentially fine qualities; she is independent in her principles—though, by the by, like all Independents, she allows that privilege to few others, being the veriest tyrant that ever governed

~~continued from page 92~~

Fashion's fools, who are compelled to shake their caps and bells as she wills it. Of all that coterie," said Byron, "Madame de ———, after Lady ———, was the best; at least I thought so; for these two ladies were the only ones who ventured to protect me when all London was crying out against me on the separation, and *they* behaved courageously and kindly; indeed Madame de ——— defended me when few dared to do so, and I have always remembered it. Poor dear Lady ———! does she still retain her beautiful cream-coloured complexion and raven hair? I used to long to tell her that she spoiled her looks by her excessive animation; for eyes, tongue, head, and arms were all in movement at once, and were only relieved from their active service by want of respiration. I shall never forget when she once complained to me of the fatigue of literary occupations; and I, in terror, expected her Ladyship to propose reading to me an epic poem, tragedy, or at least a novel of her composition, when, lo! she displayed to me a very richly-bound Album, half filled with printed extracts cut out of newspapers and magazines, which she had selected and pasted in the book; and I (happy at being let off so easily) sincerely agreed with her that literature was very tiresome. I understand that she has now advanced with the "March of Intellect," and got an Album filled with MS. poetry, to which all of us, of the *craft*, have contributed. I was the first; Moore wrote something, which was, like all that he writes, very sparkling and terse; but he got dissatisfied with the faint praise it met with from the husband before Miladi saw the verses, and destroyed the effusion; I know not if he ever has supplied their place. Can you fancy Moore paying attention to the opinion of Milor, on Poesy? Had it been on racing or horse flesh he might have been right; but Pegasus is, perhaps, the only horse of whose paces Lord ——— could not be a judge."

Talking of fashionable life in London, Lord Byron said that there was nothing so vapid and *ennuyeux*. "The English," said he, "were intended by nature to be good, sober-minded people, and those who live in the country are really admirable. I saw a good deal of English country life, and it is the only favourable impression that remains of our mode of living; but of London, and *exclusive* society, I retain a fearful recollection. Dissipation has need of wit, talent, and gaiety to prevent reflection, and make the eternal round of frivolous amusements pass; and of these," continued Byron, "there was a terrible lack in the society in which I mixed. The minds of the English are formed of sterner stuff. You may make an English woman (indeed Nature does this) the best daughter, wife, and mother in the world; nay, you may make her a heroine; but nothing can make her a ge-

nuine woman of fashion! And yet this latter rôle is the one which, *par preference*, she always wishes to act. Thorough-bred English gentlewomen," said Byron, "are the most distinguished and lady-like creatures imaginable. Natural, mild, and dignified, they are formed to be placed at the heads of our patrician establishments; but when they quit their congenial spheres to enact the leaders of fashion, *les dames à la mode*, they bungle sadly. Their gaiety degenerates into levity—their hauteur into incivility—their fashionable case, and nonchalance into *brusquerie*—and their attempts at assuming *les usages du monde* into a positive outrage on all the *bien-séances*. In short, they offer a coarse caricature of the airy flightiness and capricious, but amusing, *légèreté* of the French, without any of their redeeming *espièglerie* and *politesse*. And all this because they will perform parts in the comedy of life for which nature has not formed them, neglecting their own dignified characters."

"Madame de Staël," continued Lord Byron, "was forcibly struck by the factitious tone of the best society in London, and wished very much to have an opportunity of judging of that of the second class. She, however, had not this opportunity, which I regret, as I think it would have justified her expectations. In England, the raw material is generally good; it is the over-dressing that injures it; and as the class she wished to study are well educated, and have all the refinement of civilization without its corruption, she would have carried away a favourable impression. Lord Grey and his family were the personification of her *beau idéal* of perfection, as I must say they are of mine," continued Byron, "and might serve as the finest specimens of the pure English patrician breed, of which so few remain. His uncompromising and uncompromised dignity, founded on self-respect, and accompanied by that certain proof of superiority—simplicity of manner and freedom from affectation, with her mild and matron graces, her whole life offering a model to wives and mothers—really they are people to be proud of, and a few such would reconcile one to one's species."

One of our first rides with Lord Byron was to Nervi, a village on the sea-coast, most romantically situated, and each turn of the road presenting various and beautiful prospects. They were all familiar to him, and he failed not to point them out, but in very sober terms, never allowing any thing like enthusiasm in his expressions, though many of the views might have excited it.

His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of cavesons, martingales, and Heaven knows



how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was *à la Hussarde* with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trousers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same colour, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves set in as they used to be ten, or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark-blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was any thing but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green tartan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as, from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had *pretensions* on this point, though he certainly was what I should call a timid rider. When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when we came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there really was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could perfectly manage (or what he called *bully*) a very highly-dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it; asked me a thousand questions as to how I had acquired such a perfect command of it, &c. &c. and entreated, as the greatest favour, that I would resign it to him as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it, &c. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed so anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke (the name of the horse), and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.

During our ride the conversation turned on our mutual friends and acquaintances in England. Talking of two of them, for one of whom he professed a great regard, he declared laughingly that they had saved him from suicide. Seeing me look grave, he added, "It is a fact, I assure you, I should positively have destroyed myself, but I guessed that ——— or ——— would write my life, and with this fear before my eyes, I have lived on. I know so well the sort of things they would write of me—the excuses, lame as myself, that they would offer for my delinquencies, while they were unnecessarily exposing them, and all this done with the avowed intention of justifying, what, God help me! cannot be justified, my *unpoetical* repu-

tation, with which the world can have nothing to do! One of my friends would dip his pen in clarified honey, and the other in vinegar, to describe my manifold transgressions, and as I lived on, and do not wish my poor fame to be either *preserved* or *pickled*, I have written my Memoirs, where facts will speak for themselves, without the editorial candour of excuses, such as 'we cannot excuse *this* unhappy error, or defend *that* impropriety;'—the mode," continued Byron, "in which friends exalt their own prudence and virtue, by exhibiting the want of those qualities in the dear departed, and by marking their disapproval of his errors. I have written my Memoirs," said Byron, "to save the necessity of their being written by a friend or friends, and have only to hope they will not add notes."

I remarked with a smile, that at all events he anticipated his friends by *saying* before hand as many illnatured things of *them* as they could possibly *write* of *him*. He laughed, and said, "Depend on it we are equal. Poets, (and I may, I suppose, without presumption, count myself among that favoured race, as it has pleased the Fates to make me one,) have no friends. On the old principle, that 'union gives force,' we sometimes agree to have a violent friendship for each other. We dedicate, we bepraise, we write pretty letters, but we do not deceive *each other*. In short, we resemble you fair ladies, when some half dozen of the fairest of you profess to love each other mightily, correspond so sweetly, call each other by such pretty epithets, and laugh in your hearts at those who are taken in by such appearances."

I endeavoured to defend my sex, but he adhered to his opinion. I ought to add that during this conversation he was very gay, and that though his words may appear severe, there was no severity in his manner. The natural flippancy of Lord Byron took off all appearance of premeditation or bitterness from his remarks, even when they were acrimonious, and the impression conveyed to, and left on my mind, was, that for the most part they were uttered more in jest than in earnest. They were however sufficiently severe to make me feel that there was no *safety* with him, and that in five minutes after one's quitting him on terms of friendship, he could not resist the temptation of showing one up, either in conversation or by letter, though in half an hour after he would put himself to personal inconvenience to render a kindness to the person so shown up.

I remarked that in talking of literary productions, he seemed much more susceptible to their defects, than alive to their beauties. As a proof, he never failed to remember some quotation that told against the unhappy author, which he recited with an emphasis, or a mock-

heroic air, that made it very ludicrous. The pathetic he always burlesqued in reciting; but this I am sure proceeded from an affectation of not sympathizing with the general taste.

*April* —. Lord Byron dined with us to-day. During dinner he was as usual gay, spoke in terms of the warmest commendation of Sir Walter Scott, not only as an author, but as a man, and dwelt with apparent delight on his novels, declaring that he had read and re-read them over and over again, and always with increased pleasure. He said that he quite equalled, nay, in his opinion, surpassed Cervantes. In talking of Sir Walter's private character, goodness of heart, &c., Lord Byron became more animated than I had ever seen him; his colour changed from its general pallid tint to a more lively hue, and his eyes became humid; never had he appeared to such advantage, and it might easily be seen that every expression he uttered proceeded from his heart.\* Poor Byron!—for poor he is even with all his genius, rank, and wealth—had he lived more with men like Scott, whose openness of character and steady principle had convinced him that they were in earnest in *their goodness*, and not *making believe*, (as he always suspects good people to be,) his life might be different and happier! Byron is so acute an observer that nothing escapes him; all the shades of selfishness and vanity are exposed to his searching glance, and the misfortune is, (and a serious one it is to him,) that when he finds these, and alas! they are to be found on every side, they disgust and prevent his giving credit to the many good qualities that often accompany them. He declares he can sooner pardon crimes, because they proceed from the passions, than these minor vices, that spring from egotism and self-conceit. We had a long argument this evening on the subject, which ended, like most arguments, by leaving both of the same opinion as when it commenced. I endeavoured to prove that crimes were not only injurious to the perpetrators, but often ruinous to the innocent, and productive of misery to friends and relations, whereas selfishness and vanity carried with them their own punishment, the first depriving the person of all sympathy, and the second exposing him to ridicule which to the vain is a heavy punishment, but that their effects were not destructive to society as are crimes.

He laughed when I told him that having heard him so often declare against vanity, and detect it so often in his friends, I began to suspect he knew the malady by having had it himself, and that I

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\* After all, in spite of Byron's insincere severity to the ordinary herd of absent friends, did he not *invariably* speak well of those whom he thought *really* deserved esteem? Scott, Shelley, Mrs. Leigh, of these he is no backbiter! As to the rest, he does not seem (however erroneously) to have felt their merits or believed their friendship.—E.D.

had observed through life, that those persons who had the most vanity were the most severe against that failing in their friends. He wished to impress upon me that he was not vain, and gave various proofs to establish this; but I produced against him his boasts of swimming, his evident desire of being considered more *un homme de société* than a poet, and other little examples, when he laughingly pleaded guilty, and promised to be more merciful towards his friends.

We sat on the balcony after tea; it commands a fine view, and we had one of those moonlight nights that are seen only in this country. Every object was tinged with its silvery lustre. In front were crowded an uncountable number of ships from every country, with their various flags waving in the breeze which bore to us the sounds of the as various languages of the crews. In the distance we enjoyed a more expanded view of the sea, which reminded Byron of his friend Moore's description, which he quoted:

"The sea is like a silv'ry lake."

The fanale casting its golden blaze into this silvery lake, and throwing a red lurid reflection on the sails of the vessels that passed near it; the fishermen, with their small boats, each having a fire held in a sort of grate fastened at the end of the boat, which burns brilliantly, and by which they not only see the fish that approach, but attract them; their scarlet caps, which all the Genoese sailors and fishermen wear, adding much to their picturesque appearance, all formed a picture that description falls far short of; and when to this are joined the bland odours of the richest and rarest flowers, with which the balconies are filled, one feels that such nights are never to be forgotten, and while the senses dwell on each, and all, a delicious melancholy steals over the mind, as it reflects that, the destinies of each conducting to far distant regions, a time will arrive when all now before the eye will appear but as a dream.

This was felt by all the party, and after a silence of many minutes, was broken by Byron, who remarked, "What an evening, and what a view! Should we ever meet in the dense atmosphere of London, shall we not recall this evening, and the scenery now before us: but no! most probably *there* we should not feel as we do here; we should fall into the same heartless, loveless, apathy that distinguish one half of our dear compatriots, or the bustling, impertinent importance to be considered *supreme bon ton* that marks the other."

Byron spoke with bitterness, but it was the bitterness of a fine nature soured by having been touched too closely by those who had lost their better feelings through a contact with the world. After a

few minutes silence, he said, "Look at that forest of masts now before us! from what remote parts of the world do they come! o'er how many waves have they not passed, and how many tempests have they not been, and may again be exposed to! how many hearts and tender thoughts follow them! mothers, wives, sisters, and sweet-hearts, who perhaps at this hour are offering up prayers for their safety."

While he was yet speaking sounds of vocal music arose; national hymns and barcaroles were sung in turns by the different crews, and when they had ceased, "God save the King" was sung by the crews of some English merchantmen lying close to the pier. This was a surprise to us all, and its effect on our feelings was magnetic. Byron was no less touched than the rest; each felt at the moment that tie of country that unites all when they meet on a far distant shore. When the song ceased, Byron, with a melancholy smile, observed, "Why, positively, we are all quite sentimental this evening, and *I, I* who have sworn against sentimentality, find the old leaven still in my nature, and quite ready to make a fool of me. 'Tell it not in Gath,' that is to say, breathe it not in London, or to English ears polite, or never again shall I be able to enact the stoic philosopher. Come, come, this will never do, we must forswear moonlight, fine views, and above all, hearing a national air sung. Little does his gracious Majesty Big Ben, as Moore calls him, imagine what loyal subjects he has at Genoa, and least of all that I am among their number."

Byron attempted to be gay, but the effort was not successful, and he wished us good night with a trepidation of manner that marked his feelings. And this is the man that I have heard considered unfeeling! How often are our best qualities turned against us, and made the instruments for wounding us in the most vulnerable part, until, ashamed of betraying our susceptibility, we affect an insensibility we are far from possessing, and, while we deceive others, nourish in secret the feelings that prey *only* on our own hearts!

It is difficult to judge when Lord Byron is serious or not. He has a habit of mystifying, that might impose upon many; but that can be detected by examining his physiognomy; for a sort of mock gravity, now and then broken by a malicious smile, betrays when he is speaking for effect, and not giving utterance to his real sentiments. If he sees that he is detected, he appears angry for a moment, and then laughingly admits, that it amuses him to *hoax* people, as he calls it, and that when each person, at some future day, will give their different statements of him, they will be so contradictory, that *all* will be doubted,—an idea that gratifies him exceed-

ingly ! The mobility of his nature is extraordinary, and makes him inconsistent in his actions as well as in his conversation. He introduced the subject of La Contessa Guiccioli and her family, which we, of course, would not have touched on. He stated that they lived beneath his roof because his rank as a British Peer afforded her father and brother protection, they having been banished from Ravenna, their native place, on account of their politics. He spoke in high terms of the Counts Gamba, father and son ; he said that he had given the family a wing of his house, but that their establishments were totally separate, their repasts never taken together, and that such was their scrupulous delicacy, that they never would accept a pecuniary obligation from him in all the difficulties entailed on them by their exile. He represented La Contessa Guiccioli as a most amiable and lady-like person, perfectly disinterested and noble-minded, devotedly attached to him, and possessing so many high and estimable qualities, as to offer an excuse for any man's attachment to her. He said that he had been passionately in love with her, and that she had sacrificed everything for him ; that the whole of her conduct towards him had been admirable, and that not only did he feel the strongest personal attachment to her, but the highest sentiments of esteem. He dwelt with evident complacency on her noble birth and distinguished connexions,—advantages to which he attaches great importance. I never met any one with so decided a taste for aristocracy as Lord Byron, and this is shown in a thousand different ways.

He says the Contessa is well-educated, remarkably fond of, and well read in, the poetry of her own country, and a tolerable proficient in that of France and England. In his praises of Madame Guiccioli, it is quite evident that he is sincere, and I am persuaded this is his last attachment. He told me that she had used every effort to get him to discontinue " Don Juan," or at least to preserve the future Cantos from all impure passages. In short, he has said all that was possible to impress me with a favourable opinion of this lady, and has conceded me that he entertains a very high one of her himself.

Byron is a strange *mélange* of good and evil, the predominancy of either depending wholly on the humour he may happen to be in. His is a character that nature totally unfitted for domestic habits, or for rendering a woman of refinement or susceptibility happy. He confesses to me that he is not happy, but admits that it is his own fault, as the Contessa Guiccioli, the only object of his love, has all the qualities to render a reasonable being happy. I observed, *à propos* to some observation he had made, that I feared La Contessa Guiccioli had little reason to be satisfied with her lot. He answer-

ed, "Perhaps you are right; yet she must know that I am sincerely attached to her; but the truth is, my habits are not those requisite to form the happiness of any woman; I am worn out in feelings, for, though only thirty-six, I feel sixty in mind, and am less capable than ever of those nameless attentions that all women, but above all, Italian women, require. I like solitude, which has become absolutely necessary to me; am fond of shutting myself up for hours, and when with the person I like, am often *distract* and gloomy. There is something I am convinced (continued Byron) in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him. Do not accuse me of vanity because I say this, as my belief is, that the worst poet may share this misfortune in common with the best. The way in which I account for it is, that our *imagination* being warmer than our *hearts*, and much more given to wander, the latter have not the power to control the former; hence, soon after our passions are gratified, imagination again takes wing, and finding the insufficiency of actual indulgence beyond the moment, abandons itself to all its wayward fancies, and during this abandonment, becomes cold and insensible to the demands of affection. This is our misfortune but not our fault, and dearly do we expiate it; by it we are rendered incapable of sympathy, and cannot lighten, by sharing, the pain we inflict. Thus we witness, without the power of alleviating, the anxiety and dissatisfaction our conduct occasions. We are not so totally unfeeling, as not to be grieved at the unhappiness we cause, but this same power of imagination, transports our thoughts to other scenes, and we are always so much more occupied by the ideal than the present, that we forget all that is actual. It is as though the creatures of another sphere, not subject to the lot of mortality, formed a factitious alliance (as all alliances must be that are not in all respects equal) with the creatures of this earth, and being exempt from its sufferings, turned their thoughts to brighter regions, leaving the partners of their earthly existence to suffer alone. But, let the object of affection be snatched away by death and how is all the pain ever inflicted on them avenged! The same imagination that led us to slight, or overlook their sufferings, now that they are for ever lost to us, magnifies their estimable qualities, and encreases ten-fold the affection we ever felt for them—

'Oh! what are thousand living loves,

To that which cannot quit the dead?'

How did I feel this when Allegra, my daughter, died! While she lived, her existence never seemed necessary to my happiness; but no sooner did I lose her, than it appeared to me as if I could not live

without her. Even now the recollection is most bitter, but how much more severely would the death of Teresa afflict me with the dreadful consciousness, that while I had been soaring into the fields of romance and fancy, I had left her to weep over my coldness or infidelities of imagination. It is a dreadful proof of the weakness of our natures, that we cannot control ourselves sufficiently to form the happiness of those we love, or to bear their loss without agony."

The whole of this conversation made a deep impression on my mind, and the countenance of the speaker, full of earnestness and feeling, impressed it still more strongly on my memory. Byron is right; a brilliant imagination is rarely, if ever, accompanied by a warm heart; but on this latter depends the happiness of life; the other renders us dissatisfied with its ordinary enjoyments.

He is an extraordinary person, *indiscreet* to a degree that is surprising, exposing his own feelings, and entering into details of those of others, that ought to be sacred, with a degree of frankness as unnecessary as it is rare. Incontinence of speech is his besetting sin. He is, I am persuaded, incapable of keeping any secret, however it may concern his own honour or that of another; and the first person with whom he found himself *tête-à-tête*, would be made the confidant, without any reference to his worthiness of the confidence or not. This indiscretion proceeds not from malice, but, I should say, from want of delicacy of mind. To this was owing the publication of his "Farewell," addressed to Lady Byron,—a farewell that must have lost all effect as an appeal to her feelings the moment it was exposed to the public—nay, must have offended her delicacy.

Byron spoke to-day in terms of high commendation of Hope's "Anastasius;" said that he wept bitterly over many pages of it, and for two reasons, first, that *he* had not written it, and secondly, that *Hope* had; for that it was necessary to like a man excessively to pardon his writing such a book—a book, as he said, excelling all recent productions, as much in wit and talent, as in true pathos. He added, that he would have given his two most approved poems to have been the author of "Anastasius."

From "Anastasius" he wandered to the works of Mr. Galt, praised the "Annals of the Parish" very highly, as also "The Entail," which we had lent him, and some scenes of which he said had affected him very much. "The characters in Mr. Galt's novels have an identity," added Byron, "that reminds me of Wilkie's pictures."

As a woman, I felt proud of the homage he paid to the genius of Mrs. Hemans, and as a passionate admirer of her poetry, I felt flattered, at finding that Lord Byron fully sympathized with my admira-



tion. He has, or at least expresses a strong dislike to the Lake school of poets, never mentions them except in ridicule, and he and I nearly quarrelled to-day because I defended poor Keats.

On looking out from the balcony this morning, I observed Byron's countenance change, and an expression of deep sadness steal over it. After a few minutes silence he pointed out to me a boat anchored to the right, as the one in which his friend Shelley went down, and he said the sight of it made him ill.—“ You should have known Shelley (said Byron) to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, most amiable, and *least* worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius, joined to a simplicity, as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly-wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain. I never can forget the night that his poor wife rushed into my room at Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror impressed on her brow, demanding, with all the tragic impetuosity of grief and alarm, where was her husband! Vain were all our efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of courage seemed to give her energy to confront the horrible truth that awaited her; it was the courage of despair; I have seen nothing in tragedy on the stage so powerful, or so affecting, as her appearance, and it often presents itself to my memory. I knew nothing then of the catastrophe, but the vividness of her terror communicated itself to me, and I feared the worst, which fears, were alas! too soon fearfully realized.

Mrs. Shelley is very clever, indeed it would be difficult for her not to be so, the daughter of Mary Wolstoncraft and Godwin, and the wife of Shelley, could be no common person.”

Byron talked to-day of Leigh Hunt, regretted his ever having embarked in the “*Liberal*,” and said that it had drawn a nest of hornets on him, but expressed a very good opinion of the talents and principle of Mr. Hunt, though, as he said, “our tastes are so opposite, that we are totally unsuited to each other. He admires the *Lakers*, I abhor them; in short, we are more formed to be friends at a distance, than near.” I can perceive that he wishes Mr. Hunt and his family away. It appears to me that Byron is a person who, without reflection, would form engagements which, when condemned by his friends or advisers, he would gladly get out of without considering the means, or at least, without reflecting on the humiliation such a desertion must inflict on the persons he had associated with him. He gives me the idea of a man, who, feeling himself in such a dilem-

ma, would become cold and ungracious to the parties with whom he so stood, before he had mental courage sufficient to abandon them. I may be wrong, but the whole of his manner of talking of Mr. Hunt gives me this impression, though he has not said what might be called an unkind word of him.

Much as Byron has braved public opinion, it is evident he has a great deference for those who stand high in it, and that he is shy in attaching himself publicly to persons who have even, however undeservedly, fallen under its censure. His expressed contempt and defiance of the world, reminds me of the bravadoes of children, who, afraid of darkness, make a noise to give themselves courage to support what they dread. It is very evident that he is partial to aristocratic friends, he dwells with complacency on the advantages of rank and station, and has more than once boasted that people of family are always to be recognized by a *certain air*, and the smallness and delicacy of their hands.

He talked in terms of high commendation of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Hobhouse; but a latent sentiment of pique was visible in his manner from the idea he appeared to entertain that Mr. Hobhouse had undervalued him. Byron evidently likes praise; this is a weakness, if weakness it be, that he partakes in common with mankind in general; but he does not seem aware that a great compliment is implied in the very act of telling a man his faults—for the friend who undertakes this disagreeable office must give him whom he censures credit for many good qualities, as well as no ordinary portion of candour and temper, to suppose him capable of hearing their recapitulation of his failings. Byron is, after all, a spoiled child, and the severe lessons he has met with being disproportioned to the errors that called them forth, has made him view the faults of the civilized world through a false medium; a sort of discoloured magnifying glass, while his own are gazed at through a concave lens. All that Byron has told me of the frankness and unbending honesty of Mr. Hobhouse's character has given me a most favourable impression of that gentleman.

Byron gave me to-day a MS. copy of verses, addressed to Lady Byron, on reading in a newspaper that she had been ill. How different is the feeling that pervades them from that of the letter addressed to her which he has given me! a lurking tenderness, suppressed by a pride that was doubtful of the reception it might meet, is evident in one, while bitterness, uncompromising bitterness, marks the other. Neither were written but with deep feelings of pain, and should be judged as the outpourings of a wounded spirit, demanding pity more than anger. I subjoin the verses, though not without some

reluctance. But while to the public they are of that value that any reasons for their suppression ought to be extremely strong, so, on the other hand, I trust, they cannot hurt either her feelings to whom they are addressed, or his memory by whom they are written. To her, because the very bitterness of reproach proves that unconquerable affection which cannot but heal the wound it causes: to him, because who, in the shattered feelings they betray, will not acknowledge the grief that hurries into error, and (may we add in charity!)—atones it.

\* "TO \* \* \* \* \*

" And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee;  
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;  
Methought that joy and health alone could be  
Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here!  
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,  
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils  
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,  
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.  
It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,  
But in the after-silence on the shore,  
When all is lost, except a little life.

" I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;  
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent  
To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.

" Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou  
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.  
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—  
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;  
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap  
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!  
I have had many foes, but none like thee;  
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,  
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;  
But thou in safe implacability  
Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,  
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,

And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—  
 And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—  
 And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—  
 On things that were not, and on things that are—  
 Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
 A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!  
 The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
 And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,  
 Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life  
 Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,  
 Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,  
 And found a nobler duty than to part.  
 But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,  
 Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,  
 For present anger, and for future gold—  
 And buying other's grief at any price.  
 And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,  
 The early Truth, which was thy proper praise,  
 Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,  
 And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,  
 Deceit, averments incompatible,  
 Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell  
 In Janus-spirits—the significant eye  
 Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext  
 Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—  
 The acquiescence in all things which tend,  
 No matter how, to the desired end—  
 All found a place in thy philosophy.  
 The means were worthy, and the end is won—  
 I would not do by thee as thou hast done!"

It is evident that Lady Byron occupies his attention continually; he introduces her name frequently; is fond of recurring to the brief period of their living together; dwells with complacency on her personal attractions, saying, that though not regularly handsome, he liked her looks. He is very inquisitive about her; was much disappointed that I had never seen her, nor could give any account of her appearance at present. In short, a thousand indescribable circumstances have left the impression on my mind that she occupies much of his thoughts, and that they appear to revert continually to her and his child. He owned to me, that when he reflected on the whole tenour of her conduct—the refusing any explanation—never answering his letters, or holding out even a hope that in future years their child might form a bond of union between them, he felt

exasperated against her, and vented this feeling in his writings; nay more, he blushed for his own weakness in thinking so often and so kindly of one who certainly showed no symptom of ever bestowing a thought on him. The mystery attached to Lady Byron's silence has piqued him, and kept alive an interest that, even now, appears as lively as if their separation was recent. There is something so humiliating in the consciousness that some dear object, to whom we thought ourselves necessary, and who occupies much of our thoughts, can forget that we exist, or at least act as if she did so, that I can well excuse the bitterness of poor Byron's feelings on this point, though not the published sarcasms caused by this bitterness; and whatever may be the sufferings of Lady Byron, they are more than avenged by what her husband feels.

It appears to me extraordinary, that a person who has given such interesting sketches of the female character, as Byron has in his works,\* should be so little *au fait* of judging feminine feeling under certain circumstances. He is surprised that Lady Byron has never relented since his absence from England; but he forgets how that absence has been filled up on his part. I ventured to suggest this, and hinted that, perhaps, had his conduct been irreproachable during the first years of their separation, and unstained by any attachment that could have widened the breach between them, it is possible that Lady Byron might have become reconciled to him; but that no woman of delicacy could receive or answer letters written beneath the same roof that sheltered some female favourite, whose presence alone proved that the husband could not have those feelings of propriety or affection towards his absent wife, the want of which constitutes a crime that all *women*, at least, can understand to be one of those least pardonable. How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive, and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure, put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart-consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel, that though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman only can understand a woman's heart—we

\* With due deference to the acute narrator, may we ask if he has really done so? Is the female character *itself* drawn in the Medoras and the Zuleikas? or are those heroines mere and dim personifications of common-place *traits* in the female character?—Ed.

cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it; and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and while we nurse the grief “that lies too deep for tears,” and consumes alike health and peace, a man may with impunity express all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet sympathy; while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter too often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices.

I stated something of this to Lord Byron to-day, *apropos* to the difference between his position and that of his wife. He tried to prove to me how much more painful was his situation than hers; but effected some alteration in his opinion when I had fairly placed their relative positions before him—at least such as they appeared to me. I represented Lady Byron to him separating in early youth, whether from just or mistaken motives for such a step, from the husband of her choice, after little more than a brief year’s union, and immediately after that union had been cemented by the endearing, strengthening tie of a new-born infant! carrying with her into solitude this fond and powerful remembrancer of its father, how much must it have cost her to resist the appeals of such a pleader!—wearing away her youth in almost monastic seclusion, her motives questioned by some, and appreciated by few—seeking consolation alone in the discharge of her duties, and avoiding all external demonstrations of a grief that her pale cheek and solitary existence are such powerful vouchers for. Such is the portrait I gave him of Lady Byron—his own I ventured to sketch as follows.

I did not enter into the causes, or motives of the separation, because I know them not, but I dwelt on his subsequent conduct:—the appealing on the separation to public sympathy, by the publication of verses, that ought only to have met the eye of her to whom they were addressed, was in itself an outrage to that delicacy, that shrinks from, and shuns publicity, so inherent in the female heart. He leaves England, the climate, modes, and customs of which had never been congenial to his taste, to seek beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and all the soul-exciting objects that classic land can offer, a consolation for domestic disappointment. How soon were the broken ties of conjugal affection replaced by less holy ones! I refer not to his attachment to La Comtesse Guiccioli, because at least it is of a different and a more pure nature, but to those degrading *liaisons* which marked the first year or two of his residence in Italy, and must ever from their revolting coarseness remain a stain on his fame. It may be urged that disappointment and sorrow drove him into such

excesses, but admitting this, surely we must respect the grief that is borne in solitude, and with the most irreproachable delicacy of conduct, more than that which flies to gross sensualities for relief.

Such was the substance, and I believe nearly the words I repeated to him to-day; and it is but justice to him to say that they seemed to make a deep impression. He said that if my portrait of Lady Byron's position was indeed a faithful one, she was much more to be pitied than he; that he felt deeply for her, but that he had never viewed their relative situations in the same light before; he had always considered her as governed wholly by pride.

I urged that my statement was drawn from facts; that, of the extreme privacy and seclusion of her life, ever since the separation, there could be no doubt, and this alone vouched for the feelings that led to it.

He seemed pleased and gratified by the reflections I had made, insensibly fell into a tone of tenderness in speaking of Lady Byron, and pressed my hand with more than usual cordiality. On bidding me good bye, his parting words were "you probe old and half-healed wounds, but though you give pain, you excite a more healthy action, and do good."

His heart yearns to see his child; all children of the same age remind him of her, and he loves to recur to the subject.

Poor Byron has hitherto been so continually occupied with dwelling on, and analyzing his own feelings, that he has not reflected on those of his wife. He cannot understand her observing such a total silence on their position, because he could not, and cannot resist making it the topic of conversation with even chance associates: this, which an impartial observer of her conduct would attribute to deep feelings, and a sense of delicacy, he concludes to be caused by pride and want of feeling. We are always prone to judge of others by ourselves, which is one of the reasons why our judgments are in general so erroneous. Man may be judged of by his species *en masse*, but he who would judge of mankind in the aggregate, from one specimen of the genus, must be often in error, and this is Byron's case.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRUE SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS POETRY.

## MONTGOMERY'S MESSIAH.

We take the opportunity afforded us by the success of Mr. Montgomery's Messiah, to make some remarks upon Religious Poetry in general. First, however, we shall discharge to Mr. Montgomery that debt which our critical duty imposes upon us. The time, we think, has arrived when Mr. Montgomery may glean from criticism some valuable and impartial suggestions. The sweeping and virulent abuse which was lavished so indiscriminately on his poetry necessarily creates reaction. And every honest and generous mind must feel more willing to praise than to defame one who has been so unfairly assailed. Yet, knowing the natural vanity of a poet, we doubt, while to many we shall seem to over-value Mr. Montgomery's present performance, whether we shall even satisfy himself of our desire to be just. Be that as it may—as Mr. Montgomery himself says in his Preface, *commenta opinionum delet dies*.

We shall proceed at once to quote passages which will prove, we fully trust, to the satisfaction of every candid reader, that our author's powers have been greatly maligned; and that whatever the rank to which as a poet he belongs—he at least possesses many and not inconsiderable attributes of his high calling.

## EVENING.

“The clouds are dead; and scarce a breeze profanes  
The blissful calm, save when some rebel dares  
On fitful wing to wander into life,  
Awake, and make unwilling branches wave,  
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall  
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath;  
Then Earth is soundless; and the solemn trees  
In leafy slumber frown their giant length  
Before them; Night and Stillness are enthroned!”

## BIRTH-NIGHT OF THE SAVIOUR.

“That night were shepherds at their watches due  
Around unfolded sheep, in that soft vale  
Whose fountain warbled to the dreaming ear  
Of David, when he sought Adullam's cave.  
A calm, so deep that silence seem'd a soul,  
Pervaded all things; dew-light on the ground  
Was glist'ring, and the vigil shepherds watch'd  
Contentedly their breathing charge repose  
On pasture, where the morning flock had fed.  
No cloud the heaven defiled; but, far and high,  
In beauty world on world came sparkling out!—  
’Twas then, while Nature mute as dreaming air  
Reclined, a melody in wafted flow  
Advanced; and when it reached the starry plain,  
A beaming Form, seraphically bright,  
Outburst, and glitter'd like a noontide sea!

## JUDÆA MOURNING FOR HER SCATTERED CHILDREN.

“For the homeless race afar  
Thou yearnest with a soft maternal grief;  
To hail and mountain the devouring curse



Hath clung ; and rivers down unpeopled vales  
 Like mournful pilgrims glide ; while fruit nor tree  
 Bear to the tyrant what thy children took  
 From thy fond bosom : yet, a latent power  
 Of life and glory in thy wither'd soil  
 Is buried,—it will rise when Judah comes :  
 Like music sleeping in a haughty lyre,  
 Whose muteness only to the master touch  
 Breaks into sound that ravishes a world !”

DAY IN WHICH THE MESSIAH IS JUDGED.

“The break of morning !—with a dim uprise,  
 Pale as a prophet, when his eye foresees  
 Unutter'd woes upon the future throng,—  
 The sun awaketh from his cloudy sleep.”

POETRY.

“ Muse,  
 Who art the angel of the soul, whose voice  
 The primal loveliness of vanish'd things  
 Renews ; or haply, thou in pure perfection, art  
 A priestess, who behind the veil of sense  
 Conducts the spirit to the holy shrine  
 Where Beauty, Love, and Everlasting Light  
 Are shrouded ; then, a prophetess, whose lip  
 Their power interprets with a vocal spell.”

BEAUTIES OF DICTION.

“ With a breeze-like sense of joy  
 Alive upon the verdant face of things.”

“ And like some fairy of the minute born,  
 A wind exulted over trees and flowers.”

“ The heaven hung o'er him like a vast reproach.”

In the above passages, in despite of isolated faults, the qualities of the poet are easily to be discovered ; and the whole poem abounds with many fragments of similar beauty. It is indeed solely in such parts that the merits of the poem consist. The crying sin of modern poetry—the want of greatness in the whole—is especially marked and prominent in the Messiah. There is no large scheme, no mighty plan, no method—in a word, no conception visible in the great task which the designer has undertaken. Mr. Montgomery seems to have formed no adequate notion of the vastness of his attempt ; he has not approached it with slow and reverential steps ; he has not suffered the majesty of the theme to sink deep into his soul—cherished and worshipped by the vigils of years—so that the whole mighty tale he was to relate might gradually shape itself forth in his meditation—a complete, clear, harmonized conception, before a single line in the execution was reluctantly ventured upon. He seems to have thought that a great subject was a great conception ; to have rushed into the theme with the Bible on one side, and half-a-dozen volumes of travels on the other ; so as to open one for an event, and the other for a description,—and he goes wandering heedlessly on his dread emprise, stringing together, without discrimination, and with equal pomp of verse, the various wonders of our Saviour's life,—the loaves and fishes multiplied—and the Dead raised,—and interlarding the

whole with the most unseasonable digressions to the most incongruous subjects. So little, indeed, does he seem imbued with the grandeur and awe of the loftiest subject which a Christian Poet could choose, that he breaks in upon the sufferings and glories of the Godhead with evidently delighted recurrence to himself;—and even immediately after the Ascension, Mr. Montgomery suddenly breaks out into the important notification that it was on an Autumn morning that he “struck the chorded lyre to this surpassing theme.” The longer and the better portion of the conclusion of the Poem is equally impertinent—being composed of an eulogium upon Poetry in general—worked up from associations utterly incompatible with the august and unearthly grandeur which belongs to the reunion of God with God. Had Mr. Montgomery been solemnly imbued with such thoughts as that idea should alone have awakened, he could not have been seduced into puny sentimentalisms like the following:—

“Oh, there be moments, &c.

When love itself is cold  
And earthy, and the tone affection breathes  
Falls fruitless on the mind as ocean spray  
That dies unheeded on the savage rock,  
And then——”

“Poetry brings the medicinal balm,” &c. These are small thoughts indeed, to be suffered at the conclusion of a history which, to our faith, is the most solemnly hallowed in the Chronicles of the World. In fact, we must take leave to doubt if Mr. Montgomery had conceived for his undertaking all that awe and reverence which it ought to have imposed upon him;—whether he would have undertaken it at all, until years—experience—long musing—and the sternest study had armed him with the fullest advantages which his powers could acquire, and all of which—in their maturest vigour—their most deliberate and solemn passion—he must have felt that the theme required. We are quite sure that at the age of four or five-and-twenty, Milton would not have suffered himself to rush into such an Epic as the History of a God and the Redemption of a World.—It is, then, not with the poetical powers of Mr. Montgomery that we find fault, so much as it is with the state of mind in which they have been excited. The powers, it is true, sink beneath the task;—but whose would not Milton's or Göthe's alone excepted? But a mind thoroughly aware of the nature of the attempt would never have so heedlessly embraced it, and so inconsiderately played and rambled with its austere solemnity. Nor is the mind of the Author sufficiently trained and accomplished for that large and comprehensive wisdom, which not only Sacred, but all Didactic Poetry requires. His reasonings are crude and valueless;—he catches truths only in some minute angle—his moral eye is not accustomed to take in the whole. This it is, he may believe us, which dissatisfies and irritates many intelligent and honest critics with his Poetry in general; and they have attributed that fault to a want of genius, which is in reality a want of knowledge. Years—experience of mankind—philosophic research—and the sad wisdom brought by actual emotion, may correct this, the greatest of all errors in the Didactic verse; for who will listen to the most musical periods of a teacher whose incapacity is apparent?—and if some few years hence the mind of

the Author really grow enlarged and enlightened, he will be surprised to discover how many passages of the most trite—unformed—and crippled thoughts he has elaborated with all his skill, and decorated with all his fancy.—The same indistinctness which pervades his ideas often pervades also his choice of words. He tells us that

“Billows writhe in agonizing play ;”

dwells on the “splendour of *tumultuous* grass,” and the “Storm’s *ejaculations* ;”—speaks of a “song fading like a silver cloud ;”—and, in short, “talks like a Justice of Peace of a thousand matters, and all to no purpose.”—His verse is usually fluent and harmonious ; and, in so long a poem, we would not be harsh to lines like the following, which, however, in a third edition, might be as well altered :—

“And aspirations high as immortality.”

“The skies for vict’ry vanquished, but rebellious still.”

Mr. Montgomery will not, as we foresaw in the commencement, be pleased with our remarks, and yet when we consider how much of life he has before him, we design them kindly, and in advice, not severity—they are a proof of our belief in his talents, and our hope of their future fruit. It is his subjects which clog or crush him ; the subjects, indeed, Heaven knows, are noble in themselves, but they are not as yet adapted to him ; the sacred lyre is rarely to be touched by those whom years have not removed from the worldlier passions and the earlier frivolities ;—and whom the griefs of experience have not darkened with that deep and contemplative reverence—that abstraction from life—that real and unaffected commune with the vision and stillness of their own hearts, which, perhaps, the wise Providence, that ordained man’s early season for utility and action, hath its own profound purpose for so rarely imparting to the young. We question not Mr. Montgomery’s sincerity any more than we have disputed his poetical genius ; but a man as easily deceives himself as to the depth of his own feelings, as he may in regard to the application of his own powers. In conclusion, we will hope to meet Mr. Montgomery soon in another field, or, if he persist in this field, we recommend him caution and time ; the reader must have perceived already that we are not among his decriers. He has written some portions of poetry possessing strong and indisputable claims to admiration ; he is yet far from a great poet—but he may become one, and that is in itself a praise which may reconcile the true minstrel to much blame, and a destiny well worthy the devotion of time, care, and labour to accomplish.

Perhaps the poetry of the day most suited to religious subjects is to be found in the rich verse of Mrs. Hemans ; there is a fine organ-tone in the swell of her stately line—a cathedral loftiness and solemnity in her general thought, which render her muse peculiarly adapted to the serious and august strains that belong to human worship. And there is in her a certain soft and tender spirit which would free religious effusion from the ascetic and small bigotry which so frequently mars its music. There is always something offensive in religious poetry when you see the devotion, but not the benevolence—when the religion grows harsh and fierce, and you recognise the sectarian in the worshipper. It is this which, we confess, displeases us frequently in Cowper himself, the most popular of our devotional poets, and the more, because in him the bigotry is never majestic, and the rebuke

sounds not with the dread and warning grandeur which elevates the austerities of Young. In the one, we see the Clergyman of the Muses—in the other, the Apostle. It is too much the custom with those classes, among which religious poetry chiefly circulates, to judge of the sacred spirit in proportion to the sanctity of the subject. But it is not unoften that the least deeply religious mind of the poet, the more religious the theme,—and in many, the excess of veneration alone prevents that tampering with the Things of Holiness, which the irreverent seize with the most familiar indifference. It is this attention to the outward seeming of the theme, and carelessness of the pervading spirit, in our religious poets, which remind us of that Dosiades who also wrote sacred poetry, not caring whether the verses were worthy of the Gods, so long as they were written out in the shape of an Altar. In fact, whatever be the theme of the poet, there is no want of *veneration* in the true poetical character. No man can work out a Great Ideal, who does not habitually look upward; the desire to seek out the high—the lovely—the wondrous, is in fact to feed the twin inclinations, to admire and to revere. Perhaps the world never produced a great poet in whom this sentiment of veneration was not largely developed. But the sentiment is exceedingly complex, and manifests itself in a variety of shapes; we must be careful how we confound the sentiment of Veneration with the sentiment of religion. Religion is but one branch of Veneration. In some minds the reverential habit betrays itself in dim and superstitious affection for the antique. Old customs, and bye-gone laws, have for them a religion of their own; the dreary legend—the monumental ruin awake the deepest source of their interest; they are the brooders over the Past, and their worship lies amidst the Gothic aisles and desolate arches of Tradition. It is in this channel that the great Author of *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe* mainly and palpably develops the ruling organ of his tribe. It is this which poured the pale moonlight over the grey ruins of Melrose—which raised the shadowy superstitions that thrill the heart in the tale of the Lord of Ravensworth—which conjured up the swart form of Bois de Guilbert—which drew prophecy from the wan stars on the heights of Ellangowan—which raised the warning wrath to the bold eye of Mac Ivor,—and once more filled the heaths of Scotland with the mailed chivalrie of Flodden.

In minds differently constituted, it mingles with this lingering passion for the Past, an aspiration after the *Pure*—the *Spiritual*—the *High* in *Morals*. It wraps the mind in a golden Platonism, and bows us worship before the *Beauty* of the *Ideal Good*. Thus did the sentiment display itself in the transparent majesty of Milton; and at this day in the patriarchal tenderness of Wordsworth—a rare and holy effect of veneration, which the passions are the most opposed to, and which is usually coupled with a deep and bright philosophy. This is the prevalent shape in which the reverential faculty displays itself amongst the Poets of Germany; and it constantly breaks forth amidst the fire and energy of Schiller, as well as the elaborate tranquillity of Göthe. More passionate—yet less earnest, less profound, and less removed from the grasp of social frivolities—the same reverence for the *Ideal of Virtue*—the *To Kalon* of *Morality*—influenced the rich diction of Rousseau—gave a confused morality to De Staël—elevates the knightly soul of Chateaubriand—and made itself a Grecian temple in the restless genius of Shelley. In the last especially, the Platonic veneration for the *Good*

—that fluent and governing Spirit of Beauty which glides, harmonizing, through the universe—is especially to be marked; and the same rash being, that entangled in a maze of the most incomprehensible metaphysics that ever man spun round his own reason, dared to deny the Deity—seems never to have escaped the absorbing thirst to worship—to adore—to dissolve away before the light of the divine attributes of which the nature of the Deity is composed.

In dispositions of a lower nature, the habit of veneration displays itself in the respect for names and titles—the ceremonies and pomps of a court. This, in all ages, has been the common weakness of Poets; it has been constantly satirized, but we have never seen it traced to what we consider its right source. This attaches the Poet to Kings and Kaisers—this makes him flatter, and yet be in his flattery sincere—this chains Horace to his Mæcenas, and devotes the creator of the *Æneid* to Augustus—this makes Waller and Dryden the alternate sycophants of a Cromwell and a Stuart—this bowed the stubborn sense of Johnson to revere a Lord, and smoothed the grin of Voltaire when he wrote on the lives of Kings, and boasted that he was gentleman to Louis the Fifteenth. In Voltaire—the sceptic, the leveller, the arch-abaser of human pride—the close observer may yet discover the sentiment of reverence largely, but always erratically, developed. What God is to the religious, Glory was to him. The great, the splendid, never failed to dazzle his eagle eyes. All the subjects of his tragedies betray the influence that Pomp held over him; the magnificent Mahomet—the superb Merope—the noble Zaire!—his soul walks only in courts—his very tales are about Kings—and nothing is more amusing than the rage he indulges when any “*Impertinent*,” who has not lived with the great, ventures to satirize them.

In short, look to the Poetical Character, however modified, and the leading feature is that of veneration. The ideal—the visionary—the yearning—are all emanations from this principle—the vague internal impress of something great and high, “above the visible diurnal sphere.” It is this

that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance.  
Delightedly it dwells 'mong fays, and talismans,  
And spirits; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being itself divine.  
The intelligible forms of ancient Poets,  
The fair Humanities of old Religion,  
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty.

It follows not, therefore, that the Religious Poet has most strongly within him the governing source of Religion itself,—the love—the worship—and the awe—which belong to the word REVERE. And Shakespeare—in whom veneration is unceasingly pre-eminent—indulges less of what in the daily sense is termed “religious” feeling than almost any English writer equally voluminous. But easy indeed is it to trace the sacred shadow that rested on that vast mind; and dull must be the sectarian who would trace more of the supernatural Awe—Religion in its large sense—in Blair’s Poem of The Grave, or Addison’s Hymn on Providence, than in the gloom of Hamlet or the dreary grandeur of Macbeth.

In that poetry, however, more especially and commonly called Religious,—poetry devoted to the praise and worship of the Deity, to the

triumphs of revelation, the conditions of human life, the prospect of the grave, and the victory over death, England is peculiarly rich. It may, however, be observed, that many of our most beautiful writings of this class are but little known, and among the neglected fragments of our earliest poets lies the music of some of the purest, the tenderest, the most solemn out-breathings of a religious heart. The habits and manners indulged by the poets of our ancestry were indeed especially suited to that soft and solitary contemplation which is the nurse of the religious spirit. The quiet of the country life, the early rising, what time "the great sun begins his state"—the then thinly peopled greens and hollows, the frequent bell of the old church service, the Gothic spire, and dim aisle—so creative, in the soul, of the shadowy, the aspiring, and the indefinite—the very fashion of the houses, with the long fear-provoking gallery, and the gloomy room with its deep-sunk windows—the private chapel to the baronial house, the quaint dial on the smooth green, with its impressive motto—were all subservient to that grave and visioned mood in which the moral thought of this life, and fore-dream of the next, steal with a luxurious melancholy over the heart. These lesser and more subtle causes aided the main reasons, viz. the yet scarce-conquered influence of the monastic spirit, and the paucity of lighter literature, in tinging with a religious dye the writings of our more tender and contemplative authors, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles the Second. Nor in verse alone is this noticeable; the religious spirit deeply impregnates the majestic prose of that period; an order of prose, be it said, immeasurably above that which has succeeded it; and it is with a sort of wonder that we remember how often we are gravely told that Addison and Steele were the improvers, instead of being, as they assuredly were, the arch corruptors of the pomp and buskined solemnity of the natural English tongue. There is something indeed in the lace and ruffles of that French style which the reign of Anne introduced, both in our verse and prose, eminently hostile to the religious spirit which, naturally venturous and unrestrained, moves with the air of an Abbé through the clipped little periods, all shorn and precise, which the writings of the Spectator brought into fashion.

The dim and the vast are the necessary elements of the poetical religious feeling. It expands in proportion as it recedes into the Far Eld. The starred Chaldaea—the giant palaces of Babylon—as arch upon arch they grew of late on our great painter's dreams—the legendary Nile—the mysterious Egypt—the burning silence of the Ancestral Ind;—or on the opposite pole, the still nights of the North, with its Runic cavern and rushing wave—the black forests of the old German race, pathless and scarce penetrated, all nurture and educe the thoughts which wrap poetry in august superstitions. Take antiquity from Religion, and you make it prose. Its poetry is a Temple through which you pass at once from the past into the future; it has no present! Wrapt in its sacred and awful dreams, the soul forgets itself, egotism vanishes in the sense of the Universal—the Eternal. We have no identity save with the Great Whole; or if for one moment we wake to our own cabined and minute existence, it is as Milton wakes in the openings of his mighty poem, with an overborne and hushed sense of loneliness, with a sentiment of corporal pain, with a recollection of fleshly ills, with a rushing and solemn desire again to escape from earth, and "draw empyreal air." This is the true spirit of Religious Poetry.

## OUR ANECDOTAGE.\*

*(Now first published from Manuscripts.)*

## X.

HENRY Earl of Clarendon, the son of the great Lord Clarendon, told the following circumstance relative to his illustrious father to the writer of this. "His father was writing the history of the late wars, which General Oliver Cromwell would have had Meric Casaubon have done, but he prudently declined the attempt. His father had begun with King Charles the First, and brought the history down to the Restoration of King Charles the Second. When he was writing, the pen fell out of his hand; he took it up again to write, and it fell out again; so the Earl perceived that he was attacked by death—*sicelert*, the dead palsy."



## XI.

The story of the mother of the Duke of Luxembourg, which he himself told to Charles II. at Paris, and which Erskine, Master of the Charter-House, said he heard him tell the King; Erskine related it to a clergyman, who repeated it to the writer.

"The Duke of Luxembourg, who himself wanted not the report of a dealer in magic, and other unholy practices, told this story of his mother:—

"She was a mean woman, and bred in a cabaret; yet was she handsome, portly, and court-like. She met with a stranger in the field, who perceiving her ambition, began to tell her fortune—that she should be greatly advanced, and inferior to very few in the kingdom; and this he would assure her for many years (I think he said fifty), if she would give her soul to him. She did it with solemnity. Not long after, the great Montmorency, whose fame all France—nay, all Europe, has heard of, came that way, is struck by her features and humour, and in a short time marries her, or makes her his mistress, and not long after dies, leaving her a great widow. The French historians say of him, that at last he married her meanly. Long after this (it may be fifty years), there comes a man in the habit of a *paysan*, rapping hard and long at her gate—she lived in great splendour. The porter asks him what he would have? He replied, 'To speak with your Lady.' The porter reproves him for his sauciness, and claps the door on him. By and by, at the second gate (for there were three in all, and so many walls, before one came to the mansion-house) the *paysan* knocks again. 'How came you here?' saith the porter. 'That's nothing to you!' he replies; 'I would speak with your Lady.'—'Send up your message,' said the porter, and claps to the door again. Ere long, a greater knocking than ever is heard at the third gate. This alarmed t'hem all within, and the Lady looking out of the window, inquires what the matter was? The porter goes up to her and tells her the whole story—that a plain *paysan*, without a band, &c. would needs speak to her herself. Down she goes to him immediately, which made them all stare—shows great respect to him. By and by, she goes down on her knees; but he having given her a blow that killed her, vanishes away. It was supposed that she knelt

to him to beg her life and farther time, for they heard at a distance some suppliant and mournful words.—Luxembourg always wrote himself Luxembourg and Montmorency."

This strange story is gravely recorded in the Manuscript Diary of Dr. Sampson, an eminent physician, connected with the political circles in the days of Charles the Second and his successor. The Doctor, doubtless, was well satisfied with its authority; it is direct, since Erskine, the Master of the Charter-House, who related it, was present when this famous Duke of Luxembourg himself told it to the King. Such tales formerly were not uncommon. We ourselves cannot forget the story of our Nurse concerning "the proud Lady of Hatton Garden." She, amidst a midnight revelry, on the summons of an unknown personage, instantly descended the stairs, and had her brains dashed against the door-posts; blood which no art of man could ever obliterate! We have not forgotten our trembling infantine inquiries after these visible satanic spots. The red door-posts we never discovered; but after many years of manuscript researches, we certainly have the lady in question. The tradition of the nursery had preserved the life, character, and behaviour of one of the haughtiest viragos in England, that memorable Lady Hatton, who became the redoubtable consort of the most eminent of lawyers, Sir Edward Coke, who, on more occasions than one, had every reason to be convinced that "the Devil was in her." And thus we find how, in the most popular tales, more secret truths are conveyed than we can always account for.

In the present case, though we cannot unfold the mystery, the *how* or the *why* the mother of this Duke of Luxembourg was got rid of, we suspect the means. This Duke was accused of holding a communion with evil spirits; it was not difficult at that time to persuade a hero, ignorant and superstitious, that he was a conjuror. A contract with Satan, signed by the Duke, was actually laid before his judges when he was imprisoned for being connected with an association of poisoners, and for having attempted the life of his lady. Modern writers have alleged that these calumnies were the cruel inventions of a faction. Be this as it may, there seems little doubt that the Duke told this mysterious story to Charles II.; nor is it less obvious that the Duke knew something more than he told, or that he believed that his mother had been fetched away by the *paysan*, of whose quality we can have no doubt. He gave no other reason, than that her lease of life of "fifty years" had elapsed, and the whole now reverted to the black lessor. The Duke of Luxembourg, on the whole, appears to have been resigned, and seems to have told the maternal history with great filial affection.

## XII.

Thurloe, the Secretary of Cromwell, told Mr. Howe (a celebrated Dissenting Minister), with whom he would set up some nights in religious and other conversation, that things were come to that pass, that he could dispatch in two or three lines of a letter what heretofore would have cost five thousand pounds in an embassy—so potent and feared was Oliver Cromwell both at home and abroad. When the Secretary brought his letters to Mazarine for the Protector's signature, Cromwell would add with his own hand-writing usually, "As you value my friendship, deal well with the Protestants of France."



Once there was an order in France to send forces to Piedmont, where the Duke of Savoy was destroying the Protestants, which as soon as the Protector heard of, he instantly wrote to my Lord Lockhart that he should, as soon as ever he received these letters, go to the Cardinal and the Queen (Mazarine and the Queen Regent) and require the countermanding of these forces, or else to denounce war against them. These letters were so pressing, that coming in the night, his Lordship went both to the Cardinal and the Queen. They did not retire to rest that night, but immediately called a Cabinet, and forthwith revoked the forces.

Thurloe was sole secretary, and might have got what fortune he would, yet he left no more than a small estate of two or three hundred per annum. In the time of the Restoration, the Duke of Bedford one day wondered at those former times, compared with these, and said of his knowledge Secretary Thurloe refused thirty thousand pounds—a sum that would have bribed the honestest secretary in Europe at this day.

## XIII.

Cromwell was in the Banqueting House to receive the Duke of Crequi, as Ambassador of the French King. Great was the state and compliments; after which, the Duke delivers a letter into Cromwell's hands, which was superscribed—

*“To his most Serene Highness*

*Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland.”*

He looks wistly (earnestly attentive) upon the letter—puts it into his pocket—turns away without speaking a word, or reading it. The Ambassador was highly vexed at this, and as soon as he could meet with Secretary Thurloe, expostulates with him for the great affront and indignity offered by his master to so great a prince, asking him what he thought the cause might be? Thurloe answered, he thought the Protector might be displeased at the superscription of the letter. The Duke thought that it was according to form, and in terms as agreeable as could be. “But,” said Thurloe, “the Protector expected that your King should have written to ‘Our dear Brother Oliver!’”

It is said that the Ambassador, having written this over to France, the King exclaimed “Shall I call this fellow my brother!”—“Ay!” replied Cardinal Mazarine, “call him your father, if needs be.” A letter was sent with the desired superscription. This was told by Judge Rookby, who was present at the delivery of the letter.

## XIV.

Cromwell, Mr. Byfield of Surrey, and Sir John Evelyn.—Cromwell made them friends, on a quarrel about the repairs of the church. Evelyn complained of Byfield reflecting on him in his sermons, and Byfield solemnly protested to God that he never had! Oliver, turning to Evelyn, said, “I doubt there is something amiss; the word of God is penetrative, and finds you out. Search your ways!” This he spake so sympathetically, with plenty of tears, that both, and all who were present, fell a weeping also. Then Oliver asked Evelyn what it would cost to repair the church?—“Two hundred pounds.”—Cromwell called for his secretary Malyn (*quere* Marvell), and ordered him to pay one hundred pounds to Evelyn towards the repairs. “And

now, Sir," said he, "I hope you'll join with me, and raise the other hundred." A curious trait of Cromwell's flexibility of character in its quiescent state, when his never-failing tears, and "the unction" of his spiritual oratory, were always found to be as invincible as when at the head of his troops.

## XV.

Mr. Gilbert said he had been that morning to visit Mr. Baxter (the famous controversialist), whom he found hard at study, and expressed himself to be very desirous that God would spare his life till he had finished some studies and thoughts he was about for the Church of God. "Truly," said Gilbert, "I think you are in the right; you may do God more service here on earth than you can do in heaven." This idea pleased Baxter much, and according to custom, made him paraphrase upon it. From this active and cheerful divine Gilbert went to Dr. Owen, a divine equally celebrated with Baxter, who held opposite tenets. Him he found grunting and weary, and wishing himself out of this world. "How you two great men, Mr. Baxter and Yourself," said Gilbert, "who could never agree in your lives, cannot hit it in the matter and manner of your dying."—"What doth and saith Master Baxter?" asked Dr. Owen. Gilbert told him; adding, "I think Mr. Baxter is in the right."—"Who is in the right, or who is in the wrong," concluded Dr. Owen, "I know not; but I would I were in Heaven!"

These two characteristic anecdotes may show that often a system of divinity has been adopted in the degree it sympathized with the constitutional temperament of its advocate. Baxter and Owen were both the most eminent of our Nonconformists, though in every other respect these great controversialists were directly opposed to each other.

## XVII.

An epigram made by Tom Paine, on *Count Zenobio's large nose*, was given to me by its author, with whom I happened to travel in a Diligence in France, in the year 1802:—

"GOING along the other day  
Upon a certain plan,  
I met a NOSE upon the way,  
Behind it was a man.  
"I called unto THE NOSE to stop,  
And when it had done so,  
The Man behind it he came up—  
They made ZENOBIO."



Bishop Corbet and others have anticipated the main idea. "Yon fellow behind the bush there," was the irreverent witticism of the Bishop at a Confirmation, having occasion to speak sharply to one with a large beard.

The NOSE, as an invisible atom in creation, or its apparition as the portent of its owner, has been a favourite feature for the hyperbolic fancies of every people—a fund of inexhaustible drollery to the burlesque writers, as we see in the Greek Anthology, the Roman Martial, the Italian and French *Conteurs*, down to the days of Sterne's *Slawkenbergius*. There is a simplicity and quaintness in this epigram of the famous Thomas Paine indicative of his shrewdness; and as far as we know, it is the only specimen we possess of his familiar muse.

## THE SPEAKING HARLEQUIN.

THE TWO LOSSES ; IN ONE ACT

## SCENE I.

*A Room in a Hotel ; Harlequin in an easy chair, and Colombine in attitudes before a pier glass.*

*Harlequin.*—What an astonishing city ! and what an easy chair ! We shall find Bergamo very dull after it.

*Colombine.*—Pray, my love, leave off mentioning that vulgar place. He certainly has dressed my hair charmingly. Nobody here ever heard of Bergamo. These people only knew Rome, Florence, and Naples ; and if you would only hold that stupid tongue of yours, we really might pass off as Italians who had moved in our own Country in the best English society.

*Harlequin.*—Every one calls upon us. What a number of visiting tickets ! All the diplomatic body ! I like this London very much.

*Colombine.*—My dear Harlequin, for heaven's sake never appear astonished that people pay you attention : you are always exposing us ; treat everything as matter of course. Have I not told you a thousand times that there is no city in the world where we strangers, if discreet, can get on so well as London ?

*Harlequin.*—Well, my love, what harm is there in speaking to you ? I am sure I always hold my tongue when I am in society.

*Colombine.*—You should practise silence when we are alone, and rehearse in private your public performance.

*Harlequin.*—Ah ! that silence, it is very dull work : I love gaiety.

*Colombine.*—My dear Harlequin, gaiety is very vulgar. If you want to be gay, take a ride by yourself into the country. Always be gay in solitude.

*Harlequin.*—It is a little difficult. When I am alone, do you know, I always feel very stupid.

*Colombine.*—'Tis a pity ; but really, my dearest Harlequin, you must control yourself. London is not Bergamo. You must not be frisking about here like a monkey, and twirling your head like a Mandarin ; and, above all, no practical jests, I entreat,—no smacking people on their backs, or drawing their seats from under them, or cutting them over their heads with that old-fashioned wand of yours.

*Harlequin.*—Ah, my dear Colombine, what should we be without that wand ?

*Colombine.*—'Tis a truth, though ; whom do you ever see with a wand except yourself ? And further, my dear Harlequin, let me tell you once for all, pray have the kindness not to be so attentive to me. Nothing can be more unfashionable than to be always looking after your wife. Lady Pantaloon told me, only yesterday, that you were really just like my shadow ; and last night, when I was on the very point of taking Count Scaramouch's arm to my carriage, what must you do but thrust your great hand between us ! 'Twas absolutely disgusting. If you had only seen the Count's stare !

*Harlequin.*—Well, my love, I thought it was only civil.

*Colombine.*—Civil ! What a word ! Never be civil.

*Harlequin.*—How droll ! What should I be ?

*Colombine.*—Be !—be kind, be courteous, be cutting, be sarcastic, be careless, be desperate, be in love, be in a rage, be anything, but never be civil.

*Harlequin.*—Well, I have been trying to be civil all my life. What a blunder !

Enter *Scaramouch*.

*Scaramouch.*—A pleasant morning, fairest *Colombine*. I hope you are not wearied by last night's dissipation. I have brought you a bouquet. My dear *Harlequin*, how do you do ?

*Harlequin* (*aside*).—Here, at least, is a civil gentleman. I never spoke to him in my life, and he addresses me in terms even of affection. I hope you are very well, Sir ? He turns his back upon me and talks to my wife !

*Scaramouch.*—What are you going to do ? Will you ride ? 'Tis a charming day. Not inclined ? Well, then, a promenade. Let me drive you to the gardens.

*Colombine.*—You are so kind. And now I think again I am for riding. A canter is so exhilarating. And where did you gather this bouquet ? It is too beautiful.

*Scaramouch.*—Sweets to the sweet.

*Colombine.*—Did you stay long after us last night ?

*Scaramouch.*—I had no inducement.

*Harlequin.*—He has not yet answered my question.

*Scaramouch.*—There have been so many inquiries made after that beautiful dress you wore.

*Harlequin.*—I am glad they all liked it. It came, Sir, from——

*Colombine.*—It is a national costume. You have been in Italy no doubt ?

*Scaramouch.*—Divine land ! What sort of Opera have you now at San Carlo ?

*Harlequin.*—The South of Italy is a part which——

*Colombine.*—Is generally preferred by your nation. You are riding yourself !

*Scaramouch.*—I have in fact brought with me a horse, which I would induce you to try.

*Harlequin.*—Civil again. *Colombine* is evidently wrong : civility must be the fashion.

*Scaramouch.*—Where do you go to night ?

*Colombine.*—We have several invitations.

*Harlequin.*—Our friends are really too kind.

*Colombine.*—Lady *Brazilia Forrester* has sent us a card.

*Harlequin.*—And wishes us very much to go.

*Scaramouch.*—Oh ! by no means. You cannot possibly venture. 'Tis a place where you will meet nothing but tigers.

*Harlequin.*—How horrible ! Tigers !

*Colombine.*—'Tis quite frightful. I cannot think of going. What say you, then, to Mrs. *Bluebell's* ?

*Scaramouch.*—Why, sometimes one does meet something there that, for once, one wishes to look at ; but, for myself, I abhor assemblies which consist only of lions.

*Harlequin.*—Tigers and lions ! How ferocious !

*Colombine (aside).*—I suppose these menageries are fashionable, but I am so nervous, I think I had better keep away, and Harlequin so simple that he is sure to get scratched at least. Well, then, what think you, Count, of Sir Tusky de Grunt?

*Scaramouch.*—Impossible! Nothing but bores.

*Harlequin.*—Tigers, lions, and boars! Did any one ever hear of anything so dreadful? What next?

*Colombine (aside).*—Hush! Harlequin, do not expose yourself. You know very well you once kept a monkey yourself.

*Harlequin.*—And never shall forget it. If one monkey did so much mischief, what must be expected from a whole roomful of wild beasts!

*Scaramouch.*—I propose a plan. It is not yet five o'clock. We will ride down quietly to Richmond; we shall get there by sunset, and just be in time for the Queen of Diamonds' breakfast.

*Harlequin.*—Breakfast at sunset! Why at Berg——

*Colombine.*—Hush! Your plan, Count, is delightful. I shall be prepared in a moment. [Exit *Colombine*.]

*Harlequin.*—I am not very fond of riding, I confess. It is so awkward in these slippers. What shall I do with my wand? I had better leave it at home.

*Scaramouch.*—Take it instead of a cane. It is quite the mode. And your cap will make a capital dress hat. Put it under your arm. So. Why, well done! You have quite the air *déagé*.

*Harlequin.*—The air *déagé*! My cap will make a capital dress hat! And my wand will do for a cane! It is quite the mode! Parties of tigers and lions and boars! Breakfast at sunset! Oh, my! What would they say at——

*Colombine.*—Harlequin! Harlequin! Are you ready?

## SCENE II.

*Scaramouch* solus.

I like the simplicity of her affectation. She amuses me. A new manner is even more interesting than a new face, and she has both. He is a good-humoured booby, and Brillanta has a design upon his wand, which really it is quite ridiculous that such a *bête* should wave. So we have entered to-day into a little conspiracy, and are mutually to assist each other in our several objects. A female friend is invaluable. I have never succeeded without such aid.

## SCENE III.

*The Gardens of the Queen of Diamonds. Guests in groups: some dancing in a Pavilion in the back-ground.*

Enter *Scaramouch*, *Harlequin*, and *Colombine*.

*Colombine.*—Oh, how beautiful!

*Scaramouch.*—'Tis pretty.

*Harlequin.*—How I should like to have a dance!

*Scaramouch.*—Let me introduce you, Signor Harlequin, to my friend the Knave of Clubs. You will find him of use. He will put you down as an honorary member of the Travellers. See! here comes our hostess. Brillanta, I have the pleasure of presenting to you our interesting friends.

*Brillanta.*—Dearest Lady Colombine, this is a gratification I have

long desired. And you, too, Signor, of whom we have heard so much, how shall I express the delight I experience at finding you my guest!

*Harlequin.*—Madam——

*Colombine.*—Your Majesty does us great honour.

*Harlequin.*—It is a droll custom this breakfasting at sunset, but it pleases me much.

*Colombine.*—I assure your Majesty that Harlequin was always an admirer of late breakfasts.

*Harlequin.*—Though I was ever an early riser. When we were at Ber——

*Colombine.*—I think you had better go and breakfast now. (*Aside*) Any thing to stop his *mal apropos*.

*Brillanta.*—I elect you my cavalier, Signor (*takes Harlequin's arm*). Count, you are charged with the care of our fair friend. Do you find us strangers endurable, Signor?

*Harlequin.*—Not near so bad as I expected, I assure you.

*Brillanta.*—Charming naïveté! I am pleased, however, to hear you give us so good a character. I fear, though, you must find society here on the whole somewhat insipid? Your admirers here must enter into a very unequal rivalry with the Italian dames?

*Harlequin.*—It is true. She is nothing like my countrywomen. Watch Colombine a moment. She is dancing with the Count. Mark that turn. Did you ever see anything so graceful in your life?

*Brillanta.*—I missed it. I was looking in the lake.

*Harlequin.*—Ah! the beautiful lake. It is like a mirror. How clearly we see ourselves! You smile; I see you are smiling, although I am not looking at you. I see you smile in the water. Oh! how pretty it is!

*Brillanta.*—But not so pretty as Colombine?

*Harlequin.*—It is very pretty. I like very much a pretty woman when she smiles.

*Brillanta.*—I should fancy you were a very light hearted personage.

*Harlequin.*—Without doubt, and do you know, that is the reason why Colombine says I can never be interesting. It is not my fault, that I am always in such good spirits. I often try to be gloomy, but, somehow or other, with all my exertions, I never succeed.

*Brillanta.*—How provoking!

*Harlequin.*—Very. Because I like to please Colombine in every possible manner. Often, when I see her approach, I look as unhappy as possible, because I know she likes poetry, and then she inquires what ails me in so touching a tone, that I always lose my presence of mind, and make her quite miserable, by telling her that I never was happier in my life.

*Brillanta.*—You amuse me.

*Harlequin.*—I am very glad I do. I generally am considered by my friends as rather entertaining company.

*Brillanta.*—I fear my arm wears you?

*Harlequin.*—Not at all.

*Brillanta.*—You must find your wand very heavy. Let me carry it for you.

*Harlequin.*—Don't mention it. It is extremely light.

*Brillanta.*—Will you dance?

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*Harlequin.*—I should like to dance with you.

*Brillanta.*—I anticipate that pleasure.

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the Gardens: an illuminated Kiosk.*

Enter *Scaramouch* and *Colombine*.

*Scaramouch.*—That galoppe was éxhausting. Let us rest ourselves here.

*Colombine.*—I wonder where *Harlequin* is?

*Scaramouch.*—In very amusing company. Here is a pretty summer-house. Let us enter. (*They go in.*) A guitar! Touch it.

*Colombine.*—Nay, I have indeed no voice.

*Scaramouch.*—No one ever has. Yet an air would be delightful.

*Colombine.*—You are too kind. Now, really I feel persuaded I cannot sing, and yet to please you, if it must be so, there is a *Ritornella*, which I will try to remember, and which was once thought pretty.

COLOMBINE'S RITORNELLA.

1.

Now is the hour  
To leave thy bower,  
And wander in these gardens bright;  
All that is fairest  
On earth, and rarest,  
Meet in these starry halls to-night.  
Now is the hour  
To leave thy bower,  
And wander in these gardens bright.

2.

But oh! the fairest,  
And oh! the rarest,  
Will seem but dull without thy light;—  
Then hasten, sweetest,  
For time is fleetest,  
And give thy beauty to our sight.  
Now is the hour  
To leave thy bower,  
And wander in these gardens bright.

*Scaramouch.*—A sweet song, and sweeter singer.

*Colombine.*—Nay, a truce to compliments.

*Scaramouch.*—Indeed I am sincere. Can you play piquet?

*Colombine.*—Dominos is the only game I know.

*Scaramouch.*—So much the better! I will teach you piquet. Nothing is more amusing than teaching when you have a docile pupil. See now, I shall deal first. So and so. [*The door of the Kiosk closes.*]

Enter *Harlequin*.

*Harlequin.*—After all, what an astonishingly little affair the great world is! I observe I always begin to moralize when I get tired: I have danced myself to death. I wonder where her Majesty is? she vanished as I entered this walk, which seems to have no end, and winds about like a boa constrictor. I am afraid I have got into a maze; it is

very awkward. What is all this—a summer-house? illuminated too; in all probability containing something to eat: I am exceedingly hungry. The door locked! Mysterious! Perhaps a fancy wine-cellar;—a strange smell of Roman punch: no doubt some fun going on. I must be in it; and if I can open it in no other way I must have recourse to—oh, my wand, my wand! where is it? It was in my girdle this moment. Oh, Brillanta! false Brillanta!—Colombine! Colombine!—Hillibo! hillibo! Here is a pretty business! Stop thief! stop thief! Colombine! Colombine!

*Colombine rushes out in great agitation.*

*Colombine.*—What is the matter?

*Harlequin.*—Stop thief! Where is Colombine? Lost my wand!—Colombine! Colombine!

*Colombine.*—Why, you silly fellow, here I am! How you frighten me. What do you want?

*Harlequin.*—Oh, this breakfasting at sunset! No good can ever come from setting the world upside downwards. Colombine, I have lost my wand.

*Colombine.*—And, Harlequin, I have lost—

*Scaramouch (advancing).*—A point at piquet. 'Tis no great affair; such light losses happen every day.—Shall I see after your carriage?

## ARISTOCRACY.

AND what is the Aristocracy? Monsieur Odillon Barrot, when he was drawing a distinction between the governments of France and England, said, “In France, le roi est le premier citoyen: in England, il est le premier gentilhomme—de son pays.” The very gentleman of gentlemen—for gentlemen we all are. Among our neighbours there is a passion for equality,—no one likes to see anybody better than himself. With us, there is a passion for inequality,—every one desires to be better than his fellows. If a young French nobleman leaves his card with you, it is plain Alfred de Noailles. If you have to write to an English tailor, you must direct “Augustus Von Stultz, Esq.” But it is not the master tailor alone,—Heaven forbid!—there is not a tailor’s apprentice, nor a linen-draper’s boy,—there is not one of those smart young people, with long, curly hair, whose white hands wield the scissors or the yard,—who does not, *bonâ fide*, consider himself a very gentlemanlike personage.

⚡ We went to the theatre the other night,—we took our place in the first (for we went to hear), our hair-dresser was just by us, with his wife, a very corpulent lady, with fingers like sausages and a brow like a pat of butter. Mrs. Welcurl was a squat, dumpy figure enough—just such a figure as one likes to have before one at a play under ordinary circumstances; but she had come out in a hurry, and not having had time to arrange her ringlets, sturdily kept on her bonnet,—one of those tremendous head-contrivances, called “adumbrators.” There was a small man on the bench behind, whose threadbare coat said pretty



plainly, that if he had paid to see a play, he was not one of those who could afford to be bamboozled by a bonnet.

For some time he sat shifting from side to side, in uneasy silence; at length, on the encoring of a new song, he could bear his situation no longer.—“Madam,” said he, “madam!” but Mrs. Welcurl’s ears were perfectly impervious. The song continued.—“How prettily she’s dressed!” said one.—“What pretty eyes!”—“I declare she has a very genteel air!”—(nobody in the pit ever speaks of a singer’s voice.) The small, thin man seized one of the fat elbows before him. Mrs. Welcurl turned round. “Beg pardon, ma’am, but your bonnet”—“What does the fellow mean, Welcurl?” said the dame, with a haughty tone of contempt and indifference.—“Don’t fellow me, ma’am. I’m no fellow,” ejaculated the anti-bonnet man, kindling into wrath. “Take off your bonnet,—I say you *shall* take off your bonnet.”—“I shan’t, though, Mr. Jackanapes;” and each party suiting their action to their words, an awful struggle was on the eve of commencing, when my dignified hair-dresser, turning round to his wife’s antagonist, said, “One easily sees, sir, what company you have kept,—*you’re no gentleman.*”—“If you are a gentleman,” said the panting heroine of the scene, “why don’t you behave as such?” Now the swarthy personage to whom this was addressed was evidently a journeyman tinker, and we therefore did expect him to own at once that he was no gentleman, but an honest artizan of London, who, having paid his money, thought he had a right to his money’s-worth. By no means, however, and, in less than two minutes, the tinker threatened to knock down the hair-dresser for saying that he was no gentleman.

So again it happened to us, not long ago, to accompany a friend on his election canvass. Among the duties of the evening was to attend a meeting of three or four hundred labourers;—these men were sitting round three long tables, some with their hats on, some with their coats off, a hardy, simple, apparently unpretending race. My friend rose to address his constituents. “Gentlemen!” he exclaimed,—“I will not call you gentlemen” (a murmur went round)—“Fellow-countrymen and friends.” The speech was a long one, and a good one, but his attorney told us that the commencement would give general dissatisfaction; and so in sooth it did, for we heard many mutter, as we went away, that they had never been addressed so disrespectfully before. Was there ever vanity so mistaken! Why have not our “bold peasantry, their country’s pride,” sufficient respect for themselves to despise a title which they cannot accept with pleasure, without showing they are ashamed of what they really are? *Freemen* they may be called—a nobler appellation; but gentlemen!—where, oh where, in the name of Providence, shall we find a Plebeian? Whence has this vulgar folly originated? It is extraordinary, when there is once a radical vice in a government, to see how almost every absurdity and defect in a people may be traced up to it. Money; in a country like ours, may be obtained in any trade or any profession. But power, rank of every description, has been open to money—to money without honour, character, or merit. A usurer made his 200,000*l.* in defiance of the law. He purchased a borough for 50,000*l.*, and he became a lawgiver. Spurned, as Mr. Sampson Moses, for an exacting rogue, by every pettifogger, he is courted as Sampson Moses, Esq. M.P. the proprietor of Old Sarum, by the prime minister. Nay, he becomes

a baronet—a peer. He has his *order*, which he swears to stand or fall by. But what are all the good people, his intimate acquaintances in Change-alley?—are not they gentlemen also?—at all events, money could make them so. All men who have money, then, or who are making money, fairly consider themselves gentlemen, or gentlemen to be; and the antique term, the sole beauty of which is attached to the iron times of chivalry, when to be of gentle blood was to be of unsullied honour, is now granted to every rogue who has money, and assumed by every ragamuffin who has not, since he can see nothing to respect in the claim to superiority of those who take rank above him. Hence the perpetual struggle throughout every class of the community in this country. Hence, in a great measure, that fashionable vulgarity which wears away the life of the society of the “Morning Post.” The creature who has been raised by his wealth, and his wealth alone, into a new sphere, feels uneasy and uncertain in his *position*. He does not respect the foundation on which he stands—he strives to bolster up his self-esteem by other vanities. He strives to render the distance as wide as possible between himself, residing in Grosvenor-square, and his friend, who has also made 200,000*l.*, and who still lives in the city. He no longer counts the guineas he gets, but the great man’s cards, or the fine lady’s invitations, that he can stick up over his chimney-piece. His son is taught to detest being called the son of the rich merchant, and to aspire to become the devoted and inseparable friend of the profligate and spendthrift peer. His daughters are bred “to marry for connexion,” and are therefore hawked about to every ball where the sprigs of nobility may look them over; miserable wriggling, giggling things, perpetually low from a perpetual effort to be elegant:—

—“Had he family

Blood, though it were only a drop, his heart

Would pass for something; lacking such descent,

Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis nought.”

THE HUNCHBACK.

Hence, too, the queries of where you have been, and the necessity to go everywhere, since, as half the people you meet are in a society they were not born to, each is anxious to pry out which has the best right to be rude and patronizing to the other. It is only this disgusting love which the rich without merit feel to even the merest boobies that are well-born, that could possibly gorge the rooms where neither wit, elegance, nor even merriment, compensate for the crash of carriages without, and the multitudinous frivolity within. By putting up your parliament to sale, you have introduced a wretched pettifogging spirit into your senate. By opening Almack’s to untalented wealth, you have introduced the most insipid vulgarity into society. By your reverence for money, which prostrates itself before rank, you have introduced the meanest respect for a purse, the most cringing servility to a title, among your people. By aiming at being a nation of aristocrats, you are, in fact, a nation of shopkeepers. The spirit of the bourgeois gentilhomme pervades every class of you: the apprentice—the peer—are both equally vulgar, affected, and ridiculous.

At the present moment there is an opening to better things; but the sense that we are not what we should be is still too weak to overcome the prejudice in favour of what we have been.

It is amusing enough just now to see the effect of this struggle. The violent pledges that are demanded against the interests of the aristocracy, and the ardent desire to get aristocrats to give them. The newspapers cry out, they hope nothing so shocking will happen as the election of men who have not large property. The electioneering committees protest that they must have gentlemen of rank and fortune.

A candidate of popular principles was wanted the other day. A very able and respectable barrister was applied to, and went down to the place in consequence. "What are your opinions?" said the leading requisitionists.—The opinions were capital, just what they wanted.—But lo! a discovery was made. The barrister's father,—a very excellent and worthy man,—was a schoolmaster.—"Your father a schoolmaster!—Oh that will never do! Your abilities we acknowledge, your principles are excellent,—but if your father's a schoolmaster, you are not the man to represent us. If indeed you had been Mr. Serjeant, we might have looked over this, but plain Mr., and your father a schoolmaster, it will never do."—Here are your pseudo-liberals, who are for the rights of the people and the diffusion of general knowledge, which they do not seem to see is—the diffusion of political power.

But this is not so good as a note that actually came under our eyes five days ago. It was written from a place within thirty miles of London.

"Dear —,

"We want a liberal candidate sadly.—He must be a steady reformer, and ready to open his purse-strings, for the common people here are very poor, and will go with the highest bidder.

"He will be required to make several pledges. He must promise to vote for a reform in the church; for the abolition of slavery, and the cheapening of sugar; for the destruction of the East India monopoly, and the cheapening of tea. He must declare against all corn laws, and be in favour of an equitable adjustment of the national debt. As the law of primogeniture is making some noise with the radicals, it would be advisable for him to be against that. If you know of such a gentleman, pray write immediately.—He must be a person of consideration,—a director, a banker, or a gentleman of landed property,—if a noble lord, so much the better.

"Yours truly."

The director was wanted to vote against the East India monopoly; the landed proprietor against the corn laws; and the noble lord was just the person to be opposed to primogeniture! Nor is it only in our choice of men who are to make our laws and to keep our purses, that we show the same sapient passion for gentility. Ask a person what he thinks of his physician.—A very gentlemanlike man forsooth. His lawyer is a gentlemanlike man also; the clergyman of his chapel—he too is a very gentlemanlike man; his intimate companion, a decidedly gentlemanlike fellow. And yet, as "gentlemanlike" is meant to be understood, this epithet in no way interferes with the physician being a quack or an old woman; the lawyer a fool or a rogue; the clergyman a profligate or a hypocrite; the intimate companion the dullest dog in existence. This they may be, or may not be; but, at all events, they are, and he takes care to tell you that they are, very gentlemanlike people. Is not this preposterous? Would not Touchstone himself tell you that we ought to choose our companion for his wit and amiability; our clergyman for his charity and humble-heartedness; our lawyer for his honesty and ability; our physician for his medical

science; our representatives for their talents and principles—and their talents and principles only. They do not represent their own property and fortunes—they represent ours. As for those worthies who imagine that because they are gentlemen they ought to be legislators—who contrive to hitch into some odd corner of their addresses an honourable mention of their family and their prospects,—we commend them to the anecdote of Marshal Meilleraye, who, when a sturdy gentleman of Bretagne asserted that if he was not a marshal, he was, at all events, of the wood of which a marshal was made, very politely assured him that when marshals were made of wood, his pretensions should not be forgotten. But then a gentleman is wanted who can contribute to the charities, and give blankets to the poor. But what makes the people poor?—bad laws and oppressive taxes; and so long as we select foolish persons to tax and to legislate for us, so long we shall want rich ones to relieve us. Why not meet the evil at its root? If a man gives us wherewith to buy a loaf, and then votes to make bread dear, we shall not, in the long-run, be very considerably benefited by his bounty.

So much for the especial case of candidates at the ensuing elections. But we take another and a still wider view of the manner in which this prevailing absurdity has affected, and doubtless will one day contrariwise affect, the state of society in England. As there is no country where money and gentility are so extravagantly valued, so is there none where talent and science are so ridiculously underrated. In France, in Russia, in most of the states of Germany,—(with the exception of these islands)—we may say throughout the whole of civilized Europe—a man of genius, a man of knowledge, is a recognized power.

The highest honours are awarded—the most distinguished courtesies are paid him. To be even attached to the *clique* of men of letters is a rank, a passport into all society,—a title which is claimed with a certain degree of pride and assurance. Here, to call a man an author, is to treat him with disrespect. He can have no other claim to distinction if he does not ostentatiously put it forth. Horace Walpole exulted in the idea that he was an Honourable; and Gibbon prided himself on being a country gentleman. We ourselves remember a distinguished, and even talented fine lady, calling Washington Irving “the man who writes the books.” Graceful affectation! What is the class rising and that must rise! What is that class which, as our people become a reading people, will be invested with the popular authority? Before whom, and before what, does the bloated arrogance of a purse-proud, pampered aristocracy quail and shrink into utter nothingness at the present moment? Lo! there is the Press! The press—the thousand-tongued—the Briarean-armed press! Every advance which fashionable indolence ventures to make towards literary activity, is a sign that the man of letters is advancing upon my lord.

A new chivalry is in the field. The nobility of knowledge must become the aristocracy of the epoch. The beautiful theory of St. Simon,—for so far, if so far only, is it beautiful,—that to the superiority of the mind, which elevates and poetizes power, power should and ought to be conferred, is not yet ripe for realization; but, if we know anything of the future, we know that the two great axioms on which society will work out its new changes are,—the diffusion of power with the diffusion of intelligence—the diffusion of property with the diffusion of power.

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM PATERSON,  
THE PROJECTOR OF THE DARIEN COLONY, THE BANKS OF ENGLAND AND  
OF SCOTLAND, AND OTHER PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS.**

BY JOHN GALT.

THIS remarkable person was born on the farm of Skipmire, in the parish of Tinwald, in the county of Dumfries, about 1660.

In the account of that parish in "*the Statistical Account of Scotland*," the Reverend Mr. James Lawrie says, that Paterson "does not seem to have been an obscure Scotchman, as he more than once represented Dumfries in the Scottish Parliament, and that his grandnephew, Dr. James Mounsay, was first physician for many years to the Empress of Russia," and adds, that "the same house of Skipmire, in which Paterson was born, was, about 1791, in possession of the sister of Dr. Rodgerston, who succeeded the latter as imperial physician." The name of the Empress is not, however, mentioned to whom Mounsay was physician; but Rodgerston was probably doctor to Catherine II. The fact is, however, curious, as it shows the hereditary talent of the family who resided at Skipmire, and also, that there must have been some influence or connexion between it and St. Petersburg, to procure for the son of a small Scottish farmer the dignity to which Dr. Mounsay attained. But that Paterson was a Member of Parliament before the Union of the Kingdoms, is very doubtful. The Rolls of the Scottish Parliament, prior to that event, have been searched, and his name has not been found in them, though that of the member for Dumfries is regularly given; and that he was otherwise than an obscure Scotchman, before the promulgation of his great schemes, seems therefore equally certain.

The only biographical sketch, if such it may be called, of William Paterson, is in a scurrilous pamphlet called "*A Defence of the Scots abdicating Darien*," published in 1700. It is anonymous, but supposed to have been written by a Lieutenant Harris, who says of himself that "he was the first person employed in the service of the (Darien) Company\*, and the first who left it." As the tract is very scarce, and possesses an amusing ill-natured vigour of style, it will be interesting to quote the passages which relate to Paterson, rather than to weave them into a more urbane narrative.

"William Paterson," says this writer, "the author of this project, and penman (as it is shrewdly guessed) of the Octroy, came from Scotland, in his younger years, with a pack on his back, whereof the print may be seen, if he be alive (1700);—having travelled this country several years, he seated himself under the wing of a warm widow near Oxford; where, finding that preaching was an easier trade than his own, soon found himself gifted with Ananias's spirit."

Afterwards, however, he went out as a missionary; at least this is the inference to be drawn from what Harris states.

"He went on the *propaganda fide* account to the West Indies, and was one of those who settled on the island of Providence"—

a small isle on the coast of Honduras, and a distinguished rendezvous of the celebrated fraternity of the Freebooters or Buccaneers, and famous for its extraordinary fertility, and for enjoying the reputation, like Ireland, of not being infested by venomous reptiles.

With that fraternity he is supposed to have associated himself; an association in the meridian of its glory,—if such terms can be applied to exploits and darings which have no parallel in the history of mankind,—as they have been celebrated by Basil Ringrove, the author of the history of the Buccaneers, and who was himself one of the number.

The origin of these Spartans of the ocean seems to have sprung from the dauntless bravery of a few individuals, fostered by the rash and unwise policy of the Spanish Creoles, in transactions at once striking from their simplicity, and offensive to humanity. Their state and history is briefly this:—

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\* It was properly the African and Indian Company.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the island of St. Domingo was overrun with wild cattle, which afforded employment in hunting, for the sake of their hides, to many persons who bartered them for merchandise with the inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Tortugas. These hunters lived chiefly in places named boucans, or sheds, which sheltered them from the sun and rain, but were open at the sides to every wind.

Among other remarkable regulations of the Buccaneers, no married person could be admitted a member of their society. Two of them, joined together, had everything in common; and when one died, the survivor was heir to all his property. Every Buccaneer was allowed, however, to supply his wants from the boucan sheds, where the property was regarded as public stock. It was owing to this circumstance that they acquired from strangers the appellation of Buccaneers; but they styled themselves "Brethren of the Coast." Whoever desired to become a member of this fraternity, was obliged to drop his surname and receive another more descriptive; but when they left the society and married, they commonly resumed their original names.

Though the "Brethren of the Coast," wild and roving young men, led this life for a few years, and then settled as colonists, it had such charms for others, that several, who were known to have inherited considerable possessions in Europe, sacrificed their inheritances rather than return to take possession.

The proximate cause of the unquenchable animosity between them and the Spaniards is not known, but their enmity grew to such a height, that their enemies resolved to extirpate them; and, having gathered together a considerable force, massacred all that fell into their hands. The Buccaneers retaliated with exasperated cruelty, and the better to secure success in their vengeance, never hunted but in parties, nor fought without the resolution to be victorious, which they often were.

The Spaniards, seeing that they could not overcome them, resolved to cut off their means of existence, and accordingly proclaimed a general hunt to exterminate the wild cattle, an undertaking which they pursued with such ardour that the race was nearly destroyed. The Buccaneers being in consequence obliged to enter on another mode of life, joined "the Freebooters," who at this time infested those seas; and thus the policy of the Spaniards contributed to strengthen that power which, in a few years afterwards, ravished their commerce and pillaged their towns.

The fraternity of the Freebooters chiefly consisted of English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese. The natives, however, of all other nations were eligible to become members, save only the Spaniards, against whom they waged interminable war.

At first these fierce adventurers had neither ships, provisions, nor money. Their arms consisted of pistols and cutlasses; but with these weapons and undaunted courage, they captured both merchantmen and ships of war.

Their first expeditions were in small boats and canoes: the captains, who generally furnished the means, received six shares; the other officers in proportion; and the men each one share. Such as were wounded in battle received gifts according to their injuries, and those who particularly distinguished themselves were generously rewarded, the gifts being always deducted from the booty before any division took place. The shares of those who fell in fight were invariably reserved for their nearest relations.

Some of their regulations were very severe. No woman was allowed on shipboard under pain of death; and among the Freebooters, as among the Buccaneers, every man was heir to his companion. But as there was no restriction with respect to marriage, except as to bringing their wives on board, when a married man died, his family got the one-half of his property, and his comrade the other. No fighting was permitted at sea, but if the parties were not reconciled before they landed, the quarrel was then decided in the presence of an officer.

The adversaries first fired each with pistols, and if that took no effect, they then fought with sabres till one drew blood, when he was declared in the right. They were strict also in their regulations as to theft, especially the

French, who, if a Freebooter among them was convicted of stealing only a single piastre, they exposed him on a desert shore with a fusee, a few shot, a bottle of powder, and another of water.

Whenever they went on an expedition, they solemnly made oath to each other not to appropriate any part of the booty to their individual use. It is said the other Freebooters were less severe, but thieves were banished from their society. The laws respecting gambling and drinking were equally rigorous, but often broken, both by officers and men; and it was a striking peculiarity of their discipline, when they discovered a ship which they deemed a prize, to bind themselves by an oath to take her or perish in the attempt.

Under the command of the Welshman, Morgan, Sir Henry, as he was called, they attained the summit of their power and renown; an individual who, according to those exploits which were deemed brave and honourable among them, was deservedly considered a hero. He commenced his career as a common sailor, and under his directions the fraternity rose to such emmence, that they possessed a fleet of no less than thirty-seven ships of various rates, when they advanced, in 1670, to attack Panama. His own vessel, as the admiral's, carried thirty-two guns, others twenty, eighteen, and seventeen, and the smallest four. In this expedition, Morgan bore at his mainmast-head the royal standard of England, and distinguished the two squadrons, into which he divided his navy, in imitation of the English, by the red and white flags, and appointed officers accordingly.

Though in this man were many traits of rude grandeur, approaching to the heroic, his general character may be said to have been made up of gross and vulgar vices; and certainly, by the manner in which he withdrew from his companions after enriching himself with the spoils of Panama, he has darkened even the lurid glory of his piratical renown.

It is, however, in Olinos that we have the sternest example of the ferocity to which these bold rovers aspired. Having committed several severe depredations on the Spaniards, they sent a vessel of six guns and ninety men to seize him; and that no delay might occur after his capture in his execution, they sent also a negro to perform the hangman's office.

Olinos and his comrades seeing this ship, swore to take her; and although only thirty in number, they boarded her on both sides at once. The Spaniards, surprised at this sudden attack, after some desperate fighting, were driven into the hold, where the Freebooters followed and disarmed them. Olinos, knowing for what purpose the ship had been sent, determined to show no mercy; and accordingly, ordering his prisoners to ascend, one by one, he, with his own hand, smote off their heads as they severally came on deck, and so rejoiced and glutted in this savage slaughter, that he licked the blade of his sabre at every stroke. But the atrocities of this cannibal would only overwhelm modern delicacy with disgust were they to be related at greater length.

Such was the society, such the manners, and such the characters among whom Paterson, when a young man, threw himself as an adventurer; and if his visit to the island of Providence was a missionary enterprise, it surely had been conceived in the spirit of martyrdom, since he must have known that he had to encounter not only savage licentiousness, but the crimes and corruptions of civilization. Nothing, however, in his subsequent career justifies the supposition that he was either actuated by fanaticism or motives of religion. The same spirit of adventure which led him to quit his father's house, accounts for his voyage to the haunts and regions of the pirates, and the subsequent use which he made of the knowledge acquired among them, shows that he did not delight only in roving enterprise, but was instinctively in quest of some unknown but magnificently conceived object.

In 1688 he returned to England. At this time he was only twenty-eight years of age, at which period he is described as a serious young man of agreeable manners, and an engaging serenity of countenance, endowments which deserve the more attention, as it is imputed with disparagement, that he owed to them the ascendancy which he afterwards obtained over the minds of those

whose good opinion he endeavoured to cultivate. Harris thus describes his proceedings after his return:—

"He endeavoured to make a market of his ware [his project for the settlement] in Holland and Hamburg without success. He went afterwards to Berlin and opened his pack there, and had almost caught the Elector of Brandenburg in his noose, but that miscarried too."

Failing thus in his attempt to get his Darien plan supported, he returned to London, and "let his project sleep for many years." Harris then goes on to say that—

"His former wife being at rest as well as his project, he wanted a helpmate that was meet for him, and not being very nice, went no farther than the red-faced coffee woman, a widow, in Birch Lane, whom he afterwards carried to the Isthmus of Darien."

But although his colonial project slept, his speculative mind was wide awake. "He was concerned," Harris states, "in the Hampstead water; and had an original hand in the project of the Bank of England, but being obliged to communicate his thoughts to some eminent men who were more able to carry it on, they bubbled him out of the premium and the glory of the scheme."

Harris takes no notice of the fact in any other manner, but it must be evident to the reader, that Paterson was at this period a person both of influence and distinction in the city of London. "The man," continues this vituperative author, "thinking himself ill-used by the managers of the Bank of England, studied how to be up with them; and in opposition to it he applies himself to the project of the Orphan's Bank, where he was afterwards some time a Director." Having cause, however, to be discontented with that institution likewise, "he roused up his Darien genius, and having vamped it up with some new light he had purchased by conversing with Dampier," he went to Scotland.

At this time he occupied a considerable space in the public eye; his talents were deemed of a high order, and wherever he appeared in his native country, he was treated with the greatest distinction, inasmuch that Harris says with disparagement, that the Royal Commissioner to the States of the Kingdom was regarded with scarcely more consideration. Nor was he undeserving of this great popularity, for it was at this time that he assisted in forming the Bank of Scotland, and brought out his grand colonial project.

It would, however, be doing injustice to Paterson, not to mention that his plan for the Bank of Scotland was distinguished over that of her elder sister in London, by a most politic peculiarity.

At this period the resources of the country had been greatly impoverished, by those national transactions and troubles which shook the kingdom from the time of Charles I., and it must be allowed that it was a highly ingenious conception of Paterson to draw capital into the kingdom, to hold out an inducement to aliens to subscribe to the Bank, that they should become thereby naturalized subjects, a privilege which all foreigners enjoyed till it was injudiciously annulled by an Act of Parliament, after the close of the late war.

When Paterson went to Scotland, he had with him two young men—one a person of some notoriety. Harris calls them a couple of subtle youths whose office was to put Paterson's crude and indigested notions into form. But although Harris also alludes to his intimacy with the famous Fletcher of Saltoun, he does not seem to have been acquainted with the talents of that illustrious man, to whom tradition ascribes the composition of the law for incorporating the Company, under which the Darien expedition was undertaken—a law which, for conciseness, the beauty of perspicuity, and an occasional felicitous use of Scottish phraseology, is itself a high literary curiosity.

"The Company's Act," says Harris, "being now touched with the royal sceptre," the ancient Scottish mode of giving the King's assent to Bills in Parliament, the subscriptions flowed in, and some idea may be formed of the importance attached to Paterson's plan by the agreement made with him by the Company, that he was to receive twenty thousand pounds premium for his suggestion and forming it, with his two assistants. Yet Paterson did not



disclose all his plan to the public. The Company was ostensibly formed for the African and Indian trade only; the Act, however, has reference to America, a circumstance particularly deserving of attention. It is thus declared:—

“His Majesty understanding that several persons, as well foreigners as natives of this Kingdom, are willing to engage themselves with great sums of money in an American, African, and Indian trade, to be exercised in and from this kingdom.”

Paterson, it should be mentioned, is one of the incorporated among others as a merchant of London.

The Scottish subscription of four hundred thousand pounds was, as soon as the Act of incorporation passed, filled up with great avidity by most of the nobility and gentry, and all the cities and Royal boroughs of the kingdom. A suitable house for the business of the concern was bought in Meadow-square, Edinburgh, and ships were immediately built and bought. Something of the nationality of the Scots was shown in naming of these truly national vessels, such as the *St. Andrew*, the *Unicorn*, and the *Caledonia*. They had other vessels, the *Dolphin* and the *Endeavour*, but these, from their names, were probably those which were bought ready made.

As soon as the business of the African and Indian Company, as the undertaking was generally spoken of, had been fairly instituted in Scotland, Paterson and others were sent to Holland and the Hanse Towns, to collect the additional capital, which was expected there; and with him were two colleagues, which Harris describes as “one Alexander Stevenson, Kirk Treasurer of Edinburgh, a zealous and lay grace-sayer, and a Captain James Gibson, Merchant and Malignant of Glasgow.” In this expedition Paterson failed, by an act of singular perfidy on the part of the English Government. For the affairs of the Company, and its many immunities, were by this time making a great noise on the Continent, and the Hamburgers were well inclined to have taken a large interest in the project, but the English Government instructed their accredited Minister to admonish the Hamburgers not to subscribe, as they had intended; the details of which affair, however, more properly belong to the history of the Company than to this biographical sketch. In the end, Paterson returned to Scotland and accelerated the equipment of the ships, the destination of which was not otherwise publicly known, than that they intended to proceed to somewhere in Africa or the Indies, by which was meant either to those of the East or West.

On this occasion, when the question as to the destination was debated in the Council of the Company, Paterson urged his original project, conceived ten years before, and prevailed. Accordingly the three ships, with the two tenders, sailed from Leith, having upwards of a thousand soldiers and sailors on board, with a curious cargo of merchandise, which our limits, and the sketchy nature of this account, prevent us from detailing.

Among other parties who influenced the Company to determine on fixing their settlement at Darien, was the famous Lionel Wafer, who was then printing his voyages in London, and which the Company induced him to suspend. For what special reason they had recourse to him is not very clear, but their proceedings towards him, as the seditious Harris states, were not candid; and he also alleges, that, in engaging him, they were not actuated by fair motives towards Paterson.

“Mr. Wafer,” says Harris, “pursuant to the contract, (having ordered his affairs in England for his voyage to Darien,) took post for Scotland, and on the road passed by the name of Brown, by the Committee’s directions. He was stopped at Haddington, twelve miles short of Edinburgh, by Mr. Pennycook, who was ordered to lodge him at Mr. Fletcher’s house, about two miles wide of the road; and there he was to stay till the Committee should come to him, lest by going into Edinburgh he should be seen by Paterson or Lodge, who at that time were kept in the dark as to the Company’s resolutions.”

However, the expedition, after many equivocal proceedings, sailed from the Frith of Forth, on the 17th of July, 1698, and passing north, arrived at Madéna about the end of August; stayed there five or six days, and took on

board twenty-seven pipes of wine. Here the Deputies of the Council opened their instructions, by which they were ordered to steer to Crab Island, and take possession of it in the name of the Company and of the Crown of Scotland. This island lies to the leeward of Santa Cruz, about nine leagues to the windward of Porto Rico, and about eighteen leagues from St. Thomas's.

The expedition was insufficiently provided with stores for so adventurous a voyage, insomuch that, before even reaching Madeira, they suffered considerable inconvenience. Harris, without being sensible of the inadvortency, admits that, by his official situation, he was partly to blame for this. His account of the provisions is, however, amusing.

"That you may taste," says he, "a little of our provisions as well as I, you must know that our stock-fish was the best, if there had been a proportion of butter or oil to it. Our beef was three-fourths Irish, and the rest Scotch, both alike fit for a long voyage. There was about a fifth part of the Irish stall-fed; the rest grass beef; and the whole about eighteen months in salt. As for our bread, twenty-seven thousand pounds weight of it was made up of damified wheat, which was bought cheap; and the money of it is now in the pocket of a Director, whose Christian name is Drummellier. This bread was not fit for dogs to eat; but it was a mercy we had a good many Highlanders in our legion who were not used to feed on much of God's creatures that's hallowed. The pork was indifferent good, but there being no great store of it on board, we reserved it always for our Sunday's dinner. As for cheese, we had none, by reason, I suppose, that that only serves for concoction, or to create an appetite."

But to continue the account of the voyage. Having made Santa Cruz, one of the tenders was sent to St. Thomas's for pilots, to conduct them to the Main; and while she returned to the squadron, at Santa Cruz, the Governor of St. Thomas's, hearing from the tender that they intended to take possession of Crab Island for Scotland, sent a sloop there before them to hoist the Danish standard, which the expedition found flying on their arrival.

On the second of October they left Crab Island, disappointed at being so anticipated; their passage thence to Darien was tedious and unhealthy, and, it is said, that during a week which they were becalmed between Carthagena and Tiberoon, their men fell down in the sulphurous air, "and died like rotten sheep."

In November, 1698, the expedition reached the Bay of Darien; and on the 25th of March, 1699, the news of their arrival was received in Edinburgh, and was celebrated there with great rejoicings by the populace, and by solemn thanksgivings in all the churches. Indeed no event had ever been celebrated with such demonstrations of joy in the Scottish capital. A public graduation of students was held at the University, in the presence of the magistrates in all their formalities, at which the professor of philosophy made an oration in favour of the new colony. The students defended its wisdom in their theses—even from the pulpit it was the subject of pious declamation. The whole nation was delighted with golden ideas, and a bright, interminable vista of prosperity.

Soon after, a gentleman, said to have been belonging to the expedition, came home; and to satisfy the ardent curiosity of the people, he published a short account of the proceedings of the colonists, under the title of "The History of Caledonia, or the Scots Colony in Darien;" an interesting little work, but which has fallen into oblivion among the mass of contemporaneous works which, on the same subject, then agitated all Europe.

Having sounded the coast of Darien between the 8th and 10th degrees of north latitude, the colonists fixed on a fine natural harbour, which they called New St. Andrew's; and having formally taken possession, they fortified it, and laid out a town, which they named New Edinburgh. The Deputies with the expedition, among whom was Paterson, then went to negotiate a league with the sovereign, as they conceived, of the country. The whole account of this negotiation is in itself picturesque, and exceedingly amusing.

"Accordingly," says the author, "some deputies were sent out, among whom was Mr. Paterson, the chief projector of the whole design. They found the Indians, as before related, very tractable, and had certain intelligence that one of their great kings

was not far off, upon the ridge of the mountains, and would be very glad to understand their design, and enter into any league against the Spaniards, whom they mortally hated. They set out with a small train, to give no occasion of jealousy, and had several slight merchandises, as beads, linnen and woollen cloths, and other things which they knew would be acceptable presents to the wild Indians.

"The Indians were so secure, that they (the deputies) saw, as they passed along, several of them sleeping in hammocks tied to two trees, and had no other covering or canopy but large plantan leaves; for they were told by their priests, or rather magicians (who went a conjuring, which they call *panawing*, as soon as our fleet arrived), that the people newly arrived would be a great assistance against the Spaniards, their enemies, and would never molest them if they failed not on their part.

"The *panawing* is performed, as the deputies were informed, with hideous yellings and shrieks, in which they imitate sometimes the hissing of serpents, sometimes the croaking of toads, sometimes the yelping of foxes, and barking of dogs; to which they join the noise of several stones struck together, and of a sort of drums made of bamboos. They labour so hard, and strain themselves so much, that they are all in a great sweat; and often fall into strange ecstasies and trances for a considerable time, and then renew their shrieks again, till the oracle be given. The great enemy of mankind, and lover of discord, invited by such jarring music, at last visibly appears, and audibly gives his answer.

"But to return to where we left off. After they (the deputies) had made two easy days' journeys, they arrived at the place where the King was, which was on the top of a very high hill, which had a noble prospect towards the North Sea, as far as the eye could reach.

"As soon as the King had intelligence that the deputies were near at hand, he sent a few persons of the best quality to conduct them to his presence: these were attended with a set of musicians, who played upon a kind of pipes, made of small, hollow bamboos and reeds, full of knotches, with which they made a kind of whining noise, but nothing musical to European ears; and all the company, to keep concert, made a humming noise to themselves.

"As they approached nearer, they were diverted by a dance of forty men in a ring, who stretched out their hands, and laid them on one another's shoulders, moving gently sideways round in a circle, wriggling themselves into a thousand ridiculous postures, something like the Highland dancers in Scotland; and after they had danced a pretty while, one of the company jumped out of the ring, and played several antic tricks, throwing and catching a lance, bending backwards towards the ground, and springing forward again with great activity, to the no small admiration of the deputies.

"When they were come to the top of the hill, and almost in sight of the King, to show how welcome they were to both sexes, they were entertained by a dance of women, who behaved themselves with great modesty and activity, dancing in a ring as the men did.

"These women danced still before the deputies, till they were arrived in the King's presence, whom they found seated under a tree of extraordinary bigness, upon a kind of throne made of several logs of wood, piled neatly upon one another, and covered with a sort of party-coloured cloth, which he had purchased from the Spaniards for a great sum of gold. He had on his head a diadem of gold plate, above ten inches broad, indented at the top, and lined with net-work, made of small canes, and a robe shaped something like a flock of cotton, down to his heels, with a fringe of the same cotton, above a span long, with short, wide open sleeves, reaching only to the middle of his arms: his face was painted with red, as he designed war upon some of his neighbours: he had a plate of gold hanging over his mouth, of an oval figure, covering his mouth from corner to corner: he had, hanging at each ear, a pendant, made of two large plates of gold, fastened to a ring, the one hanging before to the heart, and the other behind on the shoulder: the plates were about eight inches long, and shaped like a heart.

"Those who attended him, wore on their heads a kind of diadem made of cane-work, indented and jagged at the top, wrought very fine, and well painted; set round at the top with long, beautiful feathers, in the form of a crown.

"The deputies, after they had made a long obeysance to his Majesty, were conducted by the master of the ceremonies (who is always a principal man) to some seats made of logs of wood, covered with cotton cloth just over against the King's throne, but much lower: and then the negotiations began.

Mr. Paterson, the first of the embassy, then rose, and, after due reverence, said that they were come from the uttermost coast of the world, being the subjects of a mighty prince, to admire his grandeur, to establish traffic, and to

make a strict league with him against all his enemies whatsoever\*; but just as he had finished, a drove of monkeys—creatures common at all courts—came leaping up and down the branches of the trees, making a loud chattering, and flinging sticks and boughs at the whole party, besides committing many other unseemly actions. But our limits do not allow us to detail all the ceremonies of the occasion, many of which are exceedingly curious, especially the banquet which followed, and a royal hunting. Nothing, indeed, could be more flattering than their reception, nor the sanguine hopes which their league with the King encouraged.

But the reader, after this minute description, will be surprised to hear that the little work, from which this description has every appearance of having been compiled, was either by Waser, or from his voyages, which were then printing; for in that work he gives an account of the King, almost verbatim, the same as we have just quoted.

"I once saw Lacenta," says he, "in a great council, wear a diadem of gold plate, like a band, about his head, eight or nine inches broad, jagged at the top like the teeth of a saw, and lined in the inside with a net-work of small canes. And all the armed men who then attended him in council wore on their heads such a band, but like a basket of canes, and so jagged, wrought fine, and painted very handsomely, for the most part red; but not covered over with gold, as Lacenta's was. The top of these was set round with long feathers of several of the most beautiful birds, stuck upright in a ring or crown; but Lacenta had no feathers on his diadem."

This curious similarity induced us to examine more narrowly the different accounts of this noted embassy, and I find the following description by Harris:—

"Being arrived at his plantation, Captain Ambrosio (the King) came out of his wigwam about thirty paces, and welcomed us. He had a white cotton frock on, fringed at the bottom, and his court or clau behind him, to the number of thirty men, besides women and children: they were in such frocks as Ambrosio's, and had short lances in their hands. He carried us into his wigwam, and his wives gave every one of us a plantan and calabash of their drink—this being all the food we got, till the next day at noon we came down to our boats, except a dish of minced-meat of wild hogg, wherein was about two pounds of meat, which served to give us a taste of their finest cheer. We hung in hammocks that night in Ambrosio's wigwam, amongst his and his son Pedro's wives, and our men lay round a large fire."

Amused with the remarkable variance between the different descriptions, the reader will probably be interested to see still another account of the same ceremony, from a different publication of that period, the author of which we have not been able to discover; but by the internal evidence of the pamphlet, he must have been a Scotchman, and of the expedition. Speaking of Ambrosio, or Lacenta, he describes him as—

"A man about sixty years of age, but strong and vigorous, well-limbed, and of a stern countenance. He is a mortal enemy to the Spaniards, with whom he had a long war. He is esteemed the bravest of all the Indian captains. His son-in-law, Don Pedro, having been taken by the Spaniards, and kept by them as a slave at Panama, he can neither forget nor forgive them. \* \* \* Captain Ambrosio's house lies about a league from the water-side, on the bank of a river, having twelve lesser houses about it. When we drew near to it, he advanced fifty paces to meet us, being attended by twenty men, in white loose frocks, with fringes round the bottom, and armed with lances: he saluted us kindly, and gave us a calabash of liquor, almost like lamb's-wool, made of Indian corn and potatoes. His house is 90 feet long, 35 broad, and 30 in height, curiously thatched with Palmetto royal, and over that cotton leaves. The floor is firm, like tarras, very smooth and clean. The sides are composed of large canes, as thick as a man's leg."

The exultation of the Scots at the success of their colony was soon destined to suffer a sudden blight. On the 3d of May, 1699, in little more than a month after the news of the arrival of the fleet had been received, the Spanish Ambassador presented a remonstrance against the insult suffered by the King his

\* It would seem from this that Paterson was acquainted with their language; but on this occasion they had really a Jew, who spoke Spanish, which the Indians understood,

master, from the Scots taking possession of a portion of his territory. The English Parliament also addressed King William on the subject of the injuries which the Scottish Colony was likely to produce to the East Indian trade of England; and it deserves particular notice, that the King's reply to the Parliamentary address shows that vindictive spirit which the Scots have always alleged William cherished against them. "I have," said his Majesty, "been ill-served in Scotland; but I hope some remedies may be found to prevent the inconveniences which may arise from this Act"—the Act of Incorporation.

In the mean time, instructions were given to the different Colonial Governors not to assist the Scots Colonists; and as a proof of the wickedness to which William was consenting, these different Governors declare in their proclamations, that the King was not acquainted with the intention of the Scots to settle on the Isthmus of Darien—a dry fact, perhaps true in itself. But Paterson's project for settling there had many years been publicly known; and it was equally well known, that he, as a counsellor of the Company, sailed with the expedition. Besides, the Board of the Company had addressed the King, informing him of the news of the arrival of the colonists at Darien, and of their flattering prospects.

When it was understood at Edinburgh how much the English Government was set against the colony, the popular violence was as wild as the general joy was extravagant when the news of the arrival of the expedition was received. The King's Commissioner (the Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom) and the great officers of state were obliged to fly the city, says Arnot, in his History of Edinburgh, and tumult and turbulence pervaded all ranks. This ebullition was, however, of no avail—the fate of the colony was decided, to the everlasting grief of the Scots, and the disgrace of King William's Government; for, although there may have been error in taking possession of the Isthmus of Darien, there was no possible reason, in policy or humanity, for the treatment which the colonists received from their own Sovereign, in abandoning them to starvation.

Upon the right to take possession of Darien many ingenious and curious pamphlets were published at the time, but it would be inconsistent with our limits to notice them particularly here, further than that one published at Glasgow is the ablest that has fallen under our observation: to us it is not, however, quite convincing. As this article has already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, we have only to add that the fate of Paterson is not known, nor mentioned in any of the books or papers to which we have had access. It is, however, probable that he perished with the great body of the colonists, either at Darien, or during the hardships that the remnants encountered on their return—a circumstance which throws a melancholy shade over the few relics we have been able to gather of a man that must be regarded as of no ordinary stamp.

By his contemporaries, when all the specks and spots of individual infirmity tended to diminish the lustre of his talents, it is easy to conceive how differently Paterson must have been considered, compared with the brightness in which he appears to posterity, when cleared from the clouds which surrounded his setting. There is nothing, indeed, more striking in biography than the fortunes of this man. We see him a poor stripling, proceeding from a lone cottage in a remote part of the kingdom, friendless and penniless;—his curiosity incites him to embark in the enterprises of a lawless and ferocious brotherhood; his observations among them, subsequently corrected by one of the most adventurous voyagers, enable him to project the plantation of a state, in its design, as described in the Act of Incorporation, worthy of the greatest Kings. But, though baffled by the jealousy of nations, the character of his prospective genius still survives in what may be called the mere debris of his conceptions—the two national Banks of England and of Scotland. The former, indeed, may be said to influence and improve the condition of the whole earth, and yet the period of his death is still questionable, and the spot where he lies is not only unmarked by any monument, but literally unknown.

## REVIEW.

GERTRUDE, JEROME, SEXTUS, *par Madame Allard.*

It has not lately been our lot to refer to modern literature in France, and we reserve to ourselves some future opportunity of speaking of the school of Monsieur V. Hugo, and the principles he has laid down for its foundation in the very able preface to his tragedy of Cromwell. But a few volumes have come before us, which possess a peculiar interest, as well from their intrinsic merit, as from the sex of their author, we do not feel inclined to pass them over. There is no country in which female talent has been so much developed as in France. The system of government, from which grew the system of society, was that best calculated to bring out the energies, and to assist the education of women, who, from possessing political power, were necessarily urged into contact with men possessing talent and ambition. Few writers of any age or country have had the grace of Madame de Sevigné, the vigour of Mademoiselle Lencin, the poetry and eloquence of Madame de Staël. At the present moment, Madame Allard, who is nearly connected, we believe, with the distinguished family of Gay, holds out the fairest promise of obtaining a high place in her national literature.

The works on which we form our opinion are "Gertrude" a novel; "Jerome," a short tale, laid in Italy, and "Sextus," the last, and, upon the whole, by far the best of these productions. It is the life and history of a cardinal's protégée, whose youth had been passed in the wild plains of the Maremnes, and whose spirit is deeply imbued with that rich Italian voluptuousness,—the source at once of all that is beautiful and vile in the Roman youth, the character of whose minds, as that of Rome itself, is a confused combination of meanness and magnificence—the palace by the side of the pigsty.

In the description of the wide solitude by which Rome is surrounded, in the headstrong passion—the fickleness of purpose of Sextus himself—the most remarkable features of Roman scenery and Roman character are poetically imagined and powerfully expressed. What this book most especially wants, is exactly that which we most expected to find—lightness and grace. Wherever there is an occasion to paint the boundless plain, the abrupt rock, the broad, deep-red sun—wherever there is an opportunity to display the savage violence, the reckless eagerness, the short-lived, but frantic energy, of Italy—there the writer is evidently at home and pleased. But in depicting a drawing-room, in detailing a conversation, in describing a dandy or a flirt, she is frigid, constrained, and unnatural. Of artificial life, which is that of a French woman, she knows or seems to know nothing—of the feelings and energies of a life entirely unconventional, she appears to have practically known and truly imagined—much. Her peculiar talent gives a remarkable energy to parts; her peculiar defects, which, where the conduct of a story is required, are remarkably evident, prevent the effect and interest of the whole.

She describes feelings better than persons. There is a want of palpable appearance in her characters, which prevents them taking a strong hold upon your senses; they rather flit faintly before you as shadows, than stand boldly out as bodies of flesh and blood. This is not so much the case in the first work, Gertrude, as in the others; and we think the fault (and we do consider it a great fault) one which is natural to have occurred, and may yet be remedied. When we first write, we are anxious to describe what we have seen, for that which strikes the eye is the most remarkable to youth. As we begin to think on what we have seen, we get proud of our thoughts; we pursue them internally, and are too apt to forget their connexion with the external objects which inspired them.

Gertrude, though the worst as a work, displays, perhaps, the most original. *August.*—VOL. XXXV., NO. CXL.

nality and genius of any of the three we have mentioned: it has more of vitality about it. Jerome is the next step which an author generally makes; it is a piece of writing, the style of which is remarkably elegant, the thoughts here and there good—the whole stiff and overstrained. Sextus is a great improvement on this; the characters are better sustained, the language more warm and glowing, and the *dramatis personæ*, though still too little like men and women, are, in one or two instances, such pictures of men and women as Sir Joshua Reynolds would not have been ashamed of. We have no doubt, that when Madame Allard comes again before us, we shall find as much to admire, and far less to criticise. We feel sure that none of her writings are yet, by many degrees, equal to herself.

### MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Social Societies—Matthews and his Comic Annual—The Irish Character—"Poor Old Townsend"—Cholera in Prison—The Art of living, Scot-free—Lord Londonderry's Wax Candles.

L SOCIETIES.—The St. Simonians have left Paris in a body, in order to occupy a country-house at Menilmontant: this does not say much for their numbers. It is said that the enlightened members of this society may be seen digging in their gardens, planting cabbages, and cutting spinach for their cutlets, with their own proper hands, much to the delight of the Parisian *badauds*, who come from town to witness the way of a *doctrinaire* with his vegetables. In the mean time, that other horticultural society, the monks of La Trappe, have turned out of their domains for entertaining revolutionary projects, although no rational man in France at this moment believes they ever proposed to upturn anything but the dust of their own graves. While, however, the poor Trappists are appealing to the benevolence of the Catholics of England for a supply of bread, the St. Simonians are the fashion at Menilmontant, So the world wags.

The idea of the St. Simonians going out of town, in warm weather, is not a bad one, and may be a lesson to migratory doctrinaires who, instead of rustivating in a body, spread themselves in unconnected and unimproving wanderings over half the world. But society is in its infancy, and the secret of its improvement is in union and co-operation, although to laugh at Mr. Owen and his satellites may be allowable fun. On this head, let us propound a St. Simonian project. Clubs in town are common enough, and they are altogether male, and in their views confined. But a club in the country is quite a new scheme. Every man of wealth given to society, and who has a showable place, does indeed keep a club, something after the plan we propose, but not on the same terms. First of all, he bears the whole expense: next, he selects his friends: and, thirdly, they neither stay long with him, nor are they at home while there. Joint stock societies have been common enough, but always for gain: why not a joint stock company for pleasure—for the mutual insurance of amusement—the hand in hand association for prolonging existence, for shortening our days, while it lengthens our lives?

Great houses are for great people; that is, for persons who can afford

to shut them up three parts of the year, and open them the rest. A great house, a fine park, good stables, and a sufficient establishment, may be much better employed. Imagine the system of a London club applied to one of the splendid mansions of our aristocracy, so many of which are now tenantless. Suppose twenty-five or fifty families, of about equal means, of similar tastes and habits, to take possession of one of these feudal properties. With a common table (a sort of table d'hôte) for the adult, and a school-table for the young, the profits of innkeepers might be laid out in comparative luxury: but this only regards the materiel of living, to which a thousand details attach, such as a dairy supplied from the park. In all that looks to social or intellectual enjoyment, what a field would such an arrangement supply! The men in a summer's evening would walk up and down the avenues in discussion of their favourite subjects, or those most given to proselytise would lecture the young under a chestnut tree; while ladies, exempt from all the *tracasserie* of a household, would be at full liberty to give all their best cares, whether to education or the cultivation of their peculiar tastes. A steward, who might be a gentleman, and take his place at table, like the steward of a college, and a housekeeper, would be sufficient to regulate all the affairs of such a mansion. Each family would have its assigned apartments; or indeed the house, any house, might be, ~~and~~ altered, that a different range of apartments would signify as little as it does to the guest, who finds, on rising in the morning, that his windows look in a different direction from what they did the last time he visited the house. The billiard-room, the reading and school-room are understood. The stables would be a separate concern, and under the management of an individual, whose charges, however, should be on the joint stock principle; the value of which as to stables may be understood, when it is stated that the market-price of the food of a horse per week is twelve shillings, and that every livery-stable-keeper in London charges just double that sum for his maintenance.

Fifty families would require about a hundred and thirty rooms of different sizes. The writer of this happens to be acquainted with the mansion of a decayed nobleman, making up, as is said, a hundred beds; now, in addition to these hundred beds, there are, in the house spoken of, numerous sitting-rooms, spacious state-rooms, long picture-galleries, together with a most unnecessary array of stewards', housekeepers', and other servants' apartments. Were the living portion of such a house as this (and of such, hundreds are now falling to decay, or incurring unnecessary taxes and outlay of expense in keeping up) added to the sleeping part, fifty families might be accommodated with ease and comfort, for as long a period as they pleased. In an institution of this kind a college would serve as an excellent model; were it once adopted, such mansions would far better deserve the names of universities than either Cambridge or Oxford.

The contribution of the members for all such matters as were constant should be permanent, rent, service, reading-room, &c. The instant *bretschka* drove to the door, then the buttery-bill should commence, with the beer to slake the thirst of the post-boys, goaded on by the proprietor, anxious to arrive at his or her paradise. The charges for the subsistence of men, women, and children of every age, might be easily graduated to a scale, and the whole affairs of an institution of



this kind conducted with more than the enjoyment of a club, and all the regularity and certainty and quiet of a college.

Institutions of this kind (they might be called Domestic Clubs) could be arranged for persons of any income. The one that we have in our mind has been conceived for families of 600*l.* or 700*l.*, the which is esteemed to be worse than nothing in ordinary life. But according to our plan, certain we are it might be made productive of every comfort, and every luxury of 2000*l.* a-year in Baker-street or Montagu-square.

Let us see. Fifty families of 600*l.* a-year, produce, on the aggregate, 30,000*l.* per annum: of this, we would set aside for house-rent and taxes, for gardens, for dairy, for service, for reading-rooms, for a library, &c., 10,000*l.* a-year; the remaining 20,000*l.* we would divide into four parts; 10,000*l.* should go in gross food, 5000*l.* in horse-flesh for those who choose to ride, and 5000*l.* in wines and spirits. Such a 30,000*l.* per annum we are convinced would produce a community, that, before many years were elapsed, would be quoted as the pleasanter and most improving society of Europe.

We have spoken of 600*l.* a-year, but the plan is not the less practicable for 200*l.* per annum or 2000*l.*

We hear of incomes of 50*l.*, 100*l.*, and 200,000*l.* per annum, but the man who has the most.

for weeks he had not had the command of 100*l.* any. The history of our aristocracy is not known; they are a people more sinner against than sinning; they have been for ages such as those who have subsisted for ages, the treasure of the neighbourhood, and thus have supplied the place of the old monasteries.

The distribution of the wealth of an English aristocrat would be a revolution except in his own neighbourhood. Has he not the whole generation of a certain honest steward in times of yore to provide? Is not his mother's nurse quartered upon him? The ancient baker of fancy-bread to his great grandfather, has he not a maiden idiot daughter, who must not be left to the parish? And did not "Training Joseph," as far back as the reign of Queen Anne, win some amazing races, and must not, therefore, both the stud of the said Joseph, and the stud of the said winning horse be kept up? Besides all this, the existing property is dispersed; it demands bailiffs here and there—land-surveyors make a job, and farmers make a flight or a failure.

Pass a mansion in Yorkshire, and demand the name of its tenant: the name is a good one. The possessor perhaps has a *locum tenens* house at Brighton, three bow-windows, and the Steine in common. The fact is, he cannot live on his paternal estate, though he can afford to pay for dear and bad lodgings at Brighton. Meanwhile, the grandson of his grandfather's pastry-cook knows no change; in Sussex or in Yorkshire he performs his small duty, and rejoices.

Come, let us *club*, should be the rejoinder to the national litany: they who live miserably separately, may advance every rational hope and prospect in society.

MATTHEWS AND HIS COMIC ANNUAL.—Puns are not this year a staple commodity of Matthews's Comic Annual: there is wit in abundance; and, besides, there is satire—moral satire. This is a considerable step above Hoodism. Matthews, if he could get out of the Pun Go-Cart,

might become one of the "best possible public instructors." Witness the scenes in which that remarkable person, *Mistress Oberflächlich*, instructs her daughters how to slip the dress from one of the shoulders by accident, and the rest.

Some of the songs, too, are excellent. The "Sights of London" is an admirable *coup d'œil* of the Metropolis; and the touch at the Water Companies cleverer than anything in Mrs. Bramble's abuse of London filth.

Matthews's Schoolboy is perfect; the *Young Snobs* are only another edition of former boys of his: but we would bargain for a coachful of school-bads every summer vacation as long as he lives.

The Hunting Song is as good as Nimrod's article in the Quarterly on Melton Mowbray; and this is great praise. He fairly carries us over every thing—turns his green table into a green field—the lamps rose before us like an onfence; and as he tallyhoed along, he seemed to be about to take the fiddlers' sticks bristling out of the orchestra, just as the squire would switch a rasper in Northamptonshire. The spirit of the chase rose supreme; and we were only surprised, when old Jowler found, that the whole house did not break out in a universal view-hollo! and so away over the box (h)edges.

Matthews is unique. Go through England and you will not find an approach to him; then, like Dr. Faustus, go to Spain and back again, and there is nothing like him: ransack France, Germany, all Europe, and Matthews still remains unique.

**THE IRISH CHARACTER.**—If ever a country presented a fine raw material for the manufacture of a nation by able hands it is Ireland. If a thorough change does not very soon take place in the management of the interests of that land, we shall shortly have to regret its independence. Men will then wonder at the blindness, not merely of the Legislature, but of the national feeling, as they did in the case of America. It is easy and inexpensive to prophesy; we will, therefore, raise an oracular voice, and foretel that, unless some most decided change takes place in *this* country, Ireland will be an independent republic in ten years. The plan to save Ireland (unless you dissolve the Union) is instantly to begin anew. Arrange its government on the footing of a dependent province, without regard to the prevalence of this or that form of Christianity. This will be, in fact, to grant all that is clamoured for; and then, at the moment of satisfaction, establish a strong executive, which will ensure the predominance of law. The Whig scheme of preserving dignity is a bad one with nations: it stood in the way of a conciliation with America at every stage, and is now the grand stumbling-block. A government's true dignity is the preservation of peace and the propagation of happiness.

The Irish are not a people to be dragooned. There are signs about all their Tithe meetings of an easy and good-natured consciousness of power, which bear a most threatening aspect for statesmen of the strong hand. No trait in the Irish is more peculiar than the joking air with which they transact their most serious business. Had a ceremony such as is described below taken place in England, it would have meant only harmless satire; for an Englishman, while in earnest, never permits his imagination to play; with an Irishman it comes like a flash of lightning when he means destruction.

The funeral of Tithes and Vestry Cess will, if we are not much mistaken, be mentioned in history.

"Several of the banners bore well-executed caricatures. That from Piltown and Besborough represented (a sketch from the Parson's Horn-Book) some emaciated peasants bearing a bloated dignitary of the church in a chair of state: they are groaning in anguish, while he endeavours to silence them by prods of a bayonet; but lest they should faint or rebel beneath the weight, yokes a piece of flying-artillery to his triumphal chair, and so drives tandem. Behind, on horseback, came a slave-driver, bearing a strong likeness to a well-known reverend character in the county—a witness before the late Tithe Committee. Another represented the Devil as an auctioneer, standing on the back of a cow, branded 'Tithe,' vainly offering her for sale; while a parson and proctor stand by with rueful looks, exclaiming 'No bidders! no bidders!' The parishes of Moncoin and Cargeen formed a regular funeral procession (or bur'in', as they call it) for fifteen miles, bearing a coffin before them, on one side of which was inscribed

‘TITHES,

‘The frightful source of misery and bloodshed!

‘Died on the ever-memorable 14th of December, 1831.

‘*Requiescat in pace—Amen.*’

On the other side—

‘VESTRY CESS,

‘The first-born of TITHES,

‘Died of strangulation, in Waterford Cathedral,

‘On Easter Monday, 1829.

‘*Requiescat in pace—Amen.*’

This coffin was borne at the head of several thousand people on foot, seven hundred horsemen following, three deep, their band playing the merriest air that could be selected, and the funeral train alternately raising the doleful *Keena*, with mock solemnity, every one joining in chorus, ‘Arra, why did you die? Wurristru! O Wurristru!’ and shouting in triumphant glee.”

They who think so much of La Vendee, and its effect on the stability of a government, may imagine the speculation in neighbouring countries on a translation of this passage. Those persons who have discussed politics on the Continent, whether in Russia or France, will recollect the importance of Ireland in foreign eyes: in fact, it has been for years the great stumbling-block of all our negotiations. Right or wrong, the continental powers have said, “Here is a country with an arrow in her side; she is wounded, and, in spite of her pléthoric appearance, carries poison in her veins.” It is in vain for our agents to say no one can understand England or Ireland but natives; that those *émeutes*, which in other countries are fatal, are with us but the opening and shutting of the safety-valve;—true or not, foreigners shrug their shoulders, insist on their terms.

“POOR OLD TOWNSEND.”—The theftak is taken: death has added him at last. On going one morning to the Bank on duty, the head constable of all met him suddenly as he was turning a corner, pulled out a skeleton-staff, neither more nor less than a marrow-bone; Townsend turned pale, saw his time was come, and, like a decent thief, made no resistance, but was had up before the chief magistrate without more ado. Bail was not heard of, and the case was so clear that he was committed at once for trial. “Poor old Townsend!” what will thy cunning serve thee now?—no rapid post-chaise and four can avail thee: the circumstantial evidence is all against thee, this time. Flight

and pursuit are done: the jury is empannelled, the verdict trembles upon their lips. Guilty or not guilty. The judge seems gathering up his black cap.

"Poor old Townsend," as the king called him when he benignly asked after his burial, turns out to be old Townsend. He has left behind him 25,000*l.* It is said; if so, it is asked, did he get it? This would certainly be hard to say, but surely there is no reason for supposing that, because he is rich, he has "played booty." Is a man to have nothing for preventing a duel in the nick of time, and adroitly concealing the source of his information? When diamonds are lost, should not a man be paid for finding; more particularly if they should be found in an illustrious pocket? Has he not been for a quarter of a century the only fashionable representative of justice? Has not his nod been as efficient as that of a lady patroness at every route of the season? In moments of confusion, how many of the most lovely and the most frightened of all aristocratical beauties have not been encouraged and supported by his sunny smile and confident assurance of protection? And shall not a man be paid for all this? Townsend, the favourite of three successive kings of England, may surely be permitted to rest quietly in his grave, though he did die worth a quarter of a plum. Townsend has been a favourite subject with the fashionable novelists, into whose works his portrait has been introduced more than once at full length. He was in fact the model of a Londoner and a Bow Street officer. He was considered impudent, but that was only by those who did not understand him. Townsend divided mankind into the convicted and the unconvicted; he looked on his fellow citizens with the eye of the law, before whom all men are equal. A lord or a pickpocket were to him plaintiff and defendant, equally respectable personages until the jury had decided who was wrong. What is called delicacy, he had none; any man might be a rogue, for justice makes no distinction of persons. Vulgar he was, for he talked the cockney vernacular; but his vulgarity never shocked lord or prince; he was humorous, droll, with a temper and a countenance that nothing could ruffle. His drollery might sometimes smack of that of Petit André, for he loved to joke his prisoners: he could be nothing dreary in apprehension: did he not live by it?—and was it not ordained by the authority of the land?—So he conducted his prisoner to gaol with an air of satisfaction as if both parties were doing their duty and following their respective callings. It was Townsend's part to take, and the prisoners to be taken—so all was right.

**CHOLERA IN PRISON.**—Persons are discharged from prison on account of the cholera prevailing within the walls as a measure of humanity. People not in prison cry out against the cruelty of turning loose upon society persons probably already infected, and who may spread the prison malady far and wide. At Wakefield, in Yorkshire; all the prisoners have been discharged from the House of Correction, save the poachers; so say the newspapers: poachers being persons, by their very profession, placed out of the reach of sympathy, with the first of September before their eyes. Some London magistrates have refrained from committing to gaol, where cholera has been occurring; but have threatened, that on the repetition of the offence, no such consideration should have weight, and that they should be committed both to gaol and cholera: this is being committed for trial indeed, both in consti-

tution and in crime. From all which it would appear, that cholera has much to do with punishment of imprisonment; and the prevalence of cholera ought certainly to be taken into the consideration of the judges during the existing assizes. One month, with the chance of cholera, is equal to nine months of duress in a time of salubrity.

We hear nothing of the debtors and their prisons, beyond the records of their deaths. The King's Bench, less considerate to poverty than magistrates to crime, do not hesitate to issue writs. Cholera is no answer to a latitat: nay, in imprisonment at such a time, by a vindictive creditor, will be a more delicious treat to his morbid appetite. Imprisonment for debt has long been considered by enlightened men as a gross barbarism: but what shall we say of it at a time when committal to prison is like sentence of death? The abolition of imprisonment for debt has lately been agitated, and a most enlightened view of it was taken by Lord Brougham; so, after all, is the great source of legal improvement; but the opposition it met with seems to have quashed all consideration of it. But what will the opponents of such a measure say to a suspension of it? There is no humane man who will not say, that no prisoner for debt should be detained, at the risk of his life, in a gaol infected by this tremendous disease. A general discharge would be a glorious act of humanity, and the injury done to their creditors amount to nothing. For who goes to gaol who can pay; or who ever can procure the means of paying in prison?

Imprisonment for debt is upheld as being the tradesman's security. It operates precisely as his temptation to loss. The readers of the newspapers will see, that under their confidence in this shield, never were tradesmen more imprudent, never swindlers more impudent. Reckoning upon his grand security,—the power of the person,—and now it may be said, over the person,—and further induced by the high profit on *credit* charges, there is no chance the tradesman will not run. The consequence is, that he falls into the hands of men, who, in their turn, rob under the protection of the law, and when they have secured their plunder, decamp.

Were imprisonment for debt unknown, bad debts, which now form more than half of many tradesmen's books, would be nearly unknown; and the misery, corruption, dissipation, and debauchery of prisons would disappear. If a man has property, it ought to be available to his creditors; if he has none, he is not likely to accumulate any in gaol. On the contrary, if his income depends upon his exertions, both income and exertion cease in prison; hope of payment to his creditors vanishes, and hope of amelioration, to improve circumstances, or regain a fortune, are blasted; and along with them, often the foundation of all integrity and industry.

**THE ART OF LIVING SCOT-FREE.**—In the French farce of *Pique-assiette*, or *Pickplate*; in which Potier used to be so famous, we have a man who lacks the means of dining, but who, by ingenuity and perseverance, succeeds pretty generally in securing an invitation; gracious or the contrary, it is indifferent, provided the dinner be good. This is a favourite subject in France, and suits the genius of the French nation. The arms of M. Pique-assiette are address and assurance. When John Bull is hungry and penniless he goes more warmly to work, and contents himself with the assurance, and dispenses with the address. It has become a pretty common practice lately with Pique-assiettes of

England to enter houses of public supply, and after having laid in a store of provisions enough to stand a pretty long siege, at length to confess that the payment is no part of their reckoning. It is part of the custom of England to presume that, when a man enters a tavern, he has wherewithal to satisfy the demands of his host; proceeding upon which, great is the civility of the host to his ready-money guest—deep is the servility of the waiters, because service is so immediately attended with its reward. Proportionate, then, must be the dismay of all parties, on discovery that the subject of their *petits soins* has no money, or, in other words, is “no gentleman.” Justice is usually summary on the occasion; but a fellow of enormously healthy appetite, well lined with fat capon and sack, is invulnerable to blows, and inapproachable to insult. He laughs in his sleeve at abortive attempts at punishment, for, as he thinks to himself, he cannot take my dinner from me. And as long as that his bosom sits pleasantly, landlords may rave, and waiters square, the comfort of the “diner out” is undisturbed. But what a digestion must that man have, who can sit and eat, and call, and be attended to, knowing well what must be the end of it all! The very idea—while travelling, for instance, or on other occasions where unknown—of raising a bill which shall exceed by a mere shade the contents of the pocket, would throw most men into a fever, and ensure a most potent fit of blue devils and indigestion. But here is a man, conscious of the coming storm of shame, eats with all the leisure of a man at ease, despatches the newspaper with his cheese, and contemplates his neighbours and his apartment over his bottle of port; spinning out, of course, the last glass or so, as if summoning up and arranging his brazen armour for the coming onslaught. What a position! A man who, in such circumstances, can keep a cool pulse, ought either to be made a general, or be hanged.

The instances of this kind that have occurred in the course of this month are of a very humble kind. A sailor, it seems, took his glass of gin at the Blue Pig, in St. Mary Axe, not knowing he had not wherewithal to satisfy the Blue Pig's master. This, it appears, has become a common practice at such places as the Blue Pig; the magistrate declared there was no remedy, and the sailor would have been let off *plus* the gin, had he not unluckily kicked the policeman. Here they had him; drinking gin on tick is no criminal offence, but to kick a policeman implies bail, and bail friends, and the sailor who cannot pay for a glass of gin assuredly will have no friends.

A man at Canterbury has become famous for this mode of gaining a livelihood. He enters a cook-shop, and, rejoicing in an appetite equal to any five men, sups like a Grecian hero. The end arrives—no pay; he declares his name, and the denouement takes place—it is the noted Dando; after which comes the ceremony of turning out or sending to gaol, for there the magistrates punish the offender as a vagabond. This Dando—the oddest gerund in *do* that ever lived, and who ought to be named Edendo, has for a long time alternated between the cook-shops and the gaol of St. Augustine, at both of which points he is sure of rations, the only thing a man cursed with his appetite concerns himself about. The *Kentish Gazette* gives a full account of the gerund in *do's* latest exploits in the county town, in a style not unbecomingly so savoury a subject.

“DANDO AGAIN.—Dando was released from St. Augustine's prison on

Saturday morning. He had no sooner quitted his domicile, than he commenced a series of gastronomic feats. At one cook-shop he devoured meat and bread, which he rinsed down with a tankard or two of porter, to the amount of three shillings; the victualler, however, when he called for another supply, asked him, in the politest manner possible, for the cash for what he had devoured; but Dando shrugged up his shoulders, and said he was minus a farthing; whereupon he was interrogated, and on its being ascertained that he was the man with such an amazing maw, he was suffered to depart with a good blow up, and a 'blow out' too. Thence he steered for Reynolds', in Orange-street, invited, no doubt, by the savoury smell of sundry rounds of beef in the window. He sat down with some importance, considering his appearance, and called for 'a plate nicely cooked,' which he discussed very briefly; then another; and a third quickly followed with exquisite gusto. A large pie stood handy, which Mister Dando imagined was concocted with fruit, and he called, not for any particular quantity, but the whole of it. Mrs Reynolds told him it was a hot meat pie, when he appeared somewhat disappointed, and desired to be furnished with tea; but here he was again foiled, for upon being asked for the money, he declared he had none, and was put into the hands of a constable, who conveyed him to gaol, where he remained during the night. In the morning he was turned adrift."

LORD LONDONDERRY'S WAX CANDLES.—There is no one so often before the public as Lord Londonderry, and it is always as a subject of ridicule. He is the *pair pour rire*. Whether in his place or in society, the newspapers are continually supplied by him with food for good-natured laughter. Sometimes he pistols the mob, at others he beats the nurse. His speeches are received with shouts of laughter: his actions, whether of battery or trover, are a fund of amusement. If any other man had had a few pounds of candles stolen from him, all would have gone right; the candles would have been burnt, or the thief apprehended, tried, and convicted. His unlucky star pursues him, however: the candles are not wax, but spermaceti; the rogue gets off, and the *corpus delicti* is impounded. Most men would have let the matter pass; after so signal a failure, there would have been no further inquest for the pounds of candles. But a small thing is of the same size as a large one in some optics, and so it was here; the proprietor must stick up for his rights. The Marquis was going into the country, and wanted lights; so he must have the stolen ones, or none at all. The poor constable, rejoicing in the uncertainty of the law, was beginning to anticipate certain bright nights in winter, when lo! he was summoned to the presence, and commanded to stand and deliver; but the constable, like a true man, stuck to the law and the candles, and refused to surrender, whereupon it seems he has been dismissed.

These things happen to no one else, so that we are entitled to consider that prudence and a pee are not inseparable. We are furthermore led to reflect upon our diplomatic appointments, and ask how this country was represented for years in a foreign court of the first importance, by a man whom no parish in England would select to manage the lighting of a Methodist chapel. It is an affair altogether *à fortiori*, when a man, who makes himself ridiculous about a pound of candles, pretends to meddle with state affairs. A man who sits in a cab, armed with a brace of pistols, and hopes to make head against a mob, may be a very brave soldier, but few will take him for a statesman. It is not thus that public opinion is combated.

It is probable that there are few better disposed persons than the noble-

man who is now become the butt of the newspapers, and his fate may be considered a warning to those who are conscious of carrying more sail than ballast. He is lost, not for flying in the face of public opinion, but for ridiculously facing about, single-handed and Don Quixote-like, against any tide that he can select as meeting him. He covets a glorious opposition, and is never so happy as when he stands frothing and foaming, after having sustained a tremendous shock of laughter. There he stands unshaken, unmoved; as if all that a man cares about had not been in the meantime swept away.

The Marquis of Londonderry is a standing monument of the old bad borough system of England, the grand feature of which was the thrusting of unfit men into responsible positions.

### The Lion's Mouth.

"*ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.*"—*Horat.*

FOR the very curious document we subjoin, we are indebted to the courtesy of a distinguished and eminent gentleman, the head of one of the colleges of Oxford. Gibbon seems to have been very proud of this composition; he had it engraved on copper-plate for the edification of himself and his friends, but we need not say that till now the world in general has not had full opportunity to judge of its merits. It is singular to see the most philosophical and profound of English Tories a victim to the "well-working" system of things that be, and the oft-cited Authority of the boroughmongers, pouring forth his elaborate indignation on "the mockery of elections."

The Speech of EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. on the day of election for the borough of Petersfield, in the year 1761.

"Gentlemen—I appear here in a situation very different from my expectations. I hoped to have stood here the assertor of our common independency. I can only lament with you a yoke it is impossible for us to shake off.

"The most considerable part of the still remaining independent freeholders of this borough addressed themselves sometime ago to my father, as a gentleman whose past conduct had deserved their esteem, and desired he would offer himself a candidate. They were justly provoked at so many nominations, with the mockery of elections, where gentlemen were returned for the borough, who hardly knew in what county it was situated. My father accepted their offer with thanks, but soon afterwards (I fear out of an ill-grounded partiality) desired they would transfer the honour of their choice upon me. I had the satisfaction of receiving that mark of their approbation.

"From that time I had the greatest reason to hope for success. Without threats, without promises, by no methods I should blush to acknowledge in this place, I could without presumption promise myself the majority of the real independent freeholders, in opposition to that unknown candidate, with whose name we are but just made acquainted.

"One man disappointed all these hopes; a man who, after every engagement which could bind a gentleman, or an honest man, infamously abandoned me. This treachery, and the consequences it hath had, leaves me nothing else to do, than to express my most grateful sense of my obligations to my friends, obligations unconnected with success, and which (were every nobler principle wanting) my pride would never suffer me to forget.

"Had I succeeded I should have used my utmost endeavours to have acted up to the great trust reposed in me; I should have considered a seat in Parliament neither as a title of honour, nor as an instrument of profit, but as a laborious and important duty, to which the greatest parts joined to the severest application are scarcely equal. I should have endeavoured to follow the path of moderation and impartiality: loyal to my king without servility,



zealous for my country without faction, attached to the general welfare of Great Britain,—but not unattentive to the particular interest of the borough: I had the honour to represent.

“ Excluded from this agreeable prospect, I must confine my ambition within the duties of a private life; and I hope my behaviour as a man, and a neighbouring gentleman, will never make my friends repent their having thought me worthy of a higher character.”

**QUARANTINE AND CHOLERA.**—Among the distressing cases of cholera which have occurred since its reappearance, there are none to be compared in frightful interest with those of the convict-ships; it appeared just as they were preparing to sail, and they were both ordered into places of quarantine. That which carried the females, an East Indiaman, with a crew partly of Lascars, were sent into Standgate-creek, where the disease increased to a most afflicting extent. After remaining three or four days in this muddy pool, thirty-seven unfortunate females, of all ages, were lying between decks in a hopeless state; and at length the captain, the chief mate, some of the English sailors, and finally the doctor, caught the disorder. Any person who breathed the infected air below was instantly seized; the chief mate went down to fumigate, when he was immediately affected with violent spasms in his legs, and carried into his berth. The bodies of the dead were at first brought on shore, a large fire was lighted, and they were buried beside it, under the idea that the smoke and flame might neutralize or destroy infection. It was at one time rumoured that the deaths were so numerous, that the bodies would be thrown into the water, from inability to bury them; providentially, however, this was not necessary, even if such a thing could have been contemplated: the disease subsided with the same rapidity as it had increased.

At the very moment, when every European on board was attacked with symptoms more or less violent, and a number of deaths immediately anticipated, a favourable change took place, the desperate cases became convalescent, the convalescent were restored to health, and the fearful disease, like some sudden storm at sea, which threatens immediate destruction, passed suddenly over, and in nine or ten days all again was calm and healthy. There were on board the ship a hundred and seventy unfortunate females, and the state of debility and depression, into which their former mode of life had reduced them, were naturally supposed to be powerful predisposing causes to the complaint. It was, however, otherwise; the greater number of them had been inmates of Newgate, where they had been hearers of Mrs. Fry, whose benevolence had led her to visit them, even after they were embarked; the patience, resignation, and orderly habits of these poor females were very conspicuous, and to this moral cause, perhaps, is to be attributed the favourable termination of the disease; out of a hundred persons attacked in a close ship, of which thirty-seven were very severe cases, but six deaths occurred.

When the disease was at its height, several merchant-ships arrived from the Mediterranean, and entered the creek to perform their usual quarantine. Some had passengers; some had been more than *two months* on their voyage, had not touched at any place where they could have come in contact with contagion, and all on board were in high health; yet they were obliged to drop their anchors beside this infected ship, and remain for some time shut up with her in a dismal muddy pool, where the marsh miasma was, in itself, sufficient to engender pestilence, even if it had not existed. None of the people were allowed even to walk on shore for exercise, though there was an elevated bank near, where they might easily be under observation, and kept from all communication with others; and twice a-day the doctor came near the vessels, when every one was obliged to exhibit themselves on deck for his inspection: if from the vicinity of infection, or insalubrity of situation, any of these healthy people had taken sick, which was very likely, they would have been condemned to remain there, perhaps, till all had perished.

In considering these cases we are naturally led into two reflections:—

first, on the want of management on board the convict-ship. Around the creek were several empty hulks or vessels lying up in ordinary, where abundant space and accommodation might be had for the sick. Had they been at once removed, and the diseased separated from the healthy, and on their removal, the infected vessel cleaned and ventilated, it is probable the distemper might have been averted in its origin. But, here a crowd of unfortunate people were suffered to remain festering together, till the air became so tainted that every person, who breathed it in an undiluted state, was seized with disease. To talk of non-contagion, or non-infection, after what is now known of the complaint, is absurd; and we trust, that if such an event happen again, and any other ships are ordered here under similar circumstances, that the first precautions will be to fit up one or more of those idle and empty vessels, for the immediate removal of the sick.

The second reflection is on the exceeding impropriety of such a place for quarantine. We do not now enter into the question of its necessity, but it is obvious to all, that its arrangements should be as conducive as possible to the health and convenience of those who are subject to it. In countries on the continent which we despise, this is particularly attended to. In Spain, for example, the quarantine station at Minorea is delightful. It is on a healthy island, where a large edifice is erected with every convenience for diet and lodging, and a very extensive garden laid out for exercise and amusement, and any inconvenience arising from detention is compensated by the agreeable place of sojourn. In England, the ship is thrust into a filthy, muddy pool, surrounded with swampy marshes, on which, though entirely desert, no one is allowed to land even for an hour's exercise. In this odious place, the vessel, and all her crew, are sometimes detained for thirty or forty days, or even longer if she bring a susceptible cargo, or a foul bill from the place where she took it in, though she may have been so long on her voyage as to supersede the necessity of any quarantine. Meantime she is daily watched, and if vexation, depression of spirits, confinement, unwholesome air, or any other predisposing circumstance, cause any individual to fall sick, the ship is considered as infected, and her crew as labouring under the plague. But if, in addition to this, the creek be made the receptacle of ships labouring under a disease, even more frightful than that almost imaginary one, which we are trying to exclude,—if the people of this country, coming home from abroad in high health and spirits, are thrust into contact with it, and kept there an indefinite time, in the greatest alarm and peril, we think it a thing which calls for immediate inquiry, and that such arrangements should be made as to prevent the recurrence of it. During the worst period of cholera on board the convict-ship, seven or eight vessels arrived in the creek with the yellow quarantine flag flying, and cast anchor beside her. They had come hither from places from whence they had brought clean bills of health, or had not susceptible cargoes, and their detention was not long, extending from one to seven or eight days. But we think a healthy crew should not be sent to such a vicinity at all, or be suffered to remain there an

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CUISINIER AND THE NOBILITY.—“What great events from little causes flow!” How unimportant an affair may occasion a “considerable sensation” in the fashionable circles.

“A ‘considerable sensation’ has been produced at the West-end of the town, by the death of Smith, the celebrated cook of Arthur’s club-house, who was, from his abilities in business, in constant requisition at large parties of the nobility.”—*Daily Paper*.

Who after this will deny that England is a nation of gluttons, since the death of a favourite cook is capable of causing an excitement among the higher, and therefore, *primâ facie*, the most enlightened class of the community? Poor Smith may have been a worthy, or even, in his business, a clever man: he may have had the knack of manufacturing dishes to tempt the animal appetites of the gormandising nobility, but we blush to think what must be

the extent of gluttony among the great, when the death of so humble a man is sufficient to throw the West-end of the town into general consternation. When the mighty Bentham was removed from the earth we heard of nothing like lamentation in the circles of fashion. The decease of a great philosopher passes there without anything beyond a careless comment; but when a maker of *ragouts*, an inventor of sauces to heighten the grosser appetites, in plain words, a person possessing the art to excite the more bestial qualities of our nature—when such a man as this ceases to exist, his death occasions in high life a “*considerable sensation*.” What does this argue, but that there are too many among what is called the highest class of society who care more for their bodies than their minds, and who feel the death of a favourite cook much more than they deplore the loss of a philosopher?

THE REFORM JUBILEE.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—“Alas, gentlemen, how often are we poor mortals disappointed when we make up our minds to have a day's pleasure! In such a manner have the reformers found themselves thwarted in their determination to celebrate the triumph of their cause by a general jubilee. Some thought it advisable to show their joy in an illumination, others were for commemorating their victory by stuffing themselves at Jubilee dinners, while the inhabitants of the modern Athens, scorning the respective plans of both illuminators and *gourmands*, rejecting the proposition of the *lights*, as well as of the good *livers*, have resolved to show their pleasure in a *splendid display of fireworks*.”

“PUBLIC REJOICINGS.—The committee have decided against an illumination, and a subscription is now going round to raise a fund for fireworks, which it is intended shall far surpass in number and grandeur anything ever seen in the city. It is also intended to have a bonfire on the summit of Arthur's Seat, the blaze of which shall reach over the half of Scotland; and the committee intimate that contributions of firewood, old casks, &c., will be thankfully received.”—*Scotsman*.

“Is it on the principle that political squibs having attended the progress of Reform, that squibs of another kind are to be employed to do honour to its consummation? It seems strange to call on the enlightened inhabitants of Edinburgh to contribute inflammable materials in order to mark their satisfaction at the triumph of liberal principles. The list of subscriptions, when published, will reflect but little credit on the city, for who would not ridicule such items as tubs of turpentine, wax pieces, trusses of straw, and bundles of fire-wood? The mechanic will perhaps send his mite in the shape of a greasy old hat; the committee would, of course, receive with avidity the collar of a well-worn coat; and reforming cookmaids will sacrifice to the good cause, for once and away, a pot of kitchen-stuff; the radical candle-snuffer, too, at the theatre will doubtless give up one night's perquisites, and contribute his candle-ends to assist the blaze which is to reach over the half of Scotland.—I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant, PHLOGISTE.”

MR. GEORGE ROBINS'S ADVERTISEMENTS.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—“Gentlemen—It is but seldom that I have to complain of your critical inattention to real merit, but I cannot help noticing with indignation the extraordinary and, as it would seem, jealous neglect you and your brethren have exhibited to the poetical genius of Mr. Robins. Every one has heard of the memorable exclamation “*We keeps a poet*” which was triumphantly uttered by a seion of the house of Packwood\*, in answer to a compliment passed upon the great strop-maker's poetical advertisements. But there is one mighty magician in the regions of descriptive poetry, before whom the genius even of a Rowland or a Thomson must hide its diminished head; for who will deny that George Robins is the very Walter Scott of the advertising columns of the newspapers? Who can compete with the worthy Knight of the Hammer in the description of rural or romantic scenery; and

\* See Edgeworth.

where is that imagination which can conjure up beauties and advantages which, to a less vivid fancy, are often wholly imperceptible? If a mansion is to be sold whose walls are falling to decay, we are told how desirable is the "opportunity afforded by their dilapidated state of exercising that taste which will be required in restoring them. If an estate is to be disposed of, removed fifty miles from all communication with a market town, we are charmed by a paragraph eulogizing "the beautiful seclusion in which the property is situated!" A solitary abode in a distant part of the country is transmogrified by the poetic fancy of Mr. Robins into a "delightful retreat," marshes swamped with stagnant pools sending forth unhealthy exhalations, become in his description "rich pasturage adorned with placid rivulets," and a dull flat, to the end of which one's vision cannot penetrate, is changed by the master touch of his pen into a "boundless and magnificent prospect." But his genius is not confined to description of scenery alone, he has the happy knack of bringing his talents to bear upon the ordinary transactions of life, and the announcement for sale of an annuity, or a tradesman's business, he contrives to invest with an interest which, in less able hands, could never be made to attach to it. If a shop and good will is to be disposed of, because the person retiring has been unable to make it answer, we are told "how great an improvement activity in the new purchaser will be sure to effect," and when our attention is solicited to a paltry annuity of 40*l*. per annum to revert to the buyer perhaps after the death of some half dozen healthy intermediate claimants, our parental feelings are appealed to, and we are pathetically invoked to purchase "a provision for one of our grandchildren." It must, indeed, be granted that, however we may admire the lyric playfulness of Warren,—however we may be interested by the anecdotal and familiar style adopted in the puffs of Rowland,—both must yield the palm to the vigour, freshness, command of language, and power of imagination, which shine collectively in the announcements of the unapproachable Robins. I trust, gentlemen, that your attention thus summoned to the merits of the greatest of living poets, your jealousy will no longer interfere with your justice. I am, gentlemen, your humble servant, VINDEK.

KNIVES INTERFERED IN ROGUERY.—To the Editors of the *New Monthly Gazette*.—"Gentlemen,—In the *Morning Chronicle* I find it stated that, "at the Exeter sessions, on Monday, there were six prisoners, forming four cases, during the forenoon, fifteen barristers dropped in."—From the paucity of cases at the Exeter sessions we naturally infer the diminution of crime, but our pleasure at the circumstance is mingled with pity for the poor barristers, who, it seems, with long faces and briefless bags, were prowling about, like birds of prey, in the vicinity of the sessions house. Four cases among fifteen barristers could amount to no more in proportion than a sprat thrown among some half dozen sharks by way of scramble. What a disappointment for the gentlemen of the long robe, to find crime so much on the decline, as materially to have contracted the scope they formerly had for the exercise of their legal ingenuity! We fancy we hear the barristers execrating Exeter for being without its due share of burglars, pickpockets, or murderers, and declaring it is not worth their while to visit a place so valueless to them, on account of the generally moral rectitude of its inhabitants. Honesty is perhaps the worst enemy lawyers have to encounter; and to them a circuit without knaves is as unprofitable as a client without assets. It sometimes answers for a professional man to encourage litigation, on the score of its being food for his calling, which is a principle of action somewhat in accordance with a story we once heard that the proprietors of a certain Sunday paper, in a dead week, had thoughts of attaching a bravo to their establishment, whose duty it would be to commit robberies, and communicate to the journal the fullest particulars and the earliest intelligence.

BARRY CORNWALL'S SONG.—We propose, in our next number, to review the very beautiful volume for which we are indebted to the Author of *Marian*

Colonna; and till we have a right to blame some points by a more formal homage to others, we most sincerely recommend the work to the public admiration it deserves.

**INTERNAL REFORM OF PARLIAMENT.**—We have received a very interesting and able "Plan for an Internal Reform in the House of Commons." Nothing more requires a legislative remedy than the inconvenience—the waste of time—the ascendancy of private interests—attendant on the present arrangement of Committees.—We shall, at our early leisure, make the subject a matter for an article.

**IRISH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**—Magazines in Ireland have never yet been successful. We admire as much the courage of the present attempt as the ability displayed in its execution—most heartily do we wish it well. In that unhappy country, torn by political feuds, any effort to confirm the softening influence of literature deserves gratitude and encouragement from men of all parties. Mr. Maurice O Connell, member for Clare, has contributed some articles of great merit to the Magazine, among which we notice, with especial admiration, a singularly bold and spirited ballad called the "Romance of Irish History, in the first Number.

**GOETHE.**—It will doubtless interest the English admirers of Goethe's genius to know the contents of his posthumous works, about to be published. We need not add anything as to the importance and high interest of the new treasure of German literature so eagerly expected, the publication of which the illustrious deceased had his good reasons to defer till after his death. The contents are—Faustus, second part, first manuscript of Goetz of Berlichingen, and the same piece destined for the stage; Miscellaneous on Art and Literature; new Poems; Life of Goethe, 4th volume, for the years 1774-75, journey in Switzerland in 1797; detached Pieces, old and new. This will form volumes 41 to 50 of Goethe's complete works—but then there are five more volumes, to be published separately, on Natural History and Natural Philosophy, the Laws of Light, "Farbenlehre," Mineralogy, and Geology.

**TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.**—We have received a communication of some length from a Professor of the College of Belfast, advocating the cause of Temperance Societies. We shall endeavour to give it early publication, and regret that we cannot do so in the present Number. Under existing circumstances, Temperance, in every shape, appears indispensably necessary to protect us from the attacks of a disease, the ravages of which are not as heretofore, limited to the poorer classes. We refer our readers to former Numbers of the New Monthly in which the nature of this terrible mummy, and the means proper for its prevention or cure, have been treated by a man of considerable eminence and experience.

**SMOKING MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.**—Among the standing orders of the House of Commons, issued about the middle of the seventeenth century, we find the following:—"Ordered, that no Member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting as Committees."—A Member of Parliament of the seventeenth had not the dignity which pertained to an M. P. of the nineteenth century, and could, it appears, find pleasure in a pipe—a homely, though a somewhat indecent, luxury. What a scene must St. Stephen's have presented in the olden time, when probably a representative, in alluding to another, would speak of the "Honourable Member now lighting his pipe," or of "the Gallant Officer with the short-cut!" It must have been amusing to hear disclaimers of any intention to be personal "on the Learned Gentleman now blowing a cloud opposite," or of any wish to wound the feelings of the "worthy Member who has just emptied his tobacco-box."

Some of these obsolete standing orders may not be altogether inapplicable to the present period, for volumes of smoke still occasionally proceed from Honourable Members' mouths, as some very recent Numbers of the *Mirror of Parliament* can testify.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## *The future Objects of the People.*

PRODUCE OF ONLY THREE SOURCES, LABOUR, CAPITAL, LAND—TACH OF THESE NOT DEFICIENT IN GREAT BRITAIN—WHAT THEN THE CAUSE OF POVERTY?—AN ARTIFICIAL LIMITATION OF LAND—CHECKS ON THE GROWTH AND CIRCULATION OF INDUSTRY—MEANS OF PROMOTING THE WELFARE OF THE COMMUNITY ARE—1st SECURITY FOR PERSON AND PROPERTY—2nd., FREEDOM OF INDUSTRY—3rd, THE EXTENSION OF THE TERRITORIAL LIMITS, IF A WIDER AREA IS REQUIRED—THE FIRST IS TO BE IMPROVED BY REFERENCE TO CIVIL LAWS—THE SECOND ENTIRELY CLOGGED AT PRESENT—PROBATIONARY DUTIES—UN-EQUAL PRESSURE OF POOR RAIL—THE 3RD LAW DUTIES—LAST MOST INJURIOUS TO THE PRODUCER—LEGISLATIVE INTERFERENCE WITH THE FREEDOM OF BANKING—LAW OF PAUPERS' RELIEF—COLONIZATION—NATIONAL EDUCATION—CONCLUSION

THE last unformed Parliament has closed its labours, in all probability for ever,—its anxious, fearful, toiling life is no more. The bridge between the new order of things and the old is passed, and England, for good or for ill, has made a great step in the progress of civilization. Of life we have looked enough over the past—let us now turn our attention to the future. We have been busied in tracing the history of abuses—let us look onward into the prospects of a discreet and practical amelioration. There are times in the world when history ceases to be a guide. The passions of men are always the same, but the influences over them may be different—a people advance in knowledge, and the sophist offers you for examples of popular delusion to the times when the enlightenment of a people was unknown. The ferment now prevailing throughout civilized Europe is a token of an era in the history of our race that has no parallel—the *revolution of education*.

Even that apathy to the abstruse literature of which its professors at this moment complain, is a proof of the roused activity of the people. Inquiry has passed into new channels, and the artisan's thirst for knowledge cannot be slaked at the fountain of mere scholastic learning.

The great objects of study and controversy among the reading and thinking world are no longer sought for in the refinements of classical literature, the beauties of poetic composition, the logic of the schools, the idealisms of metaphysical subtlety, the nice distinctions of theological dissent, the speculations of exact science, or even in the valuable truths of natural and experimental philosophy. Most of these have yet, it is true, a certain number of followers, and, to a certain extent, engage the attention of the public—but the prevailing stream of thought and argument sets towards questions of deeper moment, of more direct and immediate bearing on the interests of mankind. A feeling has begun to pervade society that the welfare of its component members is the object most deserving of its attention, and should be its first and most prominent study,—that the physical and mental happiness of mankind may be most materially influenced by their social arrangements,—and that these arrangements themselves are capable of great, if not indefinite improvement, so as to bring about a proportionate increase in the happiness of the individuals united under them, by simply applying to their study the same sagacity and reasoning powers which have effected of late such prodigious advances in several of the arts and sciences.

This feeling shows itself most strongly in the political excitement at

present more or less pervading every nation of Europe, and in the subjects discussed by the periodical press of every state where any freedom of discussion is permitted. The questions agitated in all societies, and whenever two or three are gathered together,—in the hovel no less than the palace, in the village pot-house as in the brilliant circles of metropolitan rank and fashion,—have a direct practical bearing on the constitution and interests of society. The conduct and character of the government and legislature, the nature and probable results of laws to be enacted or repealed—taxation, the public debt, poor laws,—the condition and prospects of the great leading interests of the state, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing—and, above all, of the labouring class, comprehending, as it does, the great body, and consequently the physical power of the people—these are subjects “familiar to our ears as household words,” the topics of daily, hourly conversation and discussion in every corner of the land—often ignorantly, stupidly, blunderingly treated of, if you please, but still canvassed, spoken, written, **THOUGHT** upon.

The spirit that so occupies and agitates the general mind is not, as some pretend, one of causeless and casually excited dissatisfaction; it is no paroxysm of feverish irritation or chronic restlessness; it is the natural consequence of the progress which all classes have made in the knowledge of facts, and in the power of reasoning from them. It is not symptomatic of disease, but rather of that period in the growth of the human intellect when it passes from adolescence to maturity; it indicates the approaching transition of society into a state of yet greater health and vigor.

The feelings of many who occupy themselves with such subjects are, no doubt, vague and indistinct, their opinions are fluctuating and contradictory; prejudice obscures the sight of numbers; false lights and visionary alarms deceive and distract the attention of more; the views of some are narrow, mean, and selfish, —of others wildly speculative and theoretical; but there is an average or sound judgment and virtuous intention, from which much may be expected. Above all, there is a common desire, nay, a determination, to sift and inquire into the arrangements of society, and a valuable acknowledgment from all sides that the object of these arrangements, and the end sought for in the discussion upon them, is the benefit, not of a few individuals, but of the mass of the associated community. From the concussion of such elements, good cannot fail to be elicited. Confiding as we do in the force and ultimate victory of truth, and firmly persuaded of its beneficial tendency, we augur well of the struggle which is now going on, and entertain sanguine expectations of its result.

The object of our present inquiry is this, What institutions or social arrangements are best fitted to secure the greatest amount of happiness? And we must proceed, of course, on the indispensable assumption that the leading principles of the human character, as disclosed by the history and observation of his conduct, through every change of time, geography, and circumstance, are, and will continue, invariable. In one word, we take man as he is, not as we might desire to make him in order to suit our notions of his destiny.\*

The neglect of this necessary caution is at this moment betraying many ardent and benevolent investigators of the same subject into signal



and mischievous absurdities. The followers of Owen in this country, and of St. Simon in France, with other similar sects which are spreading through Germany and the United States of America, struck by the remarkable fact that the vast advance made of late years by civilised nations in the arts of production, though it has increased the wealth of a few, has added proportionately little to the share of enjoyment that falls to the great body of the people, whose labour is the primary instrument of all production—have hastily jumped to the conclusion that, in order to ensure the more equal distribution of the products of industry, *all* that is wanting is a new arrangement of society on the basis of a community of property. Nothing can look more pleasing upon paper, or sound more enchantingly in a lecture upon social happiness, than a proposal to put an end to all the struggles of individual competition, and the painful contrast of contiguous wealth and poverty—to substitute love, friendship, and common enjoyment for hatred, jealousy, and exclusive self-gratification. No picture can be more pleasing than that of men dwelling together in unbroken harmony and untiring union. No assertion can be more plausible than that were all the efforts of the industrious combined in one common direction, and all the rubs and jostling, and cross purposes, and mutual interference prevented, which now check and retard the progress of each, the general advance would be greatly accelerated. But—is it possible to realise this beatific vision? There is not the slightest ground for supposing so. Its designers forget that the industry, of which in the precept advanced state of society they witness the fruits, has been brought into being, and has hitherto grown and thriven, *only* under shelter of the institution of private property; and that neither history nor observation warrants, in the least degree, the assumption, that industry could exist at all except on that condition. The establishment of a community of property would most probably, by damping industry, and discouraging production, shortly leave no property whatever to divide. The desire of individual acquisition has hitherto been the main motive to every exertion. Take it away, by sharing the results of a man's labours equally, or in certain proportions, fixed by others, among his neighbours—so that he himself shall not be benefited, except in an infinitesimal degree, by its increase, and who will guarantee the continuance of his exertions with the same vigour and energy which he now evinces, if he even continue them at all, when sure of a maintenance, at all events, from the labours of others? Experience has proved the constitution of the human mind to be such, that freedom in the direction of labour, and security for the personal enjoyment or disposal of its products, are the conditions on which alone industry will be effectually put forth, and production advanced. That the opposite conditions will admit of the same results is not merely not in accordance with, but directly opposed to the analogy of our experience. The proposal of a community of goods as a remedy for their present unequal distribution is like an attempt to cure a horse of stumbling by cutting off his legs. We are not surprised that the same philosophers generally advocate a community of wives and children, with a view to the increase of the conjugal and parental affections.

X That the products of industry are at present unequally and unfairly distributed is most true; but surely means may be devised for remedying this, short of the complete annihilation of the principle itself of pro-

duction—individual acquisition. Let us analyse a little the nature and sources of the good things of life, for which all the world is so anxiously contending. Wealth, by which we understand such of the means of enjoyment as are habitually bought and sold, is the joint produce of land, labour, and capital. There are but these three sources of wealth, and since the union of all is indispensable for its production—since neither labour nor capital, nor land, speaking generally, can be applied to purposes of utility without the aid of the others—it would seem to be enough to leave the several owners of these elements of production to settle terms with each other, in order to bring about a fair adjustment of their relative claims on the joint produce. In short, that the principle of free exchange would alone secure an equitable distribution of property among the several classes who contribute to its creation, the owners of land, capital, and labour. And this we believe to be the truth. We believe that under institutions securing freedom in the enjoyment or disposal of property to those who acquire it, and freedom of exchange in the home and foreign markets, the products of industry will divide themselves spontaneously in the most equitable manner, and that the benefits thus derived will so stimulate the exertions of the several classes of producers as to cause a continued increase, not merely in the aggregate wealth of the society so constituted, but in the share of that wealth falling to the lot of its individual members.

✱ This, however, is denied by the majority of the Political Economists of the day, who contend that there is a fatal tendency in the numbers of a population to outgrow the parallel increase of its wealth, or means of supporting them—a tendency which, they say, must, unless it be counteracted by an artificial and self-imposed restraint on their increase, necessarily keep the mass of the population ill supplied with the mere necessaries of life. This notion we hesitate not to declare a fanciful chimera. To prove it one, it is enough to ask which of the sources of wealth is rendered deficient by an increase of population? Not labour surely. Not capital, for that capital tends to increase to the full as rapidly as population, under a system of freedom and security, is proved by the constant and great decline in profits in all civilised states, as their population becomes condensed. The want of capital used, indeed, to be the sufficient reason of the political economists for a fancied excess of labour; but facts have lately compelled them to alter their note; and they now acknowledge that capital tends to increase (under just institutions) at least as fast as it is wanted, and indeed that the only and the constant check upon its increase is the fall of profits occasioned by the absence of a sufficient demand for it. Dr. Chalmers, in his just published work on Political Economy, directly affirms, that the tendency of capital to increase too rapidly is as grievous a cause of mischief as the similar tendency of population, pinching capitalists by a reduction of profits, just as the overgrowth of labour injures the labourers by causing a reduction in wages. Where then lies the deficiency, if labour and capital have both a tendency to run to excess? In land? Can this be asserted, with any semblance of truth, so long as millions of acres of the very richest soil, capable of repaying *tenfold* any expenditure of labour and capital upon them, may be reached and cultivated by a mere act of volition, and the exertion of the least degree of sagacity on the part of capitalists and labourers?

The economists, however, declare that labour and capital are infinitely extensible, while land is limited by "a stern and impassable barrier." We laugh to scorn this miserable fallacy. Land is no doubt limited in geographical area, but in its capacity for supplying man with food and the materials of his various manufactures, it is illimitable. Who will assign a term to the elements of its productiveness; viz. man's inventive faculties, and nature's inexhaustible powers? One acre now may be made to support as many beings as a thousand acres in the early ages of the world,

'When wild in woods the noble savage ran.'

Let him stand forth who can prove that we are a whit nearer to the limit of the world's possible productiveness *now* than we were *then*, or have been at any moment since! Why, every day we are removing farther and farther from the apparent limit to the productiveness of a definite area. Only the other day, Sir John Sinclair proved that an acre of potatoes contains more than twice as much of nutritious matter as an acre of wheat; and Mr. Gouldson has discovered that, if we were really as yet straitened for room, by making the farina of turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beet into bread, we could procure *twenty* times the quantity of nutriment, off the same area, as if it were sown to wheat! \* But *all* the globe, we believe, is not yet sown down to *wheat*, according to the most improved Norfolk husbandry! We think Mr. Malthus and his "jurantes in verba" disciples might give us leave to go on increasing a little longer without any of his troublesome "checks," "positive or prudential," so long as ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of the cultivable soils of the globe are not yet ploughed or sown to wheat at all; and ninety-nine parts out of the hundred of the *hundredth* which we may suppose in arable, most imperfectly tilled! That, in such a state of things, any reasonable being should actually declare it to be the relentless deficiency of land on which to raise food that is the main cause of human misery,—and that the numbers of mankind have not only reached, but are injuriously pressing against, the limits to the possible productiveness of the globe, under all the appliances and means that we possess, and are daily improving, for developing it, is to us incomprehensible,—and, but for personal experience, would be incredible. That whole systems of political economy,—a professed "science,"—should have been built upon this ground; and continence preached to married couples in Great Britain, upon the belief that they must else overpeopple *the world*, will be considered hereafter, if we mistake not, as pregnant proofs of the "*nihil est tam absurdum quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum*," as any recorded in the annals of human error. The success with which this monstrous doctrine has been propagated can only be accounted for by another Ciceronian maxim: "*Quo magis incredibile est, eo plus creditur; et nonnunquam idecirca verum existimatur, quia impossibile est.*"

The truth is, that man's deficiency of subsistence is his own wilful fault. Many uncivilised people will not cultivate the earth. They prefer privation to personal labour; and content themselves with the spontaneous produce of the earth. The Otaheitan, for example, will not grow arrow-root, because it gives them some trouble. They prefer

“limiting their numbers” by infanticide and promiscuous intercourse—their reading of the Malthusian precept. Other nations are prevented by internal dissensions, foreign aggression, or unwise and tyrannical institutions, habits, and opinions, from improving the means, otherwise within their reach, for providing themselves with an abundance of subsistence. The living principle of vegetable and animal nature is always ready to answer any demands that may be made on its productive powers, by any augmentation of human population. No people that will *think* and labour, however numerous, can ever suffer from continual want, under the present system of vegetable nature\*. Local and temporary deficiencies may occur, but the evils they threaten are to be avoided by a due exercise of foresight, either through the free commercial intercourse between different people, or the migration of the inhabitants of the overpeopled to the underpeopled or uninhabited parts of the earth.

Away, then, with the irrational, and unphilosophical, and irreligious dread of human starvation through multiplied population! Let reasonable diligence be employed on the part of individuals and communities through their governments, let nations have unrestricted intercourse with each other, and no portion of mankind will ever find that they are exhausting the capabilities of the globe for their support. Let man but do his part, Nature will not be found wanting in hers.

We grant, nay, we affirm, as a matter not sufficiently attended to by statesmen and economists, that the most essential condition in a daily enlarging population is a sufficiency of *that* which will support bodily strength, and nourish the vital principle—of good and wholesome food. But with a free importation, and a few simple regulations for facilitating the migration of labourers from places where labour is redundant, to places, whether colonial or internal, where it is deficient, we are quite confident that the supply of necessaries will always keep pace with the demand. If there is any one blunder of the economists on this subject more laughable than another, it is the serious sadness with which they lament over the difficulty of increasing *food*, and contrast it with the facility of increasing *manufactures* to any extent. As if it were so much more difficult to raise wheat and rice than cotton and silk, or beef and mutton than leather and wool, so as to render the supply of the latter class of materials inexhaustible, leaving that of the former constantly and closely limited! Do they suppose the materials of our manufactures to fall from the clouds in infinite abundance, or why else are they less limited than the materials of our cookery? Are they not equally the products of land?

Well, then, with an inexhaustible supply of land, and a tendency in capital to outrun the demand for it—what is the only real drag upon the increase of wealth, the joint produce of land, capital, and labour? We confidently reply, (despite of the prevalence of the opposite doctrine) *the deficiency of labour only, of producers and consumers.* The slow rate of increase of population is, *under wise and equitable institutions*, the only check upon the advance of general wealth and individual enjoyment: and supposing the tendency to increase fixed, the greater or less imperfection of institutions is then the sole retarding force.

\* The Sacred History of the World, by Sharon Turner, 1632.

Wherever equal laws, freedom of industry, and security of property prevail to any extent, and land is not *apparently* wanting, as in the United States and our North American and Australian colonies, it is undeniable that the slowness with which population increases is the only check to the growth of wealth, individual and collective. It will not be denied that the same would be the case throughout Mexico, South America, and wherever else there is an abundance of fertile land close at hand, but for the insecurity of property and the repression of industry, occasioned by the disturbed political condition of those districts, their intestine dissensions, frequent warfare, and unwise institutions. But in the Old World, it will be said, and in Europe especially, the case is very different. Is it so? Look, for example, at the great Russian empire, comprising, as it does, two-thirds of Europe and Asia. Will any one assert that, under a wise and liberal system of government, there would be any other check to the advance of the Russian population in wealth and happiness, than the slow rate of their numerical increase? Is cultivable land deficient there? Or would capital be found wanting, if it could be accumulated and employed with complete security for the free enjoyment and disposal of its just share in the produce? It is the want of such security alone, and the miserable system of land and serf proprietorship, established by absurd and tyrannical laws, which prevents the accumulation of capital, and its employment in developing the vast agricultural resources of that mighty empire. The same self-imposed circumstances must be allowed to produce the same unhappy results to the inhabitants of all the southern states of Europe, from Constantinople to Lisbon. None can deny that these countries contain natural capabilities for maintaining many times their actual population in far greater plenty and happiness than they at present share; or that *bad government* is the only bar to the immediate increase of their means of enjoyment.

And with respect to the few more densely peopled states of Europe,—France, Germany, the Netherlands, and above all, the British Islands,—what is, in truth, the obstacle to a continued improvement of their condition, individual and general? Not, certainly, a deficiency of *labour*—for its redundancy is universally complained of. Not a want of *capital*—for the low rate of profits and of the interest on money throughout these countries proves its abundance. Not a *real* deficiency of *land*—for each has, or might easily obtain, extensive colonial territories, into which they would be able, at no sacrifice, but, by a most profitable expenditure of capital, to direct the overflow of their surplus of labour and capital, employing it there with *at least* all the advantages that flow from a similar extension of area to the inhabitants of the United States. The impediment, then, to their advance can only consist in a fancied and artificial limitation of territory, and a deficiency of wise and just institutions, such as would encourage the growth and judicious direction of industry.

But the exertion of a moderate portion of sense, judgment, and determination would wholly remove these deficiencies, and thereby give ample scope to the active spirit of improvement, which gains in intensity no less than in power, as man advances in civilization. Our desires are insatiable,—our means of gratifying them are indefinitely extensible. The progress of knowledge has multiplied the resources of the individual

man a hundred fold. The wise direction of those resources is alone wanting to give him the full benefit of the start he has taken, and—without founding society on a new principle, but only by a judicious employment of the ordinary means and motives—to banish poverty for ever from the civilized regions of the globe.

On the supposition that the supreme authority of the state has no other object in view than to increase to the utmost extent in its power the aggregate and individual welfare of the community, the means by which it may best attain this end are the providing—1. Security for person and property ; 2. Freedom of industry ; 3. The extension of the territorial limits of the state, whenever a wider area may be wanting for the development of its powers of production.

1. The first of these requisites this country already possesses to a very considerable degree ; perhaps, on the whole, more fully than any other, but yet very imperfectly, as compared to what the government of a state so powerful and so advanced in civilization should afford. Indeed, for what security we do enjoy of person or property, we are rather indebted to the independent and determined spirit of the people, which has ever spurned oppression and refused to submit to the yoke of slavery, and to the freedom of the press, which a series of fortunate circumstances has assisted us to preserve, than to any direct intention on the part of our government, or any inherent tendency in the character of our institutions, to secure for the body of the community these invaluable objects. The mechanism of the constitution has always placed the people at the mercy of the sovereign and a small junta of the aristocracy, and it has been their consciousness that too great an abuse of their power would rouse an indomitable spirit of resistance through the land, rather than any real institutional safeguard that has practically acted as a check upon their tyranny and extortion.

That much remains to be done towards perfecting the security of person and property, by a really well-disposed and national legislature, is evident to all who are acquainted with the glaringly defective state of our laws, whether of criminal or civil judicature, and of our police establishment, (if, indeed, we can be said to have anything worthy of that name, out of the metropolis). Add to this the enormous expense attendant on the assertion of the simplest claims, which amounts to an absolute denial of justice to the many who cannot purchase the power of appealing to its tribunal ;—the high stamp duties payable on the transfer of property ;—above all, the vast amount of *taxation* to which labour and property have in this country been subjected by the profusion, neglect, and rapacity of its late governments. All these drawbacks operate to a very great extent in diminishing that sense of complete personal safety, and of the secure enjoyment and free disposal of property, which is an essential condition to the full expansion of the spirit of industry and accumulation. We look forward to their more or less complete removal by the wisdom of a reformed legislature, as certain to give a proportionate stimulus to the productive energy of the community, and thereby multiply the sum of its materials for enjoyment.

2. Next to security for person and property, and hardly, if at all, inferior to it in importance as a condition of productiveness, stands *freedom of industry*—that is, the liberty of applying labour and capital in whatever directions appear to individuals to be the most profitable

—directions which, in the long run, cannot fail of being the most productive. This, of course, includes an unlimited freedom of exchange.

Of the numerous, severe, and multiform impediments with which *the law* at present clogs and restricts the free direction of industry, our readers must be fully aware. The most noxious of them, perhaps, are the nearly prohibitory duties imposed on the introduction of foreign articles, not with a view to revenue, but to encourage the production of similar articles at home. The effect, however, clearly must be to *discourage*, at least to the same extent, the home production of some other article which we have greater facilities for raising; because it is quite certain that we can import nothing except by exporting an equivalent, and therefore any check on importation *must* act as an equal check on exportation, and consequently on native industry. The evils of a restricted commerce grievously affect both capitalists and Labourers, diminishing the demand for the joint produce of both, and condemning them to a larger outlay for a less return. We are deficient, as we have said, in neither capital nor labour; but to obtain the advantages desirable from their increase,—nay, even to prevent that increase becoming an evil instead of a blessing, we *must* have an unlimited power of exchanging their products. Were a growing body cooped up in an artificial frame so as to be prevented from expanding itself in the natural directions, the increase of bulk, which would otherwise be productive of symmetry, strength, and health, will occasion but deformity and disease.

*Tithes* come next in order among the factitious impediments raised by unwise legislation to the spontaneous flowing of industry into the most profitable channels. They are literally and strictly a *penalty on the employment of labour and capital in the cultivation of the soil and growth of food*, payable to a party whom the law has authorized to exact it, (in the case of *lay* title-owners for no consideration whatever, real or supposed.) If *any* branch of industry could be reasonably considered worthy of partial encouragement, we should say it were agriculture, which provides man with the first necessities of subsistence, and the materials of manufacture. Strange to say, it is exactly the one which the wisdom, or rather the penury, of our ancestors, and the irrational obstinacy which so long keeps our immediate rulers treading, brute-like, in the beaten track, however *inconvenient*,—have loaded with an *exclusive* and most severe burden. I may employ my labour and capital in producing a thousand trifles for the gratification of vanity and caprice, without paying other than the King's taxes, as they are called; but if I employ them in creating the objects of first importance, corn, meat, and wool for the nourishment and clothing of the King's lieges, I am compelled to pay, into the bargain, a tax of no less than ten per cent. on the *gross* produce! And to whom, of all parties in the world? To the ministers of a self-denying and wealth-abjuring religion—who are thus made the ministers of starvation.

The pressure of the rates for the relief of the poor is almost as unequally distributed. There can be no doubt that, in principle, and even in the intention of the framers of the poor-law, (if that be of any moment,) property of *all kind* ought to be equally assessed; whereas, at present, a manufacturer or merchant employing a capital of 50,000*l.* in his business, and, perhaps, five hundred labourers, may pay no more

to the poor-rate than a farmer whose capital is scarce 500*l.*, and who employs but five or ten persons. Here is another artificial obstacle thrown in the way of the production of the things of first necessity—of the *food* of the people! But what matters the vain hunger of the people, so that the wealthy can purchase cheap silks and wines, and be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day?

But there is yet another bread-denying ordinance, still more effective, if possible, in cutting off the commons of the poor to pamper the rich—the law imposing a high and almost prohibitory duty on imported corn. Perhaps it may be pleaded that this is done to countervail the heavy exclusive burdens on agriculture of which we have been speaking. This would be making the imposition of one impediment to the supply of food for a hungry community, a reason for *adding another*! Wise policy forsooth; but perfectly consistent with the wisdom of the restrictive system. That the production of food is an object of paramount importance, and that it should be hindered by no exclusive burdens, is most evident: but, whether it be produced *directly* by the employment of our capital and labour in our ploughed lands and barns, or *indirectly* by their employment in our manufactories and dyeing-grounds, (in working up goods for which foreigners will give us food,) is of no importance whatever to the food-consuming public, so long as they get it at the cheapest rate. All their interest lies in procuring the greatest quantity of it at the least expense. But to give an artificial preference to its production from our home soils is only to require its production by a greater sacrifice of the capital and labour of the community than would be sufficient to obtain it by importation.

Perhaps of all restrictions on the free direction of industry, none have been more generally and deeply hurtful of late years than the legislative interference with the freedom of *banking*, and with the use of credit as an instrument of exchange. The monopoly given in England to an exclusively chartered banking company has prevented the establishment throughout the country of banks, fitted, by the breadth and solidity of their foundation, to obtain and preserve the confidence of the public, and has thus caused capital to accumulate in stagnant masses in the metropolis, instead of spreading over the whole land in a countless multiplicity of divergent and fertilizing streams, as it would unquestionably have done but for the legal *prohibition* of the only channels capable of distributing it with safety, regularity, and effect. In Scotland, where no such impediments have existed, we see the result of her superior circulation, in an immensely improved agriculture, flourishing trade and commerce, and the absence of all doubt, panic, or failure, among her banking establishments, even at moments of the greatest commercial alarm. The weakness of the English system has, moreover, *maximized* the alternate see-saws of commercial excitement and depression, by enabling worthless establishments to deluge the country with fictitious paper, at moments of excessive confidence, which the slightest reaction has naturally converted into excessive panic and distrust; it has also greatly lessened the security of property, by exposing the country to ruinous fluctuations in the value of money, through the mismanagement of the small, exclusive, and irresponsible body thus madly entrusted with the entire control of the circulating medium of the empire, and at whose mercy, consequently, lay the property of every individual in it.



What a bad banking system has done for capital, <sup>3</sup> a faulty law of pauper settlement has done for labour,—preventing it from freely and readily flowing to those points where it is most required. And the circumstances of open and equal competition among labourers, which are essential to the most advantageous direction of their industry, have been still further deranged through that villainous abuse of the poor-law by which justices and vestries have *illegally* taken on themselves, according to the suggestions of their caprice or interested views, to determine, *ex cathedrâ*, the local rate of wages, by declaring how much, or how little, shall be allowed *out of the poor-rate*, that is, out of other people's pockets, *in aid of wages, to labourers already in full employment on their own farms!*

These are some of the principal obstacles placed by faulty legislation in the way of the free direction of capital and labour into those channels which appear most advantageous to the individual capitalists and labourers, and which would, therefore, be most productive on the whole to the community at large. Since their benumbing influence extends to every minute ramification of industry, the sum total of mischief done by them must be incalculable—and the benefits that would follow their entire abolition proportionably extensive. A reformed parliament should give its earliest and most earnest attention to the securing an unlimited freedom of industrious occupation and exchange. Whatever burdens on industry are requisite for fiscal purposes, should be equalized, so as to press with complete impartiality on every branch alike. This is not required for the sake of abstract justice, or symmetry, or of the more severely burdened interests. It is demanded on the ground of the common welfare, and because every unequal pressure on industry, misdirects its efforts, impedes its advances, and diminishes its general productiveness. And this to an extent out of all proportion to the amount of inequality. A difference of a quarter per cent. may completely alter the productive arrangements of a great capitalist—a very little more may lead him to employ his capital in other countries in place of this!

A community enjoying security of person and property, and freedom in the direction of its industry, *can*, in our opinion, experience no other physical obstacle to the full development of its productive powers, but the accidental deficiency of *land*. It is, however, in the power of its government to remove this deficiency likewise, by annexing from time to time to its dominions additional tracts of territory from some of the vast fertile and unoccupied spaces which the globe still offers to the use of those who need them;—in other words, by seasonable *colonization*. If there are nations whom circumstances deprive of this resource, or render it difficult of attainment, Britain, at least, is not of the number. Her government is already the recognised owner of immense colonial tracts, far surpassing in extent the whole continent of Europe, and possessing all the natural qualities of climate, soil, minerals, harbours, navigable rivers, &c. which can fit them for the habitation and enjoyment of a thriving community. Her maritime situation and abundant shipping allows the utmost facility of access to them. All that is wanting on our part is a correct appreciation of the advantages thus placed within our reach, and a wise and well arranged, and systematic plan for availing ourselves of them. As government is the legal proprietor of all unoccupied land in the colonies, it is within its power, by judicious or

by ill-contrived regulations with respect to its appropriation and settlement, to advance or to retard the utilization of the vast resources afforded by these possessions ;—rapidly to draw forth all their productive capabilities, or to place an absolute interdict on their use.

The practice of late governments of granting lands to individuals in almost unlimited quantities, without any effectual conditions for their cultivation, or the making of roads through them, has been most injurious by locking up large tracts in a useless condition, and obstructing the access to others more remote, and has tended greatly to prevent the cultivation and improvement of the colonies. The present Ministry has wisely put a stop to so injudicious a system. Much, however, remains to be done. We think the formation of some principal lines of communication, both roads and canals, in a newly occupied country, are among the works of general benefit, to which the collective power of a community placed in the hands of its government for the furtherance of that especial object, may be most serviceably applied. We think too, that when the long-continued action of partial legislation has brought the industry of a country into so anomalous and injurious a state as that the mass of the labouring classes are found working in one part of the empire for a fourth,—nay, even a tenth of the *real* wages, which they might obtain in another part—did not the very extremity of poverty to which they have been reduced prevent their spontaneous change of residence—we think that, under such circumstances, a government is not only justified, but bound, to step in and remove the pressure of so unequal and anomalous a condition, by facilitating the equalization of the supply and demand for labour throughout its dominions. The poor labourer, whom utter wretchedness confines to this island, where his labour is valueless, and his existence a curse to himself and his neighbours, should be assisted to those portions of the British empire where his labour would enable him to repay over and over again the cost of his removal, if not to the parties who advance it at least, to the community at large, by the addition its increased productiveness will rapidly make to the general stock. Moreover, the poor laws have wisely and humanely given to every Englishman who cannot support himself by his labour, a claim on the common property of the country ; but what policy can be more suicidal than that which requires that he be maintained in *this country* only, which, by the very fact of his non-employment, is proved to be incapable of maintaining him except at a loss—when, by aiding him to remove to the colonies, he might be placed in the way of maintaining himself there, not merely without loss and in bare necessities, but with a great accruing profit, and in all the comforts of life ? We think, on these grounds, that in the approaching alterations of the poor-law, parishes should be permitted to refuse more than temporary relief to able-bodied paupers, in any other shape than a conveyance to those parts of the British dominions where they will be certain of full employment at high wages ; and, on the other hand, should be required to provide every labourer with this, on proof of his deficiency in the means of self-maintenance or transport. Such a provision, far from increasing the poor-rate, would greatly diminish its amount and pressure—since, even if all the surplus labourers of the country were so exported at the cost of their parishes, it has been proved by experience that the expense would be less than *one year's* mainte-

nance of them at home. A permanent and yearly increasing burden would thus be got rid of at less than a single year's purchase. Under a system of this nature, for facilitating the transfer of labour from the places where it is redundant to those where it is wanted, all excessive competition in the labour-market, and all injurious pressure of population against the means for employing and subsisting them, would be wholly and for ever prevented. *Industrious pauperism* would be no longer known, and poverty confined to the maimed, the infirm, and the decrepit.

Our recipe, then, for extinguishing all but unavoidable calamity,—the result of casualty or disordered health,—for elevating the physical condition of every member of the social body—and for promoting the general increase of the means of enjoyment which the vast natural resources of their territorial possessions, their unequalled spirit of industry, energy, invention, and perseverance, and the magnitude of their acquired skill, knowledge, and capital, place at the disposal of the British community, is sufficiently simple of comprehension, and far from difficult in execution. Let the government provide as near an approximation as possible to complete security of person and property, and complete freedom of industry, taking care at the same time to lay open a sufficiently extensive territorial area for the wants of the nation; and let those of the labouring class, who are rendered incapable of maintaining themselves by casualty, or the local excess of population, which experience has shown to be at times unavoidable, be relieved, if impotent,—if able-bodied, assisted to remove to places where their labour is in request.

Under such arrangements we cannot conceive what but *gross mismanagement* can prevent the continual multiplication of the wealth of the community, in a ratio as far exceeding that of its population, as the productive powers of each individual are, by the advance of skill and science, brought to exceed those of individuals at the present or at former periods. Nor can we doubt, that the wealth so obtained will fairly and equally distribute itself between the different classes who contribute towards its production, the landlords, the capitalists, and the labourers, since this fair distribution is the essential condition and stimulus to its most effective increase; so that the share of each individual, and consequently his happiness, (as far as the possession of the comforts and luxuries of life is conducive to happiness,) will be continually on the increase.

With a view to prevent the mismanagement which can alone hinder this progressive advance, we would add to the foregoing provisions that of a *National Scheme of Education*, in order to diminish the mass of ignorance, and consequently the chances of error, and give every one an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his true interests, and a capacity to seize the advantages of his position.

This, then, is the sum of our prescription for effectually and permanently redeeming man from physical misery, and securing to him the constant and illimitable enlargement of his means of gratification. We may be sanguine in our conviction of its sufficiency; but the steps by which we are conducted to this conclusion are so simple and undeniable, and their necessary sequence so clear, that we cannot hesitate to embrace it. We exclude, of course, the influence of extraordinary disturbing causes, such as famines, pestilence, or *unavoidable wars*. But in their absence, we repeat, we believe it to be in the power of man, by a wise

arrangement and application of the means at his disposal; continually to advance in the acquisition of social happiness, and, without any equalization of *property*, to equalize, at least pretty generally, the happiness of individuals,—to secure at least to the lowest class, and even to the poorest individual of that class, a sufficiency of necessities and comforts, in return for the moderate exercise of his industry, and the discharge of the duties he owes to society.

Again we say the elements of production are unlimited. *Land* is not wanting. *Capital* will always, under security for its enjoyment and free use, spring up to meet the demand for it. *Labour* can never, by its deficiency, occasion distress. All then that we want, to ensure constant and progressive prosperity to all classes, is a judicious adaptation of these boundless means to that great end—the utmost augmentation of the wealth and happiness of society, individual and collective.

We are sensible of having touched very cursorily on subjects of vast importance, and which may seem to require a full and lengthened investigation for their just comprehension. For such disquisitions we have no room in this publication, nor would our readers, probably, pay much attention to them. Our object has been to give a general and rapid, but yet, we hope, a clear and conclusive sketch of the true laws of social economy;—to show that there is nothing in them, if rightly understood, mysterious, or complicated, or abstruse; and, in opposition to the narrow, disheartening, and, we are convinced, utterly false doctrine of a certain school of economists, as to the existence of an iron necessity and unavoidable natural tendency to deterioration in the condition of the mass of mankind, through a decrease in their means of subsistence accompanying their increase in number—to vindicate the scheme of Providence and the nobility of man by proving that the increase of his numbers has no such tendency, but, on the contrary, that, coupled with the progress of invention and civilization, it *has* a direct tendency to multiply, without any perceivable limit, the comforts of existence procurable by an amount of labour at all times undergoing an indefinite diminution;—in short, that human happiness may, by an easy exercise of human foresight, be made continually to increase with, and far beyond the proportion of, the growth of the human family. S. P.

#### TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.

“And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.”—WORDSWORTH.

FLOWER of starry clearness bright!  
Quivering urn of coloured light!  
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye  
From th' intenseness of the sky?  
From a long, long fervent gaze,  
Through the year's first golden days,  
Up that blue and silent deep  
Where, like things of sculptured sleep,

Alabaster clouds repose  
 With the sunshine on their snows?  
 Thither was thy heart's love turning,  
 Like a censer ever burning,  
 Till the purple heavens in thee  
 Set their smile, Anemone!

Or can those warm tints be caught  
 Each from some quick glow of *Thought*?  
 So much of bright *Soul* there seems  
 In thy bendings and thy gleams;—  
 So much thy sweet life resembles  
 That which feels, and weeps, and trembles;  
 While thy being I behold  
 To each loving breath unfold;  
 Or, like woman's willowy form,  
 Shrink before the gathering storm;  
 I could deem thee spirit-filled,  
 As a reed by music thrilled!  
 I could ask a *Voice* from thee,  
 Delicate Anemone!

Flower! thou seem'st not born to die,  
 With thy radiant purity;  
 But to melt in air away,  
 Mingling with the soft spring-day,  
 When the crystal heavens are still,  
 And faint azure veils each hill,  
 And the lime-leaf doth not move,  
 Save to songs that stir the grove;  
 And all earth is like one scene,  
 Glorified in waves serene!—  
 Then thy vanishing should be,  
 Pure and meek Anemone!

Flower! the laurel still may shed  
 Brightness round the victor's head;  
 And the rose in beauty's hair  
 Still its festal glory wear;  
 And the willow-leaves droop o'er  
 Brows, which love sustains no more:  
 But, by living rays refined,  
 Thou, the trembler of the wind,  
 Thou, the spiritual flower,  
 Sentient of each breeze and shower,  
 Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
 And transpierced with all their dyes,  
 Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,  
 / Gem-like, to thy centre glowing,  
 Thou the poet's type shall be,  
 Flower of scent, Anemone!

F. H.

## THE HOME OF LOVE.

" They sin who tell us Love can die.  
 With Life all other Passions fly,  
 All others are but Vanity ;—  
 But Love is indestructible.  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 And hath in Heaven its perfect rest."—SOUTHEY.

THOU movest in visions, Love !— 'round thy way,  
 E'en through this World's rough path and changeful day,  
 For ever floats a gleam,  
 Not from the realms of Moonlight or the Morn,  
 But thine own Soul's illumined chambers born—  
 The colouring of a dream !

Love, shall I read thy dream ?—Oh ! is it not  
 All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—  
 A Bower for thee and thine ?  
 Yes ! lone and lowly is that Home ; yet there  
 Something of Heaven in the transparent air  
 Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies  
 Bends o'er it ever from the fender skies,  
 As o'er some Blessed Isle ;  
 E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,  
 Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow  
 Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the Wind have there  
 A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear  
 Greeting from some bright shore,  
 Where none have said *Adieu* !—where no decay  
 Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;  
 Where the Storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,  
 In the deep sanctuary of one true breast  
 Hidden from earthly ill :  
 There wouldst thou watch the homeward step, whose sound  
 Wakening all Nature to sweet echoes round,  
 Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,  
 From mind to mind th' immortal heritage,  
 For thee its treasures pour ;  
 Or Music's voice at vesper hours be heard,  
 Or dearer interchange of playful word,  
 Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,  
 The melody of hearts in heavenly air,  
     Thence duly should arise;  
 Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adorning breath,  
 Of Spirits, not to be disjoined by Death,  
     Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should come  
 To mar the stillness of that Angel-Home;—  
     There should thy slumbers be  
 Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely blessed,  
 Like theirs who first in Eden's Grove took rest  
     Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in Joy and Woe!  
 And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—  
     *Here*, where bright things must die?  
 Oh, thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed  
 On the frail altar of a mortal head  
     Gifts of Infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!  
 Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,  
     Still round thy precious things;—  
 Thy stately Pine-tree, or thy gracious Rose,  
 In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,  
     *Here*, where the blight-hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued  
 To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,  
     So in thy prescient breast  
 Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill  
 To the low footstep of each coming ill;—  
     —Oh! canst *Thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou Mighty and thou Weak  
 Heart, strong as Death, yet as a reed to break,  
     As a flame, tempest-swayed!  
 He that sits calm on High is yet the source  
 Whence thy Soul's current hath its troubled course,  
     He that great Deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He, whose searching eye  
 Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—  
     Oh! pray to be forgiven  
 Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,  
 And seek with *Him* that Bower of Blessedness—  
     Love! *thy* sole Home is Heaven!

F. H.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE GREEK DRAMATIC POETS.

## THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

I REMEMBER no event in the literary history of nations more wonderful than the rapid creation of knowledge and art in Greece,—a creation perfected in the period which elapsed from the birth of Æschylus to the battle of Cheronara, yet elaborately delicate in its composition, and surpassingly beautiful in the symmetry of its form and the unity of its expression. Winckelman has compared the awakening of the Grecian mind to the revival of learning in Italy under Leo X.; but the comparison is only partially accurate. In Italy, the clay of the primeval intellect still lay scattered over the earth, needing only the hand of some inspired master to mould it into forms of antique loveliness. The feet of the Roman Poetry, if I may be allowed the metaphor, were even then beheld walking in light over the remains of the picturesque Virgil and the silvery and enthusiastic Cicero.

But in Greece there had been no revelation of lofty thought before Homer; and throughout the long night of mental darkness from his death to the time of Æschylus and Pindar, the mantle had scarcely been lifted from the face of Poetry. Homer was the Mighty Magician of the Old World, dwelling within the crystal walls of his beautifully builded Poesy, which, like the Island-City so vividly described in his own Iliad, hath uplifted itself in perfect glory over the storms of three thousand years. Frederick Schlegel dates the commencement of a new era in Greek Literature from the accession of Solon to the Athenian administration. The collection of the Songs of Homer, which were mainly instrumental in awakening the dormant feelings of Poetry, is perhaps rather to be attributed to a political than a literary sentiment. Devoting his attention in the earlier part of his life to commercial pursuits, Solon enjoyed the opportunity of cultivating his taste by the study of the numerous Poems which were in general circulation through the Græco-Asiatic colonies; for in Asia Minor, since the establishment of Æolian, Ionian, and Doric settlements, the spirit of Poetry had manifested itself very generally.

I have no intention of advancing any new, or supporting any old, hypothesis as to the manner in which the Homeric Poems were preserved, or so universally diffused. The eloquent Pascal's reflection upon a subject of far deeper interest may be applied with perfect truth to investigations into the primitive history of Greece. We wander, as it were, in an interminable desert, *toujours incertains et flottans entre l'ignorance et la connoissance*—truth appears continually flying before us, and yet to set at nought any attempt on our part to stay it for an instant. Our conjectures are as light and fleeting as snow upon the ocean. Books, or written poetry, it may be observed, however, were scarcely known even in the most refined season of Athenian Literature. While the merchants were collecting at the Piræus all the costly productions of foreign lands, from Sicily and Italy, and Cyprus and Lydia, and Pontus and the Peloponnese, the trade in MSS. is very rarely mentioned. We meet, indeed, with an occasional allusion to the book-market (τα βιβλία), and we read in Xenophon of the exportation of books from Pontus to Thrace; but we have no evidence to prove that they



were anything but blank volumes. Even in the time of Plato, when the voice of his most spiritual philosophy was charming the hearts of his disciples in the garden of the Academe, the trade in MSS. was so little practised, that the sale of books by a person in Sicily gave birth to a proverb—*λογοισιν Ερμάρως εμπορεύεται*.

Lacedæmonia preceded Athens more than two hundred years in Legislation. Draco was the first Athenian lawgiver; but his ordinances, for the most part cruel, and adapted to the wild and undisciplined passions of an uncivilized nation, were rapidly superseded by the wiser and more gentle institutions of the philosophic Solon. Athens, as I have already remarked, dated the commencement of a new era from the accession of her Alfred. Hitherto Asia Minor and her Islands had been the abiding places of Literature; but the day was at hand when the fetters were to fall from off the heaving muscles of young and vigorous Thought, as it leaped forth unto the light of Heaven, with a joy that spoke of its hopes, and an energy that rendered their fulfilment certain. In the three hundred years from the administration of Solon to the death of Alexander may be comprised the golden age of Athenian Literature. Throughout that period, dark and tempestuous as it frequently was, the Spirit of Beauty may be seen moving forward with graceful serenity: neither the thick gloom of a terrible pestilence, nor the unceasing tumult of political excitement, are able to conceal her from the steadfast eyes of the inquiring student. She went onward, conquering and to conquer. She walked in the midst of war and bloodshed—an Iris of the Earth—her sandals unstained, and her loveliness unviolated. Like Venus in the tempest and fury of the Iliad, we behold the gleaming of her white arms through the mist of the carnage.

The division of the history of Greek Literature by Schlegel † into three periods—1. The Persian War; 2. The Peloponnesian War; 3. The Expedition of Alexander—is more lucid than that of Schoell, ‡ who arranges it under six epochs, of which the third only, extending from 594 B.C. to 336 B.C., is the illustrious season of Poetry and Art. It has been finely said that Greece reconquered Rome. The Literature of Italy, indeed, appears to have risen into affluence and declined into poverty by a process similar to that of Greece. Like its parent, it embraced three great periods: 1. from the Punic War to the accession of Augustus; 2. the Augustan Age; 3. from the beginning of the reign of Nero to the death of Adrian. The Temples of Greek and Roman Poetry were erected amid the tumult of Foreign and Civil Wars. But Persia was a more terrible antagonist to Greece than Carthage to Rome. Xerxes poured all the chivalry of Asia upon the plains of Greece, and the advance of his countless armies was felt like the shock of an earthquake up to the very gates of Athens. The resources of the African city were limited in their extent, and her armaments, when once exhausted, could not be replaced; but Persia continued to send out her “Immortals” in

\* The architectural works of Athens, and the various employments of the Poet and the Artist, received no repulse from the most virulent political feeling. In the disastrous times of the Peloponnesian war the Sculptor's studio continued to be replenished with forms of beauty; and when the Athenians were reduced to the greatest distress, a drachma was distributed to each citizen to enable him to attend the dramatic representations.

† Frederic Schlegel's Lectures on History.

‡ Schoell, *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*, tom. i.

undiminished cohorts. The annals of the world present no spectacle of equal grandeur. If we lift up our eyes over the horizon of modern history and dominations, we are transported into an arena where the inconsiderable population of a Grecian State is beheld contending with the Colossus of Oriental pride and despotism. But the sword of Freedom is like the sword of Michael—mortal strength may not abide its celestial temper; and the gigantic tyranny of Persia sunk, like a fainting gladiator, beneath the reiterated assaults of Grecian valour.

The Literature of Athens increased in vigour with the growth of her political power and the development of her financial institutions.\* Her revenues were small; and to the successful termination of the Persian War is her after splendour, in a great measure, to be attributed. Phidias would still have been the noblest sculptor and architect of his age, but his genius would have been employed upon the residence of an individual instead of the Odeum; and Pericles would still have been the most accomplished and eloquent citizen of Athens, but he would not have left the Parthenon for his monument, or the Olympian for his title. All the treasures which the Persian King carried with him into the field, and which were reported to be sufficient burden for twelve hundred camels, became the spoil of the victorious Greeks. This sudden influx of wealth laid the foundation of that numerous and voluptuous nobility which distinguished Athens in her latter years. But the benefits of their victory were not confined to the Athenians. The Persian monarch and his nobles were compelled to purchase an amnesty from the Grecian mercenaries. Sparta alone received more than five thousand talents. An immense quantity of gold, therefore, passed into circulation before the age of Demosthenes. The luxuries and the necessities of life kept pace with the increase of fortune.† Athens, in the time of Socrates, was considered a dear place of residence. The

\* SAID NOT TO HAVE EXISTED.

\* I would refer the reader for a most lucid explanation of the sources and extent of the Athenian revenues to the *Staatshaushaltung der Athener* of Augustus Boeckh, of which a translation, I believe by Mr. Cornwall Lewis, was published by Murray in 1826. The *Dissertation on the Silver Mines of Laurion in Attica*, published originally in the "Memoirs of the Berlin Academy," has been very properly added to the present work by the English translator.

It may not be amiss to note here, that by an ancient decree, the surpluses of the

taken for freedom and empire. —  
his passion of his countrymen.

† An ox which, under the administration of Solon, might have been bought for five drachmas, rapidly rose in price to fifty or one hundred.

‡ Boeckh makes a pleasant fling at the son of Sophroniscus. The domestic economy for which the philosopher was so celebrated, consisted, he says, in keeping his family at work.

crowned Commander and the extravagant Governor. When we read that Socrates wore no under garment, and that even his outer dress, the *imation*, was unchanged during winter or summer, and that he went almost always bare-footed, we feel ready to coincide with Marmontel in thinking Greece the idolator of her heroes and her poets rather than of her gods. Even in her declining days, when a dissolute spirit had usurped the place of the pure inspiration, we find that the King of Macedon sent a solemn embassy, and the King of Egypt a powerful *aulon*, to convey their respectful regards to the poet Menander.

may say, of the observations I intend offering upon the spirit and history of the Greek Drama, in the words of the elegant translator of some of the Comedies of Aristophanes,\* that they are the production of much thought and some labour. For my own part, I have always been an enthusiast in my love of Grecian Literature; and the summer evening on which I first translated a few lines in that Chorus of the "Hecuba," beginning *Λύξα, λύξα*, comes back upon my heart even while I now write, with beautiful influence. I could never contemplate the ministry of the Muse of Ancient Literature in the many coloured scenes of human life without a sentiment of admiration. Wherever, it has been gracefully remarked,† a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them. By the expiring lamp of Kirk White in his solitary room at Cambridge, pining away under the accumulated inflictions of sorrow and penury and sickness, we behold her a spiritual comforter; at another time, leading by the hand, like a gentle Antigone, a greater than Oedipus, even the mighty though desolate Milton, through all the flowery valleys of Arcady, and into the glorious assembly of the Academe,—alike powerful to console in the miserable garret where Erasmus sat in destitution and rags, and in the sumptuous chamber where Lorenzo the Magnificent beheld the regeneration of poetry and the arts.

The present period is perhaps ill adapted for the development of the Antique Poetry. The public mind is becoming every day less imaginative, as it turns aside still more "from the poetical past unto the actual present." The plaintive harmony of the soft recorder is unheard in the bustle and tumult of a commercial city. We are continually striving for the things which profit us not, and the food that perisheth. We look out upon the solemn ordinances and the picturesque pomp of the Antique Drama through the narrow and dusty window of a manufactory or a laboratory. The artist, it has been nobly said by Schiller, is the son of his time, but pity for him if he be its pupil, or even its favourite. The remark applies to every branch of literature. In the present age, political knowledge alone is power: genius is therefore hourly sold for a mess of pottage. A false and lying spirit has sprung up in our poetry, darkening words without understanding. The Emperor Claudius commanded a portrait of Alexander, painted by Apelles, to be rubbed out, and replaced by a picture of Augustus, the work of a fashionable artist of the day; so we, in like manner, are continually displacing the busts of the ancient sons of Art from the temple of Fame, and substituting the ballad-writer for the Dorian lyrist.

Mr. Mitchell.

† By Mr. Babington Macaulay, I believe, in one of his early and exquisite Essays in "Knight's Quarterly Magazine."

Our life is the converse of the aphorism of the German poet. We are not only the sons and pupils, but we labour unceasingly to be the favourites of our generation. In the literary world, no man, of his own accord, takes up his cross and follows the glorious band which has passed into immortality before him. Which of us offers up the devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit which Milton uttered, to enrich us with all grace and knowledge,\* or dismisses his little book with the calm and philosophic dignity of old Spenser?

It cannot be imagined that he who has been fed upon what Jeremy Taylor calls gay tulips and useless daffodils, will enter, with any delight, into the marble stillness of Greek Poetry. His mind must first undergo a perfect purification, and he must become, "as it were, a little child," and "be cherished with the milk of a better time, beneath a distant Grecian sky." He must learn to prefer the wreath a Pindar wove to the cheques of a bookseller and the adulation of the reading-clubs. Then, indeed, he may return into his century in a beautiful and altered form—not, however, to borrow once more the words of Schiller, to delight it by his presence, but terrible, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. Beauty can only be incarnated upon the mind by the overshadowing of a pure and celestial Inspiration. It was gracefully said of Plato that his mother conceived him by gazing upon the statue of Apollo, the God of Light. The more we reflect, the more we shall feel the philosophy of Schlegel's aphorism, that the statues of Greece form the most delightful commentaries upon her poetry. The Niobe may be the symbol of the pure and spiritual Drama, and the Venus, of the sweet and picturesque Love Poetry of latter days. For my own part, when I have surrendered myself to the contemplation of the Prometheus or Orestes, I feel my senses bound by the balmy influences of a summer dream. Every step I take out of the narrow boundary of the present age seems to carry me into a serenest and happier region; I exchange the heavy and oppressive atmosphere of a crowded and riotous city for the sweet air and the unclouded sky of Athens; all the tumult and contention of this actual life fade into a rapidly dying murmur behind me. I resemble one who has escaped for a brief season from his painful confinement in the midst of ignorance and commerce, and who hastens unto his own native village, where his aged and dim-sighted mother, and his father, now scarcely able to move from his cottage gate, are waiting to receive him. The very wind which bloweth over that golden flowery meadow, where he played in childhood, seems to pour a quiet health and peace upon his mind. The song of the birds is familiar to him; that linnet, which sings so sweetly by the mossy stile close by the church, must be the same to which he listened twenty years ago! The pieces of stained glass in the church windows—they are the fragments of Catholic magnificence—have undergone no change. The letters which he carved upon the pew-door are only become somewhat more dark. His past life has been a captivity in a strange land—now he may be said to live once more. My illustration has run to a considerable length, but it is not inapposite. Livy has beautifully said, that by meditation upon antiquity, the mind itself becomes antique. I can bear testimony to the philosophy of the observation. I pass at once from the present into the **past**, and wander by the side of Antigone

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\* See Milton's eloquent Treatise—*Reasons for Church Government*.

and her blind father, and sit down with Electra by the couch of her brother. All the graceful stories of the poets are realized to my eyes. I behold Pausias painting his mistress Glycera, in the act of weaving a garland of flowers, and the graceful Lala sketching her own loveliness in the attitude of a girl at her toilette, contemplating her charms before a mirror.\*

The works of the Ancient Poets and Philosophers, mutilated though they be, are my secular Scriptures, and I retire in thought into the solitude of a Greek temple to muse over them. The painter who has lingered for hours before a picture of Raphael or Titian, in a busy and clamorous metropolis, regardless of every thing around him, can enter into my sensations. He carries with him into the world the music and the holy light of the Divine Face upon which he has been gazing. Meditations such as these breathe a solemn stillness over the soul.

But though a Disciple of the Ancient School, I am not dead to the merits of the Modern. Poussin affirmed that Raphael among the moderns was an angel, but among the ancients an ass. I am not so intolerant. I have indulged in these observations because I am desirous that the reader should divest himself as much as possible of the peculiar prejudices of the age, and cherish that frame of temper which can alone enable him to exchange with any pleasure the heated boxes of a London theatre, with its adventitious aids of lustre and ornaments, for the religious ordinances and the picturesque pomp of the Antique Drama.

A curious analogy may be traced between the history of the Athenian Drama and our own, at least in the number of years in which its glory is contained. The progress of the Greek Tragedy was however by far the most rapid. Shakspeare had his forerunners: the lifeless and pseudo-classical Lyly, the delicate and tender Peele, and the passionate and not unfrequently sublime Marlowe, had in a great measure prepared the way before him. But Æschylus was the first of his race; he was a sculptor working without a drawing or a model. He found the elements of poetry lying in confusion around him, and without any of the preparatory labour and the tedious study by which a picture, or a statue, or a poem is elaborated into excellence, he struck them as with a magic rod into shapes of beauty and power. He was a wizard, and the passions and feelings of the mind obeyed the potency of his incantation. The prevailing characteristic of the soul in its primitive state is sublimity, it is the light which covers it at its creation. Æschylus very early formed the noble design of sculpturing some of the wild and terrible legends of his country into dramas of most "stately argument." Poetry had not then assumed that *sensualité épurée* with which it was afterwards so deeply imbued. The world of imagination existed, the world of reality had not yet been created. In the construction of his most splendid tragedy, the Agamemnon, the poet seems to have been carried back into the bye-gone time, and to have built up the august structure of his poetry in the faintest twilight of legendary history. It appears solemn and sublime in its shadowy and indistinct vastness. The tide of years did indeed flow back with him, and he seems to have naturalized himself, if I may so speak, beneath the alien sky of "Troy divine." The dimensions of human nature in the Heroic Age, as Schlegel nobly

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\* Pausias, the painter, is said to have been enamoured of Glycera, to whom is assigned the introduction of that graceful custom of wearing garlands, afterwards so universal. Lala was the most celebrated female artist in Greece.

remarks, were greater than those of modern times. We may apply to the warriors of that period Fuseli's character of the men of Michael-Angelo—they were a race of Giants. You see this at once in the dramas of Æschylus. His heroes are cast in a mightier mould, and move in a more extended circle of power and influence than those of subsequent writers. Look at the *Seven before Thebes*—every line is instinct with a wild and chieftain-like ardour and ferocity. The drama looks like a great historical picture composed from sketches taken upon the spot. Even in all the horrors which are accumulated so terribly in those scenes of rapine and bloodshed, we perceive the hand of one who paints from the very life. All his incidents are in the very spirit of the age in which the scenes are laid. We never close the book, as is so frequently the case with a modern composition, with the exclamation—"This could never have happened, it is so unnatural!" To parody a saying of Charles Lamb upon old Webster—there is a decorum in all the affrightments of Æschylus. Compare for an instant the "*Prometheus*" of the Greek Poet with the "*Prometheus Unbound*" of Shelley, which the author vainly supposed was composed in the tone of his great master. Both dramas are obscure and fragmentary, but the obscurity of Shelley is total and irradiable, while that of Æschylus is merely the deep and awful mystery which surrounds from mortal eyes the miseries of the superhuman sufferer. Other fictions, as the most philosophic of critics has observed, are isolated fragments of tragedy, but Prometheus is tragedy itself: we feel our hearts tremble before the "monumental suffering" of the great human benefactor.

With the English reader I think the Agamemnon will be a greater favourite than the Prometheus. It has less of the statuary and more of the painter. It comes home more closely to our bosom, and sends the blood along the veins with a most delightful rapidity. It has more action and less thought, and there are more persons who appreciate the action than the thought, as there are multitudes who gaze with delight upon Stanfield's Panorama who would turn away in weariness from Kean's Hamlet. In modern days the way to the heart is through the eye: it was otherwise on the Athenian Stage, and this renders the necessity still more imperative that we should, before we address our attention to the study of any work of ancient art, place ourselves in another system of ideas, and identify our own feelings with those of the epoch to which that work belongs.\* If this difficult object be once attained, Schlegel becomes an abler critic upon the Iliad of Homer and the Agamemnon of Æschylus than Aristotle or Plato.

The Agamemnonian Story, as Shelley has observed in the Preface to the "*Prometheus Unbound*," was exhibited on the Athenian Stage with as many variations as dramas—it derived much of its interest from the dignity and misfortunes of the family of the Pelopidae. Thus out of the few dramas which have been preserved to our day, not only the Trilogy of Æschylus, comprising the Agamemnon, the Choëphoræ, and the Eumenides, but the *Electra* of Sophocles and *Orestes* of Euripides among others, are founded upon this prevailing tradition. And this will be the more singular if we remember the comparative insignificance of the

\* Pour nous placer au centre d'un autre système d'idées et nous identifier avec les hommes de tous les pays et de tous les siècles au point de nous faire voir et sentir comme eux.—Schlegel, vol. i. p. 7.

principality of Agamemnon, whose rule could only have extended over part of Argos, because the City had its own independent kings. Clavier has noticed this fact in his interesting work upon the Early States of Greece.\* But our surprise at the universal acceptance of the Agamemnonian Story throughout Greece will be increased when we call to mind the absence of any historical foundation for the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, which has been so touchingly portrayed by Euripides, and so finely introduced into the Agamemnon, in order to throw something of gentler light round the savage hatred and revenge of Clytemnestra.

The tragic writers did not scruple to corrupt the primitive traditions of their country, even those consecrated by the poetry of Homer, in order to harmonise with their own compositions. Clytemnestra, in the Agamemnon, attempts to palliate the assassination of her husband, by professing it a just retribution for the murder of her daughter Iphigenia. But Homer not only makes no mention of such a sacrifice, but, on the contrary, we find Agamemnon speaking of his child Iphigenia, and offering her in marriage to Achilles. But the Athenians had no "Tatler" to inform them daily of any departure from historical truth in their dramatic representations; and provided they were gratified they cared little for the vraisemblance of the picture.† A purely historical tragedy, devoted to the commemoration of any great event in their political annals, was of rare occurrence. The only composition of this description now extant is the Persæ.

The plot of the Agamemnon, as in almost all the Greek tragedies, is very simple. With a more complicated state of society and civil polity arose a more involved system. Schlegel has very lucidly stated the argument of the tragedy. In Agamemnon, he says, (I quote from Black's translation,) it was the intention of Æschylus to exhibit to us a sudden fall from the highest pinnacle of prosperity and fame into the abyss of ruin. The prince, the hero, the general of the whole of the Greeks, in the very moment when he had succeeded in concluding the most glorious action, the destruction of Troy, on entering the threshold of his house, after which he has so long sighed, is strangled amidst the unsuspected preparations for a festival, and the unworthy seducer of Clytemnestra takes possession of his throne. We see nothing of the skill of the practised playwright in this simple plan. The author of the *Rent-Day* would have done it better. But in truth, as Schoell has noticed, Æschylus had small art in the formation or denouement of an action.‡ He seems, however, to have perceived the objections which might be brought against his drama, and he accordingly introduced the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by which he not only laid a stronger grasp upon the sensibilities of the spectator, but also detracted somewhat from the innocence and piety of Agamemnon, and consequently turned away the eyes from too fixed a meditation upon his undeserved and lamentable fate. He cannot, says Schlegel, be pronounced entirely innocent, an earlier crime recoils upon his head; and, besides, according to the religious ideas of the ancients, an old curse hung over his house. The poet, with infinite skill and knowledge of the human heart, points out the most

\* Clavier, *Premiers Temps de la Grèce*, vol. i. p. 301.

† For some observations on the "Agamemnon," see the works of the Abbate Melchior Cesarotti, vol. x. part 1. p. 180., Pisa edit. "Non fisica fu mai," says the Italian critic, "la scienza del popolo, ne la critica era studio di quell'età."

‡ "Ses plans sont d'une extrême simplicité; il ne connoît pas l'art de nouer ou de dénouer une action."—*Hist. de Lit. Grecq.* tom. ii. p. 20.

inveterate and deadly enemy of Agamemnon in the son of that same Thyestes, upon whom his father Atreus took such terrible revenge ; and this fearful relationship is cast upon our memories in the broken sayings of the Chorus, and still more dreadfully in the glimpses of light every now and then breaking out in the insanity of Cassandra. But Æschylus, not contented with the introduction of the Prophetess into his story, has placed Troy, with all its ornaments and circumstances of war, in the background of the picture.

We may suspect that, even at the departure of Agamemnon, the idea of her future crime was existent in the mind of Clytemnestra. To this may be attributed the promise she exacted from Agamemnon of notifying the destruction of Troy, by a signal-fire which was to be passed on to Argos, by watchmen stationed for that purpose. The Agamemnon opens with the Soliloquy of the Servant who has been placed upon the roof of the palace at Argos, and eagerly looking during nine years for the promised signal. He is lamenting his destiny, when on a sudden the flame bursts on his sight, and he rushes in gladness to convey the joyful tidings to Clytemnestra. There is something in this proëmium far more beautiful than in the " preamble sweet " with which Sophocles and Euripides were accustomed to introduce " their sacred song." The picture will be brought more vividly before the eyes of the reader by a translation of the passage in which Clytemnestra describes to the Chorus (composed of some venerable inhabitants of Argos) the course of the fire-beacons ; and as this is the only instance in which I shall offer during the present paper an original version, I shall not, I trust, be idly digressing, if I make one or two observations upon the English translators of Æschylus.

The versions I have had an opportunity of consulting are those of Potter, Symmons, Boyd, Kennedy, and one in prose published at Oxford.\* Of these, that by Mr. Symmons is, as far as my memory serves me, by far the most scholarlike ; and I am sorry that the Editor of the Specimens for Murray's Family Library has not followed his example in some of the excellent emendations of Potter. I may be permitted in this place to express my surprise at the manner in which these *Specimens* have been offered to the public. I well remember how my curiosity was excited by an announcement of them which appeared some long time before their publication in Mr. Murray's list, in which they were described as *Popular English Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets*. I of course expected an original translation ; but I found, to my no small surprise, upon turning to the Editor's Preface, that he had made Potter's " English Æschylus, with some slight occasional alterations, the basis of the present volume ; " and my astonishment was not diminished on discovering, in the same page, the Editor's " conviction that it (Potter's translation) is faithful and spirited, and poetical throughout, and in the lyric parts, certainly those most trying to a translator, eminently felicitous." The merits of Potter's translation need not be discussed ; he is generally acknowledged to have felt the beauties of Æschylus without possessing the power of transfusing them into another language. He resembled an artist with a fine eye for colour

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\* At the time this article was written, the translations of the Agamemnon and Prometheus, by Captain Medwin, were not published. I may say of them briefly in this place, that they display considerable talent, and frequently preserve the beauty of the original.



and design, but whose talents are rendered useless by a trembling and uncertain hand. To pursue the same metaphor, Potter had no decision of touch. Dr. Johnson's account of his work is the most concise and satisfactory I have met with. It is given by Boswell in his own inimitable manner. After wandering about, he says, in a kind of pleasing abstraction, I got into a corner with Johnson, Garrick, and Harris. *Garrick to Harris*—"Pray, Sir, have you read Potter's *Æschylus*?" *Harris*—"Yes, and think it pretty." *Garrick to Johnson*—"And what think you, Sir, of it?" *Johnson*—"I thought what I read of it *verbiage*, but upon Mr. Harris's recommendation I will read a Play." (*To Mr. Harris*) "Don't prescribe, two."\* Next to the German, our own language is the best suited to render the bold and *morcelé* style of the Greek Poet. When Delille was asked by an Englishman why he did not translate the *Æneid*, he replied, *Give me your language*. A rhyme version of *Æschylus* in French would be ridiculous. But although the Editor of the *Popular Specimens* might have considered himself justified in rejecting the *Rambler's* opinion, he certainly ought not to have sent forth a reprint (for it is nothing more than a reprint mutilated) of Potter's version without correcting some of his notorious errors at least. And if a careful collation of the translation with the original were considered a work of supererogation, he might at least have availed himself of the instances of Potter's mistakes (or, to speak more leniently, mistaken judgment) pointed out by Mr. Stuart Boyd in his Preface, and by Mr. Symonds in his Notes. If he felt himself unable to breathe the breath of life into the dry bones of Potter's translation, he might at least have avoided the blunder which converted *γραιὸς ἐρικυψῆς*, the dry heather, into *Erica hoar with a shaggy brow*; which, to perfect the picture, it is represented *waving rudely*.† Nothing can be more erroneous than Dr. Johnson's proposal to determine the merits of a translation by judging it merely as an English poem. It is one of those paradoxes in which the Doctor abounded. A translation is valuable only in proportion as it retains all the features and colours of the original. Many passages of the *Iliad*, as translated by Pope, are far more universally admired than similar passages by Cowper which bear a more decided affinity to the Greek. Pope's version may be the most sparkling poetry, but Cowper is the nearest to the author. So much for the *Rambler's* dogma. But while I am willing to admit the impossibility of preserving that ethereal subtilty which so peculiarly distinguished the Greek, or of finding words to express the filmy beauty of Sophocles, or the Promethean energy of *Æschylus*, I cannot extend this licence to decided images or metaphors. I will only give one extract in justification of my remarks.

πυρρὸν αὐδαινοντες ἀφθονὸν μένει  
φλογος μέγαν πωγῶνα—

which is thus rendered after Potter in the *Popular Specimens*:—

"Thence onwards waves  
Its fiery tresses eager to ascend  
The crags of Prone."

Surely this reading ought to have been rejected by the Editor of the *Specimens*. The Poet gives a most vivid and picturesque picture of the fury and re-excited vigour with which the beacon-fire rushes on its way.

\* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, edit. Croker, vol. iv. p. 113.

† Even Stanley reads *Γραιὸς ἐρικυψῆς*, &c. See fol. edit. 1664.

It had been transmitted from Ida to Lemnos, and from Athos over the Hellespont to the rocky Macetas, and thence over the mountainous country to Egipplancton. Here a fresh fire is kindled, and Æschylus portrays the sudden uprushing of the flame by a bold metaphor, *φλογος μέγαν πωγωνά, a mighty beard of flame*. But instead of rendering *πωγωνά*, and so preserving the spirit of the original, Potter and his successor, the Editor of the Specimens, amuse themselves in parodying the *Splendidas quatunt comas* of Catullus. And this (in the latter case) in despite of the explanation of the Scholiast, the note of Valkenaer on the *Phænissæ*, and the excellent remarks of Bishop Blomfield in the glossary to the Agamemnon. Gray used to say, that a bad verse was better than the finest criticism upon it. He would not have insisted upon the extension of this aphorism to a bad translation. In introducing my own version with these remarks, I am aware that I expose myself to the charge of depreciating the labours of others. The manner in which my objections to the *Popular Specimens* have been stated, will relieve me, I hope, from this odium. I may remark that I have adopted a lyric metre in the following version with a view of imparting a greater vigour than I could hope to attain in our hexameters. I do not by any means coincide with Mr. Boyd in thinking an adequate metrical version of Æschylus impossible, neither do I profess to understand the peculiar beauty of that structure of rhythm which Mr. Kennedy has adopted in imitation of “Thalaba.” \*

“ The God of Fire on Ida’s Steep  
Sent forth the living flame :  
From watch to watch, with giant-leap,  
Along the mountain-tops it came,  
Unto Lemnos’ † Hill of fame.  
Up Athos, where the Spirit dwells, †  
The torch of fire doth spring,  
Flashing from its lofty track  
Along dark Ocean’s mighty back,  
The red light of its journeying.  
Golden-beaming, like the Sun,  
It rushes on its pathway still—  
Breaking upon the lifted eyes  
Of the watchman on Macistas’ hill.  
Brief time I ween the sign they kept,  
Not one upon the mountain slept,  
On and on the bright flame swept !  
Away—away—the herald darted,  
On far Euripus’ streams it fell :  
The night-guards on Messapion started ;  
They knew the signal well.  
The fire knoweth not decay,  
A heap of mountain heather dry  
Casteth up the flame on high,  
And it speedeth on its way.  
It waxes fiercer in its might  
On Asopus’ meadows leaping. ‡

\* The Agamemnon translated by — Kennedy, Esq., Dublin.

† *αιτος Ζηνος*. The modern Greek name of Athos is *το Άγιον Όρος, The Holy Mount*. By the European inhabitants of Turkey it is called *Monte Santo*. It has long been the nursery of the Greek priesthood, and contains twenty-four convents, which are said to be rich in MSS. and monuments.

‡. A member of the French Academy, in his inaugural discourse, eulogized Franc de Pompignan, not for having produced the first French version of Æschylus,

Like the radiant moon at night  
 To Cithæron's ridges sweeping,  
 It waketh another beacon-light.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, higher and higher,  
 The watchmen flung the Signal-fire,  
 Burning on the same—  
 And from the heather gather'd round,  
 Up-rusheth with a hissing sound  
 A mighty beard of flame.\*—  
 Where the rocks with cloudy frown  
 Upon the Saronic Gulf look down  
 The Signal-fire went by,  
 Bounding to the Watcher's eye  
 Thro' the darkness, till it came  
 Unto the Argive mountain's crest  
 Beside the City—there the flame  
 On Agamemnon's roof found rest.  
 So the Fire-bearers pass'd  
 The torch from hand to hand,  
 And its first leap along the land  
 Was not brighter than the last."

My object in this paper being principally to convey to the English reader something of the purer Spirit of the Greek Dramatic Poets, it will not be expected of me that I should enter into a minute analysis of each page. Such a course would rather deter than attract the reader. It cannot be denied that there is a peculiar music, and, if I may so speak, richness of colour in the Greek, which no translator or critic can hope to transfuse into his own language, any more than he could extract the golden dust from the wings of the Sultana butterfly and scatter it over any other creature. Our own Flaxman was, after all, the noblest commentator upon Æschylus. His "Outlines" are the truest interpretation of the Agamemnon. But, without extending this article by numerous specimens, I shall avail myself of one or two by Mr. Symmons, in order to conduct the reader to the catastrophe, and at the same time to furnish him with proofs of the extraordinary powers of Æschylus.

The Chorus, delighted with the information communicated to them by Clytemnestra, commence a hymn of gratitude to Jupiter; and pass in mournful review the events which have happened, and the melancholy revolutions of the past years. This leads them to the fatal elopement of Helen with Paris, the origin of so much misery and ruin. What follows is the most delicately-painted passage in the Agamemnon.

"Alas! Alas! O house! O chiefs! they said,  
 O prints of her loved feet! O nuptial bed!  
 He comes and sees her much-loved bower forlorn—  
 Disgrace and solitude are there;  
 His lips reproach not though his heart is torn;  
 He scarce believes his eyes in wondering sad despair.  
 He walks his house with dismal tread  
 Like silent ghost unblest,

but for his forbearance in publishing it without notes. At the risk of being considered *didactic*, I would mention, that by the *πιδιον Ασπιον* Æschylus understood all the level country between Mount Messapion and Cithæron.

\* In one of King James's poems (quoted in the *Sacred Specimens* by that most accomplished scholar and critic the Rev. J. Mitford) we trace this singular metaphor—*The sad and bearded fires.*

Wan with the love of her who fled  
Beyond the seas he knows no rest ;  
Turns from her beautiful statues with a sigh,  
And hates the forms that pleased his eye,  
For all the Venus of her face is gone  
In heavy eyes of lifeless stone.  
Then shown in dreams around him throng  
Visions sad of empty joys ;  
Empty joy, for when he seems  
To see the fair one in his dreams,  
Quick through his hands the vision flies,  
And mounts the skies,  
On wings that follow Sleep along his airy road."

The Chorus remembers his friends who have been slain in the Trojan War, and proceeds to mourn over them.

" But thro' the bounds of Græcia's land  
Who sent her sons for Troy to part,  
See Mourning, with much-suffering heart,  
On each man's threshold stand—  
Well may her soul with grief be rent,  
She well remembers whom she sent,  
She sees them not return—  
Instead of men to each man's home,  
Urns and ashes only come,  
And the armour which they wore,—  
Sad relics to their native shore !

Round the full urns the general groan  
Goes, as each their kindred own ;  
One they mourn in battle strong,  
And one, that 'mid the armed throng,  
He sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,  
And for another's consort died."

I have made use of Mr. Symmons' version of these passages, because I am not aware of any better ; but I am quite ready to acknowledge that it is a faint, a very faint, and at the same time diluted copy of the original. The picture of the desolation of Helen's home after her departure is simply and domestically sweet. Every thing around the forsaken husband recalls the false one to his memory. He looks upon the statues of his beloved wife, but, ah, the Venus is faded and gone for ever. *Æschylus* delighted in the more stormy and terrible passions, and very rarely yielded up his imagination to the influences of a gentler and purer inspiration. He was a warrior, and, like the author of the "*Araucana*," rejoiced in the scenes of war. But his mind was plastic as the most delicate clay in assuming every form. If he had been a sculptor, his hand could have produced the Dying Gladiator of *Ctesilas*, and the Sleeping Infants of *Chantrey*. He could breathe the hues of enchantment over a picture like *Sophocles*, or bring tears into the eyes with a mastery not surpassed by *Euripides*. The waters of his spirit were essentially dark and troubled, yet ever and anon flashed into light as by the radiant wings of a passing spirit. He builds the pavilion of his poetry beside the "illimitable deep," and surrounds it with thick darkness, but along that drear and desolate expanse clouds of filmy summer gold are continually gliding. The most rude and impetuous whirlwind of his passion flings forth "from its dusky arms"

a spirit soft and beautiful as Aurora. Take, for an example, his description of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Now, when the solemn prayer was said,  
The father gave the dire command  
To the priestly band;  
Men with strong hands and ruthless force,  
To lift from earth that maiden fair,  
Where she had sunk in dumb despair,  
And lay with robes all cover'd round,  
Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground;  
And bear her to the altar dread,  
Like a young fawn or mountain kid:  
Then round her beauteous mouth to tie  
Dumb sullen bands, to stop her cry,  
Lest aught of an unholy sound  
Be heard to breathe those altars round,  
Which on the monarch's house might hang a deadly spell.  
Now, as she stood, and her descending veil  
Let down in clouds of saffron to the ground,  
The priests, and all the sacrificers round,  
All felt the melting beams that came  
With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely eyes.\*  
Like some imagined pictured maid she stood,  
So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would  
Speak, yet still mute; tho' oft her father's halls  
Magnificent among,  
She, now so mute, had sung  
Full many a lovely air  
In maiden beauty fresh and fair,  
And with the warbled music of her voice  
Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice;  
While feast, and sacrifice, and choral song,  
Led the glad hours of lengthen'd day along."

I think Mr. Symmons more than usually felicitous in his version of these charming lines. With the exception of being too much amplified, the whole passage is deserving of high praise.

But I must hasten on rapidly.

With the departure of Agamemnon into his palace, the interest of the drama begins to deepen. The concluding prayer of Clytemnestra to Jupiter, beseeching him to fulfil her petition, is ominous of the fatal catastrophe.

The superstitious and indefinable fears of the Chorus are powerfully traced. He is miserable, without being able to assign any positive cause. He hears the whispers of a dreadful Erynnis, and seems to labour under a forced and involuntary inspiration. The "gallant Argosie," which carried the destiny of the Grecian chieftains, has arrived in safety, and everything wears a favourable aspect. Yet upon that apparently bright and peaceful sky his visionary eye descries a dark and threatening cloud. In the character of a man, and with reference merely to his human faculties, as Mr. Symmons observes, he is described as totally unconscious and unsuspecting of a plot, not only then, but in a subsequent part of the play, where the catastrophe is presented more vividly to his eyes; but in his character of prophet, and actuated by a

\* *Ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν βαλεῖ φιλοκτῆν.* Blomfield renders *φιλοκτῆν*, *Telum misericordiae amorem infliciens.*

sudden inspiration, he darkly adumbrates the death of Agamemnon. He sees something portending mischief to his king. He imagines his misgivings arise from the instability of human affairs. Hence he is agitated with the fear of a reverse in the midst of Agamemnon's glory. Having been led to this point by an involuntary train of reflections, *here*, as it were, he scents the blood, he catches a glimpse behind the curtain, when, all of a sudden, it drops and leaves him in darkness, amidst the embers of his dying inspiration.\* At this eventful period Cassandra is introduced. The gloom and solemn awe which are spread around every object, foretell the approach of a supernatural visitant. Cassandra had not entered in the train of Agamemnon, but remained in her chariot during the preceding scene in silence. She makes no reply to the apparently gentle, but really bitter remarks of Clytemnestra. The tempest of conflicting passions was then gathering. She appeared to the astonished Chorus "a wild beast newly caught." Clytemnestra departs, and then, and not before, the deep and terrible cry of her indignation breaks forth—Οὔτοτοτοι, ποτοτοι, δα. Woe! Woe! Woe! She calls upon Apollo, and at that name the happy and forgotten days of her youth come back unto her.† By that transitory flash of memory she beholds, as it were, the fearful pillage of Troy, the murder of her parent, and all the painful miseries of that dreadful day. The cruel indignity offered to her own person by Ajax might have been remembered. But the light burns for a moment, and then all is dark again. The scene changes, and she recognises, through the fading mists of her inspiration, "that dismal and abhorred house," the dwelling of the son of Atreus; and the "phantom-children," ghastly and lacerated, stalk before her. The coming fate of Agamemnon, at first beheld like a faint speck upon the horizon, becomes defined to her ken. The terrible net of death is unrolled before her, and she shrieks aloud for succour, but "it is far off," and for help, "but it is at bay." Her thought rushes like a herald into the past time, guided on by the smell of blood which springs up from the crimes of the Thyestian house. The assassination of Agamemnon is performed before her eyes, and she describes it with phrenzied vehemence to the affrighted Chorus.

The theatre is darkened, and we stand face to face with the denouncing Prophetess. We are bowed down beneath the solemnity of her appeal,—we look around in mingled fear and wonder; the very "ground rocks under our feet." But here the *furor* of Cassandra gradually declines, and the poet, with infinite beauty, leads back her heart once more to her early days. She wanders again along the banks of the Scamander, and the voices of her childhood friends are sounding in her ears. But this delightful feeling rapidly gives place to the melancholy knowledge of her fate, and the dark waters of Acheron roll around her! She no longer typifies the destiny of Agamemnon by mysterious saying; all the clouds which obscured the Divine Oracle are scattered by the afflatus which comes upon her in perfect power, and the truth shines out in undimmed brightness. She feels that the Shadow of the Gates of Death is about her, and she bids farewell to the sun, as a pilgrim who is making a journey into an unknown land. It is now that the cry of

\* See Symmons's Agamemnon, p. 93, note.

† The story of Cassandra is in every school-boy's remembrance.

Agamemnon—*αμοι, τι πλῆγμαί*, breaks upon the ear. He has fallen beneath the hand of Clytemnestra!

The Drama should have concluded with the dying exclamation of Agamemnon, and what follows has something lame and impotent in it. As the tragedy stands, indeed, the succeeding confessions of Clytemnestra were necessary, in order to furnish a reason for her malignant cruelty towards her husband; yet I cannot help wishing it had been otherwise. Ægisthus attracts our admiration by no noble quality; compared to Agamemnon he is a Satyr to Hyperion. The character of Clytemnestra is energetically outlined, but it wants filling up. Too much is left to the imagination. One is affected by a contemplation of it as by a pen and ink sketch of Michael Angelo. Æschylus was like a sculptor who excels in making a sublime and magnificent drawing, but either wants the patience or the skill to work the marble accordingly. Clytemnestra has been styled the Lady Macbeth of Antiquity, and an analogy undoubtedly subsists between them. But the crime of Lady Macbeth originated in the desire of aggrandizing her family, that of Clytemnestra in the hatred and malignancy which an indulged and cherished adulterous love would naturally excite. They are both urged forward by an unceasing and unextinguishable passion. They had both taken the "murdering minister" to their bosom, and all the milk of kindness was turned to "gall." They both looked forward eagerly for the gratification of their impious desires. When Lady Macbeth learns that the king is to sleep in the castle, her joy is unbounded; and when Clytemnestra proposes to fling purple garments before the feet of Agamemnon, the wantonness of malignant anticipation is perfectly evident. What are treasures to her? Agamemnon objects to the needless display; but she, in the fulness of her delight, exclaims, *εστιν θαλασσα*—there is the ocean, and who shall dry it up? She knows that upon this purple the hero will walk to his grave! The same swelling exultation, as Hazlitt vividly describes it, the same keen spirit of anticipation which appears to dilate the form, and take possession of every faculty,—this solid, substantial flesh and blood display of passion is common to both.\* They would advance to the completion of their crime against the uplifted arm, and before the fixed eyes, of God himself!

Clytemnestra, says Schlegel, would have been improperly portrayed as a weak woman seduced from her duty. She has all the rigidly marked moral features of that age of "bloody catastrophes." The wild and lawless blood of a race of warriors flows in her veins. If the reader be acquainted with the *Agamemnon* of Alfieri, he must have remarked the aberration of the Italian poet from his Grecian master, in the delineation of the character of Clytemnestra. She is not the Clytemnestra of the Trojan age. She is portrayed as infirm of purpose, and only goaded on to the execution of her murderous intent by the taunts and threats of her paramour Ægisthus.

" Spite of myself,  
Now by thy presence I already am  
Again impelled to this tremendous crime—  
An anguish, an unutterable anguish,  
Lives in my bones, in every fibre lives."<sup>†</sup>

\* Lectures on the Characters of Shakspeare, by William Hazlitt.

† I quote from Lloyd's translation.

The Clytemnestra of Æschylus, like the Medea of Euripides, is sublime in her wickedness. But the poet's art is most conspicuous in the apparent gentleness and domestic love, which, in the earlier scenes of the drama, he imparts to her character. I recollect few passages so beautiful as that in which she describes to Agamemnon her melancholy occupations during his long absence. After glancing at the various and discrepant rumours of his death and suffering, which were constantly distressing her, she touches, with great feeling, upon their dear child Orestes, and then alludes pathetically to her own affliction.

And these sad eyes, which took their rest so late,  
Are stained with blennish by long-watching hours,\*  
Weeping for thee by the pale midnight lamp  
Thal burnt unheeded by me. In my dreams I lay,  
My couch beset with visions sad,  
And saw thee oft in melancholy woe!  
More than the waking time could show, I saw  
A thousand dreary congregated shapes,  
And started oft—the short-lived slumber fled,  
Scared by the night fly's solitary buzz.  
But now my soul, so late o'charged with woe,  
Which had all this to bear, is now the soul  
Of one who has not known what morning is.

SYMMONS.

It must be unnecessary to point out the exquisite beauty of this passage to the reader; and yet cleverly as Mr. Symmons has rendered the Greek, he has failed in giving the picturesqueness of Æschylus.

Scared by the night-fly's solitary buzz,†

is a beautiful line; but how poor an idea does the "solitary buzz" convey of the λεπταῖς περαισι θύουσσαντος! The celebrated line in Gray's Ode affords a more poet-like image of the Greek, which, it is not improbable, he had in his recollection.‡ While I am upon parallel passages, I may be pardoned for alluding to that delicious verse of Keats descriptive of summer quiet, when "the gnat bustling" down in the grass might be distinctly heard.

But my task is finished.

W.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

\* I have made one or two slight alterations in these lines.

† Potter renders it prettily—

"If they were closed in sleep, a silly fly  
Would, with its slightest mummings, make me start."

‡ I find, upon a fly-leaf in my "Agamemnon," a notice of a line which Gray evidently borrowed from the Herald's description of the prosperous return of his ship—Τὴν δὲ σωτὴρ ναυστολοῦσα ἐφίετο. Gray's line, to which I refer, is this well known one—*Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm*. I may observe, that the tragic writers, I think Æschylus particularly, are frequent in their application of metaphors taken from the sea and maritime affairs, with a view probably of gratifying their Athenian audience.



JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.  
 BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. III.

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LORD BYRON told me to-day, that he had been occupied in the morning making his will; that he had left the bulk of his fortune to his sister, as, his daughter having, in right of her mother, a large fortune, he thought it unnecessary to increase it; he added, that he had left La Contessa Guiccioli 10,000*l.*, and had intended to have left her 25,000*l.*, but that she had suspected his intentions, and urged him so strongly not to do so, or indeed to leave her anything, that he had changed the sum to 10,000*l.* He said that this was one, of innumerable instances, of her delicacy and disinterestedness, of which he had repeated proofs; that she was so fearful of the possibility of having interested motives attributed to her, that he was certain she would prefer the most extreme poverty to incurring such a suspicion. I observed, that were I he, I would have left her the sum I had originally intended, as, in case of his death, it would be a flattering proof of his esteem for her, and she had always the power of refusing the whole, or any part of the bequest she thought proper. It appeared to me, that the more delicacy and disinterestedness she displayed, the more decided ought he to be, in marking his appreciation of her conduct. He appeared to agree with me, and passed many encomiums on La Contessa.

He talked to-day of Sir Francis Burdett, of whose public and private character he entertains the most exalted opinion. He said that it was gratifying to behold in him the rare union of a heart and head that left nothing to be desired, and dwelt with evident pride and pleasure on the mental courage displayed by Sir Francis, in befriending and supporting him, when so many of his professed friends stood aloof, on his separation from Lady Byron. The defalcation of his friends, at the moment he most required them, has made an indelible impression on his mind, and has given him a very bad opinion of his countrymen. I endeavoured to reason him out of this, by urging the principle that mankind, *en masse*, are everywhere the same, but he denied this, on the plea that, as civilization had arrived at a greater degree of perfection in England than elsewhere, egoism, its concomitant, there flourished so luxuriantly, as to overgrow all generous and kind feelings. He quoted various examples of friends, and even the nearest relations, deserting each other in the hour of need, fearful that any part of the censure heaped on some less fortunate connexion might fall on them. I am unwilling to believe that his pictures are not overdrawn, and hope I shall always think so.

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

“Talking of friends,” said Byron, “Mr. Hobhouse has been the most impartial, or perhaps (added he) *unpartial* of all my friends; he

always told me my faults, but I must do him the justice to add; that he told them to *me*, and not to others." I observed that the epithet impartial was the applicable one; but he denied it, saying that Mr. Hobhouse must have been *unpartial*, to have discerned all the errors he had pointed out; "but," he added, laughing, "I could have told him of some more which he had not discovered, for even, then, *avarice* had made itself strongly felt in my nature."

Byron came to see us to-day, and appeared extremely discomposed; after half-an-hour's conversation on indifferent subjects, he at length broke forth with, "Only fancy my receiving to-day a tragedy dedicated as follows—'From George — to George Byron!' This is being cool with a vengeance. I never was more provoked. How stupid, how ignorant, to pass over my rank! I am determined not to read the tragedy; for a man capable of committing such a solecism in good breeding and common decency, can write nothing worthy of being read." We were astonished at witnessing the annoyance this circumstance gave him, and more than ever convinced, that the pride of aristocracy is one of the peculiar features of his character. If he sometimes forgets his rank, he never can forgive any one else's doing so; and as he is not naturally dignified, and that his propensity to slippancy renders him still less so, he often finds himself in a false position, by endeavouring to recover lost ground. We endeavoured to console him by telling him that we knew Mr. George — a little, and that he was clever and agreeable, as also that his passing over the title of Byron was meant as a compliment—it was a delicate preference shown to the renown accorded to George Byron the poet, over the rank and title, which were adventitious advantages ennobled by the possessor, but that could add nothing to his fame. All our arguments were vain; he said, "this could not be the *man's* feelings, as he reduced him (Lord Byron) to the same level as himself." It is strange to see a person of such brilliant and powerful genius sullied by such incongruities. Were he but sensible how much the *Lord* is overlooked in the *Poet* he would be less vain of his rank: but as it is, this vanity is very prominent, and resembles more the pride of a *parvenu* than the calm dignity of an ancient aristocrat. It is also evident that he attaches importance to the appendages of rank and station. The trappings of luxury, to which a short use accustoms every one, seem to please him; he observes, nay, comments upon them, and oh! mortifying conclusion, appears, at least for the moment, to think more highly of their possessors. As his own mode of life is so extremely simple, this seems the more extraordinary; but everything in him is contradictory and extraordinary. Of his friends he remarks, "this or that person is a man of family, or he is a *parvenu*, the marks of which character, in spite of all his affected gentility, break out in a thousand ways." We were not prepared for this; we expected to meet a man more disposed to respect the nobility of genius than that of rank; but we have found the reverse. In talking of

Ravenna, the natal residence of La Contessa Guiccioli, he dwells with peculiar complacency on the equipage of her husband; talks of the six black carriage horses, without which the old Conte seldom moved, and their spacious palazzo; also the wealth of the Conte, and the distinguished connexions of the lady. He describes La Contessa as being of the middle stature, finely formed, exquisitely fair, her features perfectly regular, and the expression of her countenance remarkable for its animation and sweetness, her hair auburn, and of great beauty. No wonder, then, that such rare charms have had power to fix his truant heart, and as he says that to these she unites accomplishments and amiability, it may be concluded, as indeed he declares, that this is his last attachment. He frequently talks of Alfieri, and always with enthusiastic admiration. He remarks on the similarity of their tastes and pursuits, their domesticating themselves with women of rank, their fondness for animals, and, above all, for horses; their liking to be surrounded by birds and pets of various descriptions, their passionate love of liberty, habitual gloom, &c. &c. In short, he produces so many points of resemblance, that it leads one to suspect that he is a copy of an original he has long studied.

This, again, proceeds from a want of self-respect; but we may well pardon it, when we reflect on the abuse, calumny, envy, hatred, and malice, that, in spite of all his genius, have pursued him from the country that genius must adorn.

Talking of Alfieri, he told me to-day, that when that poet was travelling in Italy, a very romantic, and, as he called her, *l'ête montée* Italian Principessa, or Duchessa, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of his works, having heard that he was to pass within fifty miles of her residence, set off to encounter him; and having arrived at the inn where he sojourned, was shown into a room where she was told Alfieri was writing. She enters, agitated and fatigued,—sees a very good-looking man seated at a table, whom she concludes must be Alfieri,—throws herself into his arms,—and, in broken words, declares her admiration, and the distance she has come to declare it. In the midst of the lady's impassioned speeches, Alfieri enters the room, casts a glance of surprise and *hauteur* at the pair, and lets fall some expression that discloses to the humbled Principessa the shocking mistake she has made.

The poor Secretary (for such he was) is blamed by the lady, while he declares his innocence, finding himself, as he says, in the embraces of a lady who never allowed him even a moment to interrupt her, by the simple question of what she meant! Alfieri retired in offended dignity, shocked that any one could be mistaken for him, while the Principessa had to retrace her steps, her enthusiasm somewhat cooled by the mistake and its consequences.

Byron says that the number of anonymous amatory letters and portraits he has received, and all from English ladies, would fill a large

volume. He says he has never noticed any of them; but it is evident he recurs to them with complacency.

He talked to-day of a very different kind of letter, which appears to have made a profound impression on him; he has promised to show it to me; it is from a Mr. Sheppard, inclosing him a prayer offered up for Byron, by the wife of Mr. Sheppard, and sent since her death. He says he never was more touched than on perusing it, and that it has given him a better opinion of human nature.

The following is the copy of the letter and prayer, which Lord Byron has permitted me to make.

“ TO LORD BYRON.

*Frome, Somerset, Nov. 21, 1821.*

“ MY LORD,

“ More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately-born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressibly affection, her last whispers were, ‘ God’s happiness!—God’s happiness!’

“ Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which there is no doubt refers to yourself, as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

“ ‘ Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendant talents thou hast bestowed on him), be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world’s enjoyment unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of righteousness, which we trust will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the Great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious.—Cheer me in the path of duty; but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion

by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before.—*Hastings, July 31, 1814.*

“ There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you ; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. Deiamartine ; but here is the *sublime*, my Lord ; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme *Source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet ; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not always be unavailing.

“ It would add *nothing*, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that ‘ wisdom from above,’ and ‘ peace,’ and ‘ joy,’ may enter such a mind.

“ JOHN SHEPPARD.”

On reading this letter and prayer, which Byron did aloud, before he consigned it to me to copy, and with a voice tremulous from emotion, and a seriousness of aspect, that showed how deeply it affected him, he observed, “ Before I had read this prayer, I never rightly understood the expression, so often used, ‘ The beauty of holiness.’ ” This prayer and letter has done more to give me a good opinion of religion, and its professors, than all the religious books I ever read in my life.

“ Here were two most amiable and exalted minds offering prayers and wishes for the salvation of one considered by three parts of his countrymen to be beyond the pale of hope, and charitably doomed to everlasting torments. The religion that prays and hopes for the *erring* is the true religion, and the only one that could make a convert of me ; and I date (continued Byron) my first impressions against religion to having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by any true feeling of Christian charity. Instead of lamenting the disbelief, or pitying the transgressions (or at least their consequences) of the sinner, they at once cast him off, dwell with acrimony on his errors, and, not content with fore-dooming him to eternal punishment hereafter, endeavour, as much as they can, to render his earthly existence as painful as possible, until they have hardened him in his errors, and added hatred of his species to their number. Were all religious people like Mr. Sheppard and the

amiable wife he has lost, we should have fewer sceptics: such examples would do more towards the work of conversion than all that ever was written on the subject.

“When Religion supports the sufferer in affliction and sickness, even unto death, its advantages are so visible, that all must wish to seek such a consolation; and when it speaks peace and hope to those who have strayed from its path, it softens feelings that severity must have hardened, and leads back the wanderer to the fold; but when it clothes itself in anger, denouncing vengeance, or shows itself in the pride of superior righteousness, condemning, rather than pitying, all erring brothers, it repels the wavering, and fixes the unrepentant in their sins. Such a religion can make few converts, but may make many dissenters, to its tenets; for in Religion, as in everything else, its utility must be apparent, to encourage people to adopt its precepts; and the utility is never so evident as when we see professors of religion supported by its consolations, and willing to extend these consolations to those who have still more need of them—the misguided and the erring.”

They who accuse Byron of being an Unbeliever are wrong: he is *sceptical*, but not unbelieving; and it appears not unlikely to me that a time may come when this wavering faith in many of the tenets of religion may be as firmly fixed as is now his conviction of the immortality of the soul,—a conviction that he declares every fine and noble impulse of his nature renders more decided. He is a sworn foe to Materialism, tracing every defect to which we are subject, to the infirmities entailed on us by the prison of clay in which the heavenly spark is confined. *Conscience*, he says, is to him another proof of the Divine Origin of Man, as is also his natural tendency to the love of good. A fine day, a moonlight night, or any other fine object in the phenomena of nature, excites (said Byron) strong feelings of religion in all elevated minds, and an outpouring of the spirit to the Creator, that, call it what we may, is the essence of innate love and gratitude to the Divinity.

There is a seriousness in Byron's manner, when he gets warmed by his subject, that impresses one with the truth of his statements. He observed to me, “I seldom *talk* of religion, but I *feel* it, perhaps, more than those who do. I speak to you on this topic freely, because I know you will neither laugh at nor enter into a controversy with me. It is strange, but true, that Mrs. Sheppard is mixed up with all my religious aspirations: nothing ever so excited my imagination, and touched my heart, as her prayer. I have pictured her to myself a thousand times in the solitude of her chamber, struck by a malady that generally engrosses all feelings for self, and those near and dear to one, thinking of, and praying for, *me*, who was deemed by all an outcast. Her purity—her blameless life—and the deep humility expressed in her prayer—render her, in my mind, the most interesting and angelic creature that ever existed, and she mingles in all my thoughts of a future state. I would give anything to have her portrait, though perhaps it would destroy the

*beau idéal* I have formed of her. What strange thoughts pass through the mind, and how *much* are we influenced by adventitious circumstances! The phrase *lovely*, in the letter of Mr. Sheppard, has invested the memory of his wife with a double interest; but beauty and goodness have always been associated in my mind, because, through life, I have found them generally go together. I do not talk of mere beauty (continued Byron) of feature or complexion, but of expression, *that* looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful who never could have interested my feelings, from their want of countenance, or expression, which means countenance; and others, who were little remarked, have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety; but sunshine should often gleam over it, to replace the clouds and showers that may obscure its lustre,—*which*, poetical description apart (said Byron), in sober prose means, that good-humoured smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of pensiveness or care, that sentiment or earthly ills call forth. Women were meant to be the excitors of all that is finest in our natures, and the soothers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome automaton be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of looks I could not bear the sight of for a week; and yet such are the looks that pass in society for pretty, handsome, and beautiful. How beautiful Lady C—— was! She had no great variety of expression, but the predominant ones were purity, calmness, and abstraction. She looked as if she had never caused an unhallowed sentiment, or felt one,—a sort of ‘moonbeam on the snow,’ as our friend Moore would describe her, that was lovely to look on.—Lady A. F—— *was* also very handsome. It is melancholy to talk of women in ‘the past tense. What a pity, that, of all flowers, none fade so soon as beauty! Poor Lady A. F—— has not got married. Do you know, I once had some thoughts of her as a wife; not that I *was* in love, as people call it, but I had argued myself into a belief that I ought to marry, and meeting her very often in society, the notion came into my head, not heart, that she would suit me. Moore, too, told me so much of her good qualities, all which was, I believe, quite true, that I felt tempted to propose to her, but did not, whether *tant mieux* or *tant pis*, God knows, supposing my proposal accepted. No marriage could have turned out more unfortunately than the one I made,—that is quite certain; and, to add to my agreeable reflections on this subject, I have the consciousness that had I possessed sufficient command over my own wayward humour, I might have rendered myself so dear and necessary to Lady Byron, that she would not, could not, have left me. It is certainly not very gratifying to my vanity to have been *planté* after so short a union, and *within* a few weeks after being made a father,—a circumstance that one would suppose likely to cement

the attachment. I always get out of temper when I recur to this subject; and yet, *malgré moi*, I find myself continually recurring to it."

Byron is a perfect chameleon, possessing the qualities attributed to that fabulous animal, of taking the colour of whatever touches him. He is conscious of this, and says it is owing to the extreme mobility of his nature, which yields to present impressions. It appears to me, that the consciousness of his own defects renders him still less tolerant to those of others,—this perhaps is owing to their attempts to conceal them, more than from natural severity, as he condemns hypocrisy more than any other vice—saying it is the origin of all. If vanity, selfishness, or mundane sentiments, are brought in contact with him, every arrow in the armoury of ridicule is let fly, and there is no shield sufficiently powerful to withstand them. If vice approaches, he assails it with the bitterest gall of satire; but when goodness appears, and that he is assured it is sincere, all the dormant affections of his nature are excited, and it is impossible not to observe, how tender and affectionate a heart his must have been, ere circumstances had soured it. This was never more displayed than in the impression made on him by the prayer of Mrs. Sheppard, and the letter of her husband. It is also evident in the generous impulses that he betrays on hearing of distress or misfortune, which he endeavours to alleviate; and, unlike the world in general, Byron never makes light of the griefs of others, but shows commiseration and kindness. There are days when he excites so strong an interest and sympathy, by showing such undoubtable proofs of good feeling, that every previous impression to his disadvantage fades away, and one is vexed with oneself for ever having harboured them. But, alas! "the morrow comes," and he is no longer the same being. Some disagreeable letter, review, or new example of the slanders with which he has been for years assailed, changes the whole current of his feelings—renders him reckless, Sardonic, and as unlike the Byron of the day before as if they had nothing in common,—nay, he seems determined to efface any good impression he might have made, and appears angry with himself for having yielded to the kindly feelings that gave birth to it. After such exhibitions, one feels perplexed what opinion to form of him; and the individual who has an opportunity of seeing Byron very often, and for any length of time, if he or she stated the daily impressions candidly, would find, on reviewing them, a mass of heterogeneous evidence, from which it would be most difficult to draw a just conclusion. The affectionate manner in which he speaks of some of his juvenile companions has a delicacy and tenderness resembling the nature of woman more than that of man, and leads me to think that an extreme sensitiveness, checked by coming in contact with persons incapable of appreciating it, and affections chilled by finding a want of sympathy, have repelled, but could not eradicate, the seeds of goodness that now often send forth blossoms, and, with culture, may yet produce precious fruit.



I am sure, that if ten individuals undertook the task of describing Byron, no two, of the ~~ten~~, would agree in their verdict respecting him, or convey any portrait that resembled the other, and yet the description of each might be correct, according to his or her received opinion; but the truth is, the chameleon-like character or manner of Byron render it difficult to portray him; and the pleasure he seems to take in misleading his associates in their estimate of him increases the difficulty of the task. This extraordinary fancy of his has so often struck me, that I expect to see all the persons who have lived with him giving portraits, each unlike the other, and yet all bearing a resemblance to the original at some one time. Like the pictures given of some celebrated actor in his different characters, each likeness is affected by the dress and the part he has to fill. The portrait of John Kemble in *Cato* resembles not Macbeth nor Hamlet, and yet each is an accurate likeness of that admirable actor in those characters; so Byron, changing every day, and fond of misleading those whom he suspects might be inclined to paint him, will always appear different from the hand of each limner.

During our rides in the vicinity of Genoa, we frequently met several persons, almost all of them English, who evidently had taken that route purposely to see Lord Byron. "Which is he?" "That's he," I have frequently heard whispered as the different groups extended their heads to gaze at him, while he has turned to me—his pale face assuming, for the moment, a warmer tint—and said, "How very disagreeable it is to be so stared at. If you knew how I detest it, you would feel how great must be my desire to enjoy the society of my friends at the Hotel de la Ville, when I pay the price of passing through the town, and exposing myself to the gazing multitude on the stairs and in the ante-chambers." There were days when he seemed more pleased than displeased at being followed and stared at. All depended on the humour he was in. When gay, he attributed the attention he excited to the true cause—admiration of his genius; but when in a less good-natured humour, he looked on it as an impertinent curiosity, caused by the scandalous histories circulated against him, and resented it as such.

He was peculiarly fond of flowers, and generally bought a large bouquet every day of a gardener whose grounds we passed. He told me that he liked to have them in his room, though they excited melancholy feelings, by reminding him of the evanescence of all that is beautiful, but that the melancholy was of a softer, milder character, than his general feelings.

Observing Byron one day in more than usually low spirits, I asked him if any thing painful had occurred. He sighed deeply, and said—"No, nothing new; the old wounds are still unhealed, and bleed afresh on the slightest touch, so that God knows there needs nothing new, and yet can I reflect on my present position without bitter feelings? Exiled from my country by a species of ostracism—the most humiliating to a proud mind, when daggers and not shells were used to ballot, inflicting

mental wounds, more deadly and difficult to be healed than all that the body could suffer. Then the notoriety (as I call what you would kindly name Fame) that follows me, precludes the privacy I desire, and renders me an object of curiosity, which is a continual source of irritation to my feelings. I am bound, by the indissoluble ties of marriage, to one who will not live with me, and live with one to whom I cannot give a legal right to be my companion, and who, wanting that right, is placed in a position humiliating to her and most painful to me. Were the Contessa Guiccioli and I married, we should, I am sure, be cited as an example of conjugal happiness, and the domestic and retired life we lead would entitle us to respect; but our union, wanting the legal and religious part of the ceremony of marriage, draws on us both censure and blame. She is formed to make a good wife to any man to whom she attached herself. She is fond of retirement—is of a most affectionate disposition—and noble-minded and disinterested to the highest degree. Judge, then, how mortifying it must be to me, to be the cause of placing her in a false position. All this is not thought of when people are blinded by passion, but when passion is replaced by better feelings—those of affection, friendship, and confidence—when, in short, the *liaison* has all of marriage but its forms, then it is that we wish to give it the respectability of wedlock. It is painful (said Byron) to find oneself growing old without—

‘that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.’

I feel this keenly, reckless as I appear, though there are few to whom I would avow it, and certainly not to a man.”

“With all my faults,” said Byron one day, “and they are, as you will readily believe, innumerable, I have never traduced the only two women with whom I was ever domesticated, Lady Byron and the Contessa Guiccioli. Though I have had, God knows, reason to complain of Lady Byron’s leaving me, and all that her desertion entailed, I defy malice itself to prove that I ever spoke against her; on the contrary, I have always given her credit for the many excellent and amiable qualities she possesses, or at least possessed, when I knew her; and I have only to regret that forgiveness, for real, or imagined, wrongs, was not amongst their number. Of the Guiccioli, I could not, if I would, speak ill; her conduct towards me has been faultless, and there are few examples of such complete and disinterested affection as she has shown towards me all through our attachment.”

I observed in Lord Byron a candour in talking of his own defects, nay, a seeming pleasure in dwelling on them, that I never remarked in any other person; I told him this one day, and he answered, “Well, does not that give you hopes of my amendment?” My reply was, “No; I fear, by continually recapitulating them, you will get so accustomed to their existence, as to conquer your disgust of them. You remind me of Belcour, in the ‘West Indian,’ when he exclaims, ‘No

one sins with more repentance, or repents with less amendment than I do." He laughed, and said, "Well, only wait, and you will see me one day become all that I ought to be; I am determined to *leave* my sins, and not wait until *they* leave me: I have reflected seriously on all my faults, and that is the first step towards amendment. Nay, I have made more progress than people give me credit for; but, the truth is, I have such a detestation of cant, and am so fearful of being suspected of yielding to its outcry, that I make myself *appear* rather *worse* than better than I am."

"You will believe me, what I sometimes believe myself, mad," said Byron one day, "when I tell you that I seem to have *two* states of existence, *one* purely contemplative, during which the crimes, faults, and follies of mankind are laid open to my view, (my own forming a prominent object in the picture,) and the other *active*, when I play my part in the drama of life, as if impelled by some power, over which I have no control, though the consciousness of doing *wrong* remains. It is as though I had the faculty of discovering error, without the power of avoiding it. How do you account for this?" I answered, "That, like all the phenomena of thought, it was unaccountable; but that contemplation, when too much indulged, often produced the same effect on the mental faculties that the dwelling on bodily ailments effected in the physical powers—we might become so well acquainted with diseases, as to find all their symptoms, in ourselves and others, without the power of preventing or curing them; nay, by the force of imagination, might end in the belief that we were afflicted with them to such a degree as to lose all enjoyment of life, which *state* is termed hypochondria; but the hypochondria which arises from the belief in mental diseases is still more insupportable, and is increased by contemplation of the supposed crimes or faults, so that the mind should be often relaxed from its extreme tension, and other and less exciting subjects of reflection presented to it. Excess in thinking, like all other excesses, produces reaction, and add the two words 'too much' before the word thinking, in the two lines of the admirable parody of the brothers Smith—

'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,

And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought;'

and, instead of parody, it becomes true philosophy."

We both laughed at the abstract subject we had fallen upon; and Byron remarked, "How few would guess the general topics that occupy our conversation?" I added, "It may not, perhaps be very amusing, but, at all events, it is better than scandal." He shook his head, and said, "All subjects are good in their way, provided they are sufficiently diversified; but scandal has something so piquant,—it is a sort of cayenne to the mind,—that I confess I like it, particularly if the objects are one's particular friends."

"Of course you know Luttrell," said Lord Byron. "He is a most

agreeable member of society, the best sayer of good things, and the most epigrammatic conversationist I ever met: **there is a terseness, and wit, mingled with fancy, in his observations, that no one else possesses, and no one so peculiarly understands the *apropos*.** His 'Advice to Julia' is pointed, witty, and **full of observation**, showing in every line a knowledge of society, and a tact rarely met with. Then, unlike all, or most other wits, **Luttrell is never obtrusive**, even the choicest *bons mots* are only brought forth when perfectly applicable, and then are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances their value."

"Moore is very sparkling in a choice or chosen society (said Byron); with lord and lady listeners he shines like a diamond, and thinks that, like that precious stone, **his brilliancy should be reserved *pour le beau monde*.** Moore has a happy disposition, his temper is good, and he has a sort of fire-fly imagination, always in movement, and in each evolution displaying new brilliancy. He has not done justice to himself in living so much in society; much of his talents are frittered away in display, to support the character of 'a man of wit about town,' and Moore was meant for something better. Society and genius are incompatible, and the latter can rarely, if ever, be in close or frequent contact with the former, without degenerating; it is otherwise with wit and talent, which are excited and brought into play by the friction of society, which polishes and sharpens both. I judge from personal experience; and, as some portion of genius has been attributed to me, I suppose I may, without any extraordinary vanity, quote my **ideas** on this subject. Well, then (continued Byron), if I have any genius (which I grant is problematical), all I can say is, that I have always found it fade away, like snow before the sun, when I have been living much in the world. My ideas became dispersed and vague, I **lost the power** of concentrating my thoughts, and became another being: **you will** perhaps think a better, on the principle that any change in me **must be for the better**; but no—instead of this, I became worse, for the recollection of former mental power remained, reproaching me with present inability, and increased the natural irritability of my nature. It must be this consciousness of diminished power that renders old people peevish, and I suspect, the peevishness will be in proportion to former ability. Those who have once accustomed themselves to think and reflect deeply in solitude, will soon begin to find society irksome; the small money of conversation will appear insignificant, after the weighty metal of thought to which they have been used, and like the man who was exposed to the evils of poverty while in possession of one of the largest diamonds in the world, which, from its size, could find no purchaser, such a man will find himself in society unable to change his lofty and profound thoughts into the conventional small-talk of those who surround him. But, bless me, how I have been holding forth! (said Byron) Madame de Staël herself never declaimed more energetically, or succeeded better, in **envenyming** her auditors than I have done, as I perceive you look

dreadfully bored. I fear I am grown a sad proser, which is a bad thing, more especially after having been, what I swear to you I once heard a lady call me, a sad poet. The whole of my tirade might have been comprised in the simple statement of my belief that genius shuns society, and that, except for the indulgence of vanity, society would be well disposed to return the compliment, as they have little in common between them.

“Who would willingly possess genius? None, I am persuaded, who knew the misery it entails, its temperament producing continual irritation, destructive alike to health and happiness—and what are its advantages?—to be envied, hated, and persecuted in life, and libelled in death. Wealth may be pardoned (continued Byron), if its possessor diffuses it liberally; beauty may be forgiven provided it is accompanied by folly; talent may meet with toleration if it be not of a very superior order, but genius can hope for no mercy. If it be of a stamp that insures its currency, those who are compelled to receive it will indemnify themselves by finding out a thousand imperfections in the owner, and as they cannot approach his elevation, will endeavour to reduce him to their level by dwelling on the errors from which genius is not exempt, and which forms the only point of resemblance between them.” We hear the errors of men of genius continually brought forward, while those that belong to mediocrity are unnoticed; hence people conclude that errors peculiarly appertain to genius, and that those who boast it not, are saved from them. Happy delusion! but not even this belief can induce them to commiserate the faults they condemn. It is the fate of genius to be viewed with severity instead of the indulgence that it ought to meet, from the gratification it dispenses to others; as if its endowments could preserve the possessor from the alloy that marks the nature of mankind. Who can walk the earth, with eyes fixed on the heavens, without often stumbling over the hinderances that intercept the path? while those who are intent only on the beaten road escape. Such is the fate of men of genius: elevated over the herd of their fellow men, with thoughts that soar above the sphere of their physical existence, no wonder that they stumble when treading the mazes of ordinary life, with irritated sensibility, and mistaken views of all the common occurrences they encounter.

Lord Byron dined with us to-day; we all observed that he was evidently discomposed; the dinner and servants had no sooner disappeared, than he quoted an attack against himself in some newspaper as the cause. He was very much irritated,—much more so than the subject merited,—and showed how keenly alive he is to censure, though he takes so little pains to avoid exciting it. This is a strange anomaly that I have observed in Byron,—an extreme susceptibility to censorious observations, and a want of tact in not knowing how to steer clear of giving cause to them, that is extraordinary. He winces under castigation, and writhes in agony under the infliction of ridicule, yet gives rise

to attack every day. Ridicule is, however, the weapon he most dreads, perhaps because it is the one he wields with most power; and I observe he is sensitively alive to its slightest approach. It is also the weapon with which he assails all; friend and foe alike come under its cutting point; and the laugh, which accompanies each sally, as a deadly incision is made in some vulnerable quarter, so little accords with the wound inflicted, that it is as though one were struck down by summer lightning while admiring its brilliant play.

Byron likes not contradiction, he waxed wroth to-day, because I defended a friend of mine whom he attacked, but ended by taking my hand, and saying he honoured me for the warmth with which I defended an absent friend, adding with irony, "Moreover, when he is not a poet, or even prose writer, by whom you can hope to be repaid by being handed down to posterity as his defender."

*(To be continued.)*

#### SONNETS.

HAST thou ere seen upon the eastern height  
 Young glorious Phœbus break from out the skies,  
 Laughter and love met in his dewy eyes,—  
 His presence all replete with life and light!  
 At his full front, each shade and awful sprite,  
 Each fearful spectre that the day denies,  
 Dissolves away, or with the white moon hies,  
 And buries him within the vault of night.  
 So at my lover's fond and ardent gaze,  
 All anxious cares and mournful woes depart;  
 My soul reflects the dawn of other days,  
 And Joy, once more, makes merry in my heart:  
 For oh! like Phœbus, he brings love and mirth—  
 More bright appears the sky—more fair the earth.

Oh no! be false—be froward—or be kind,  
 I cannot love thee less, or love thee more,  
 For with my soul thy soul I do adore.—  
 Impulse and inspiration of my mind!  
 The heaven within us shall not be resign'd,  
 Or left to perish on earth's barren shore;  
 But with th' eternal spirit it shall soar—  
 And leave the dim walls of the world behind.  
 And thou with me; for thou art unto me  
 Part of the brighter part that shall not die:  
 Sweet minion of the time that is to be,—  
 My love,—the shadow of Eternity!  
 Blest muse of thought, let all things pass away,  
 Thou, in my wretched bosom, ever stay.

## THE BOSPHORUS.—A SKETCH.

THE stranger whose felicity it has been to float between the shores of the Bosphorus, will often glance back with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction to the memory of those magical waters. This splendid strait, stretching from the harbour of Constantinople to the mouth of the Euxine, may be about twenty miles in length, and its ordinary breadth seldom exceeds one mile. The old Greek story is, that one might hear the birds sing on the opposite shore. And thus two great continents are divided by an ocean stream narrower than many rivers that are the mere boundaries of kingdoms. Yet it is strange that the character of these two famous divisions of our earth is nowhere more marked than on the shores of the Bosphorus. The traveller turns with-out disappointment from the gay and glittering shores of EUROPE to the sublimer beauty and the dusky grandeur of ASIA.

The European side, until you advance within four or five miles of the Black Sea, is almost uninterruptedly studded with fanciful and ornamental buildings: beautiful villages, and brilliant summer palaces, and bright kiosks, painted in arabesque, and often gilt. The green background to the scene is a sparkling screen of terraced gardens, rising up a chain of hills whose graceful undulations are crowned with groves of cypress and of chestnut, and occasionally breaking into fair and delicate valleys, richly wooded, and crossed by a grey and antique aqueduct.

But in Asia the hills rise into mountains, and the groves swell into forests. Everything denotes a vast, and rich, and prolific land; but there is something classical, antique, and even mysterious, in its general appearance. An air of stillness and deep repose pervades its less cultivated and less frequented shores; and the very eagles, as they linger over the lofty peak of "the Giant's grave," seem conscious that they are haunting some heroic burial-place.

I remember that one of the most strange, and even sublime, spectacles that I ever beheld occurred to me one balmy autumnal eve as I returned home in my caique from Terapia, a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, where I had been passing the day, to Pera. I encountered an army of Dolphins, who were making their way from the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora through the Strait to the Euxine. They stretched right across the water; and I should calculate that they covered, with very little interval, a space of three or four miles. It is very difficult to form an estimate of their number; but there must, of course, have been many thousands. They advanced in grand style, and produced an immense agitation: the snorting, spouting, and splashing, and the wild panting rush, I shall never forget. As it was late, no other caique was in sight; and my boatmen, apprehensive of being run down, stopped to defend themselves with their oars. I had my pistols with me, and found great sport, as, although the dolphins made every effort to avoid us, there were really crowds always in shot. Whenever one was hit, general confusion ran through the whole line: they all dived about with increased energy, ducked their round heads under water, and turned up their arrowy tails. We remained thus stationary for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and very diverting I found the delay. At length, the mighty troop of strangers passed us, and, I suppose, must have arrived at the Symplegades about the same time that I sought the elegant hospitality of the British Palace at Pera.

MARCO POLO, Junior.

## OF THE THREE EARLIEST AUTHORS IN OUR VERNACULAR

## LITERATURE

IF the art of biography be the development of "the ruling passion," it is in strong characters that we must seek for the single feature. Learned and meditative as was Sir Thomas More, a jesting humour, a philosophical jocundity, indulged on important as well as on ordinary occasions, served his wise purpose. He seems to have taken refuge from the follies of other men by retreating to the pleasantry of his own. Graver men have censured him for the absence of all gravity; and some imagined that the singularity of his facetious dispositions, which sometimes seemed even ludicrous, was carried on to affectation. It was certainly inherent—it was a constitutional temper—it twined itself in his fibres—it betrayed itself on his countenance. We detect it from the comic vein of his boyhood when among the players. We pursue it through the numerous transactions of his life, and we have him, at its last solemn close, when life and death were within a second of each other, uttering three jests upon the scaffold. Even when he seemed to have quitted the world, and had laid his head on the block, he bade the executioner stay his hand till he had removed his beard, observing, "that that had never committed any treason."

His political sagacity equalled the quickness of his wit or the flow of his humour. He knew to rate at their real value the favours of such a sovereign as Henry VIII. The king suddenly came to dine at his house at Chelsea, and while walking in the garden, threw his arm about the neck of the Chancellor. Roper, his son-in-law, congratulated More on this affectionate familiarity of royalty. More observed, "Son, the king favours me as (much as) any subject within this realm, howbeit, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go!" More seems to have desecrated the speck of the Reformation, while others could not view even the gathering cloud in the political horizon. He and Roper were conversing on their "Catholic prince, their learned clergy, their sound nobility, their obedient subjects, and finally that no heretic dare show his face." More went even beyond Roper in his commendation, but he proceeded, "And yet, Son Roper, I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with them, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." Roper, somewhat amazed, alleged his reasons for not seeing any cause which could produce such consequences. The zeal of the juvenile Catholic broke out into "a fume," which More perceiving, with his accustomed and gentle artifice, exclaimed merrily, "Well, Son Roper, it shall not be so! it shall not be so!" An analogy to the present crisis of public events suggests itself, which would lead to too wide a digression for the present article.

This mirthful mind had indeed settled on his features. Erasmus, who has furnished us with an enamelled portrait of More, among its minuter touches, reluctantly confessed that "the countenance of Sir



Thomas More was a transcript of his mind, inclining to "an habitual smile;" and he adds, "ingenuously to confess the truth, that face is formed for the expression of mirth, rather than of gravity or dignity." But lest he should derange the gravity of the German to whom he was writing, Erasmus cautiously qualifies the disparaging delineation—"though as far as possible removed from folly or buffoonery." More, however, would assume a solemn countenance when on the point of throwing out some facetious stroke. He has so described himself, when an interlocutor, in one of his dialogues, addresses him:—"You use to look so sadly when you mean merrily, that many times men doubt whether you speak in sport, when you mean good earnest\*."

This unaffected playfulness of the mind—this smile, whose sweetness allayed the causticity of the tongue—this tingling pleasantry when pointed at persons—this pungent raillery, which corrected opinions without scorn or contumely—and this art of promptly amusing the mind of another by stealing it away from a present object—appeared not only in his conversations, but was carried into his writings.

The grave and sullen pages of the polemical labours of More, whose writings chiefly turn on the controversies of the Romanists and the Reformers, are, perhaps, the only controversial ones which exhibit in the marginal notes, frequently repeated, "a merrie tale." "A merry tale cometh never amiss to me," said More truly of himself. He has offered an apology for introducing this anomalous style into these controversial works. He conceived that, as a layman, it better became him "to tell his mind merrily, than more solemnly to preach." Jests, he acknowledged, are but sauce; and "it were but an absurd banquet indeed in which there were few dishes of meat, and much variety of sauces; but that is but an unpleasant one where there is no sauce at all."

No one was more sensible than More that, to gain over the populace, it is necessary to descend to them. But when raillery passed into railing, and sarcasm sunk into scurrility, in these unhappy polemical effusions, our critics have bitterly censured the intolerance and bigotry of Sir Thomas More. All this, however, lies on the surface. The antagonists of More were not less free, nor more refined. More wrote at a cruel crisis. Both the subjects he treated on, and the times he wrote in, and the distorted medium through which he viewed the new race as the subverters of government, and the eager despoilers of the ecclesiastical lands, were quite sufficient to pervert the intellect of a sage of that day, and throw even the most genial humour into a state of exacerbation.

Our sympathies are no longer to be awakened by the worship of images and relics, prayers to saints, the state of the souls in purgatory, and the unwearied blessedness of pilgrimages; even by the subtle inquiry whether the church were before the Gospel, or the Gospel before the church? Or the burning of Tyndale's Testament, and "the confutation of the new church of Frere Barnes;" all these direful follies which cost Sir Thomas More many a sleepless night, and bound many a harmless heretic to the stake, have passed away, only, alas! to be succeeded by other follies as insane, which shall in their turn meet the same fate. These works of More are a voluminous labyrinth; but whoever winds its dark passages shall gather many curious notices of the writer's own age, and many exquisite "merrie tales," delectable to the antiquary, and not to be contemned in the history of the human mind.

The impending reformation was hastened by a famous invective, in the form of "The Supplication of Beggars." All the poverty in the nation, the taxes, and the grievances, were laid to the oppression of the monks, the friars, and the whole motley prelacy. These were the thieves and the highwaymen, the cormorants and wolves of the state! And the king had nothing more to do than to put them to the cart's tail, and end all the beggary of England by appropriating the monastic lands. This sturdy "beggar" was Simon Fish, a student of Gray's Inn, who had escaped from his native shores to elude the gripe of Wolsey. Fish had enacted his grace the cardinal to the life in an Aristophanic interlude. The history of this remarkable pamphlet is not incurious.

On the day of a procession at Westminster, this tract was scattered in the street. Wolsey had the copies carefully gathered up and delivered to him, to prevent any from reaching the king's eye. Merchants in that day were often itinerants in their way of trade with their foreign correspondents, and were frequently the secret conveyers of the writings of our fugitives, who printed at foreign presses. Two of these merchants, by the influence of Anne Bullen, had had a secret interview with the king. They offered to recite to the royal ear the matter of the suppressed libel. "I dare say you have it all by heart," the king shrewdly observed, and listened. After a pause, Henry made this remarkable observation,—“If a man should pull down an old stone wall, and begin at the lower part, the upper might chance to fall on his head.” What was passing in the sagacious mind of the future regal reformer is now more evident than, probably it was to those who first heard it. Wolsey, suspicious and troubled, came to warn the king of “a pestilent heretical libel being abroad.” Henry, drawing the very libel out of his bosom, to the horror of the cardinal, presented him with a portentous copy!

The book became a court-book, and the author was invited back to England, under the safeguard of the royal protection. The flagrant arguments of this famous invective lie in its arithmetic. It calculated all the possessions of the clergy,—who, though but the four-hundredth part of the nation, yet held half of the revenues. More replied to “the supplication of the beggars,” by “the supplications of the souls in purgatory.” These he represented in terror, at the sacrilegious annihilation of the masses said for their repose; and this, with the Romanist, was probably no weak argument in that day.

More more reasonably ridicules the extravagance of the estimates. Such accòmpts, got up in haste, and designed for a particular purpose, are necessarily inaccurate; but the inaccuracy of a statement does not at all injure the drift of the argument, should that be based in truth.

With More, “the heretics” were but ordinary rebels; as appears by the style of his Narrative. “A rabble of heretics at Abingdon did not intend to lose any more labour by putting up bills (petitions) to Parliament, but to make an open insurrection and subvert all the realm; to kill the clergy, and sell priests' heads as good cheap as sheep's heads,—three for a penny, buy who would! But God saved the church and the realm. Yet, after this, was there one John Goose roasted at Tower-hill, and thereupon some other John Goose began to make some gagging awhile; but it availed him not. And now we have this gosling with his ‘supplication of beggars.’ He maketh his bill in the name of the beggars. The bill is couched as full of lies, as the beggar

swarmeth full of lice. We neither will, nor shall need to make much business about this matter: we trust much better in the goodness of good men."

The marriage of the clergy was, no doubt, at first abused by some. More describes one Richard Mayfield, late a monk and a priest,—and it may be added, a martyr,—for he was burned. Of this man he says, "his holy life well declares his heresies, when being both a priest and a monk, he went about two wives, one in Brabant, another in England. What he meant I cannot make you sure, whether he would be sure of the one if 't'other should happen to refuse him; or, that he would have them both: the one here, the other there,—or else both in one place,—the one because he was priest, the other because he was monk\*."

Such is the ludicrous ribaldry which runs through the polemical works of Sir Thomas More: the opposite party set no better example; and none worse than the redoubtable Simon Fish himself. Oldmixon expresses his astonishment that "the famous Sir Thomas More was so hurried by his zeal, that he forgot he was a gentleman, and treated Mr. Fish with the language of a monk." And did not Master Skelton his vivacious scurrility, equally treat the learned Chancellor?

With a popish fashion,  
To subvert our nation,  
This daw-cock doctor  
And purgatory proctor  
Waketh now for wages;  
And as a man that rages,  
Or overcome with ages,  
Disputeth *per anabages*,  
To mock and make a lie,  
With 'quoth he,' and 'quoth I,'  
And his Apology  
Made for the prelacy,

Their huge pampered pride  
To colour and to hide;  
He maketh no nobbes;  
But with his dialogues,  
To prove our prelates gods  
And laymen very lobbes,  
With legends of lies,  
Feigned fantasies,  
From liar to liar,  
Invented by a frier  
*In magna copia*,  
Brought out of Utopia†.

Writers, who decide on other men and on other times by the spirit of their own, try human affairs by a false standard. MORE was at heart a monk. He wore a prickly-hair shirt to mortify the flesh, he scourged himself with the knotted cord, he practised the penance, and he appeals to miraculous relics, as the evidences of his faith! I give his own words, in alluding to the Sudorium, that napkin sent to King Abgarus, on which Jesus impressed the image of his own face. "And it hath been by like miracle, in the thin corruptible cloth, kept and preserved these fifteen hundred years, fresh and well preserved to the inward comforts, spiritual rejoicing, and great increase of fervour in the hearts of good

\* Works, fol. 346.

† This extract, from a manuscript poem by SKELTON, entitled, "The Image of Hypocrisy," was first given by the late Mr. Ellis in his "Specimen of the early English Poets." He designates it as a "piece of obscure and unintelligible ribaldry." Our critic would not have called it obscure had he been acquainted with "the Works of Sir Thomas More," to which the allusions are quite intelligible. Satire, in this short vivacious measure, is peculiar to the Laureat of Henry VIII, who, however, was a learned scholar; and a correct edition of *Skelton's Poems*, accompanied by a useful commentary, would be an acquisition to our history and our literature. The

called, has been condemned by grave persons of some taste, without however any for vigorous originality.

Christian people." To this he joins another similar miraculous relic, "the Evangelist Luke's portrait of our blessed Lady, his mother \*."

Such were considered as the evidences of the true faith of the Romanists, but More, with his relics, was then dealing in a damaged commodity. Lord Herbert has noticed the great fall of the price of relics at the dissolution of the monasteries; those which had been left in pawn no one cared to redeem.

"The history of King Richard the Third," which first appeared in a correct state in this folio, has given rise to "historic doubts," which led to some paradoxes. The personal monster, whom MORE and SHAKESPEARE exhibited, has vanished, but the deformity of the revolting parricide was surely revealed in the bones of the infant Nephews. This, the earliest history in our vernacular literature, may still be read with delight. As a composition, the critical justice of Lord Orford may be cited. "Its author was then in the vigour of his fancy, and fresh from the study of the Greek and Roman historians, whose manner he has imitated." The details in this history of a prince of the house of York, though they may be tinged with the gall of the Lancastrian, Cardinal Morton, descend to us with the weight of contemporary authority. It is supposed that MORE may have derived much of the materials of his history from his early patron, but the charms which still may retain us are the natural yet dramatic dialogue—the picturesque touches—a style, at times, whose beauty three centuries have not wrinkled, and the emotions which such vital pages leave in the reader's mind †.

The "UTOPIA" of Sir THOMAS MORE, which, being composed in Latin, is not included in this great volume of his "Works," may be read by the English reader in its contemporary spirited translation ‡, and more intelligibly in Bishop Burnet's version. The title, of his own coinage, has become even proverbial, and, from its classical latinity, it was better known among foreigners, even in Burnet's day, than at home. This combination of philosophy, politics, and fiction, though borrowed from the ideal republic of Plato, is worthy of an experienced statesman and a philosopher, who at that moment was writing, not only above his age, but, as it afterwards appeared, above himself. It has served as the model of that novel class of literature—Political Romances. But though the "Utopia" is altogether imaginary, it displays no graces of the imagination in an ingeniously constructed fable. It is the dream of a good citizen, and, like a dream, the scenes, scattered and unconnected, are broken into by chimerical forms and impracticable achievements. In times of political empiricism it may be long meditated on, and the "Utopia" may yet pass through a million of editions before that new era of the perfectibility of the human animal, the millennium of political theorists, which it would seem to have anticipated.

\* Works of Sir Thomas More, fol. 113, col. 2.

† Mr. Singer, with that good taste which he has so often exercised as a critical editor, has furnished us with a correct reprint of this history. More's Life of Richard III. had been given by our Chroniclers from copies mutilated or altered. A work, whose merits arise from the beauty of its composition, admits of being neither.

‡ The old translation "by Raphe Robinson, 1551," has been republished by Dr. Dibdin, accompanied by copious annotations. Almost everything relating to the family, the life, and the works of the author, may be found in "the Biographical and Literary Introduction." It is the first specimen of an edition, where the diligence of the editor has not been wasted on trivial researches, nor nugatory commentaries.

This famous work was written at no immature period of life, for More was then thirty-six years of age. The author had clear notions of the imperfections of governments, but he was not as successful in proposing remedies for the disorders he had detected. A community where all the property belongs to the government, and to which every man contributes by his labour, to have his own wants supplied,—a domestic society which very much resembles a great public school, and converts a citizen through all the gradations of his existence from form to form, and where every man, like an automatical machine, must be fixed in its proper place, supposes a society of passionless beings which social life has never shown. The art of carrying on war without combating, by the wiliness of stratagems; or procuring a peace by offering a reward for the assassination of the leaders of the enemy, with whom rather than with the people all wars originate; the injunction to the incurable, of suicide; the paucity of laws which enables every man to plead his own cause, the utmost freedom granted to religious sects, where every man who contested the religion of another was sent into exile or condemned to bondage—the contempt of the precious metal which was here used but as toys for children, or as fetters for slaves—such fanciful notions running counter to the experience of history, or to the advantages of civilized society, induced some to suspect the whole to be but the incoherent dreams of an idling philosopher, thrown down at random without much consideration. It is sobriety indulging in inebriation, and good sense wandering in a delirium. Burnet, in his translation, cautiously reminds his readers that he must in no wise be made responsible for the matter of the work which “he ventured” to translate. Others have conceived “the Utopia” dangerous for those speculators in politics, who might imagine the author to have been serious. More, himself, has adjudged the book “no better worthy than to lie always hidden in his own island, or else to be consecrated to Vulcan.”

But, assuredly, many of the extraordinary principles inculcated in “the Utopia” were not so lightly held by its illustrious author. The sincerity of his notions may be traced in his own simple habits—his opinions in conversation—and the tenour of his invariable life. His contempt of outward forms and personal honours, his voluntary poverty, his fearlessness of death—all these afford ample evidence that the singularity of the man himself was as remarkable as the work he produced. The virtues he had expatiated on, he had contemplated in his own breast.

This singular but great man was a sage, whose wisdom lay concealed in his pleasantry, a politician without ambition, and a lord-chancellor who entered into office poor, and left it not richer. When his house was to be searched for treasure, which circumstance had alarmed his friends, well did that smile become him when he observed, that “It would be only a sport to his family,” and he pleasantly added, “lest they should find out my wife’s gay girdle and her gold beads.” When the clergy in convention had voted a donation amounting to no inconsiderable fortune, “not for services to be performed, but for those which he had chosen to do,” More rejected the gift with this noble confession—“I am both over-proud and over-slothful, also, to be hired for money, to take half the labour and business in writing, that I have taken since I began.” And when accused by Tyndale and others, for being “the

Proctor of the Clergy," and richly feed, how forcible was his expression : " He had written his controversial works only that God might give him thanks."

It happened, however, that his after conduct in life, in regard to that religious toleration which he had wisely maintained in his ideal society, was as opposite as night to noon. Could he then have ever been earnest in his " Utopia ?" he who exults over the burning of a heretic, who " could not agree that, before the day of doom, there were either any saint in heaven or soul in purgatory, or in hell either," for which horrible heresy, he was delivered at last into the secular hands and " burned as there was never wretch I ween better worth\*." This harmless and hapless metaphysical-theologian did not disagree with More on the existence of saints, of souls, nor of hell. The heretic conceived, (and could he change by volition the ideas which seemed to him just ?) that no reward or punishment could be inflicted before the final judgment. A conversation of five minutes might have settled the difference, for they only varied about the precise time ! The truth is, that this heretic was bound to the stake for other causes besides his speculative notion of saints and souls.

In that great Revolution which was just opening in his latter days, More seems sometimes to have mistaken theology for politics. A strange and mysterious change, such as the history of man can hardly parallel, occurred in the mind of More, by what insensible gradations is a secret which must lie in his grave. This great man laid his head on the block to seal his conscience with his blood. Protestants have lamented this act as his weakness, the Romanists decreed a martyrdom. In a sudden change of system in the affairs of a nation, when even justice may assume the appearance of violence, the most enlightened minds, standing amidst their ancient opinions, and their cherished prejudices, display how the principle of integrity can predominate over that of self-preservation.

*Roger Ascham*  
ROGER ASCHAM.

And, perhaps, have surprised ROGER ASCHAM, the scholar of a learned age, and a Greek Professor, to have known that a history of English literature might open with his name ; for in his English writings he had formed no premeditated work, designed for posterity as well as his own times ; the subjects he has chosen being solely suggested by the occasion, and incurred the risk of the slight of the cavillers of his day, who had not yet learned that humble titles may conceal performances which may exceed their promise, and that trifles cease to be trivial in the workmanship of genius.

An apology for a favourite recreation, that of archery, for his indulgence in which his enemies, and sometimes his friends, reproached the truant of academic Greek ; an account of the affairs of Germany while employed as secretary to the English embassy ; and the posthumous treatise of " The Schoolmaster," originating in an accidental conversation at table, constitute the whole of the claims of Ascham to the rank of an English classic—a degree much higher than was attained to by the learning of Sir Thomas Elyot and the genius of Sir Thomas More.

The mind of Ascham was stored with all the wealth of ancient literature, then the only literature the nation possessed. Ascham was

proud, when alluding to his master the learned Cheke, and to his royal pupil Queen Elizabeth, of having been the pupil of the greatest scholar, and the preceptor to the greatest pupil in England; but we have rather to admire the intrepidity of his genius, which induced him to avow the noble design of setting an example of composing in our vernacular idiom. He contrived to introduce an easy and natural style in English prose, instead of the pedantry of the unformed taste of his day; and adopted, as he tells us, the counsel of Aristotle, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

The study of Greek was the reigning pursuit in the days of Ascham. At the dispersion of the Greeks on the loss of Constantinople, the learned emigrants brought with them into Europe their great Originals; and the subsequent discovery of Printing spread their editions. The study of Greek, on its first appearance in Europe, alarmed the Latin Church, and was long deemed a dangerous and heretical innovation. The cultivation of this language was, however, carried on with enthusiasm, and a controversy was kindled, even in this country, respecting the ancient pronunciation. A passion for Hellenistic lore pervaded the higher classes of society. There are fashions in the literary world as sudden and as capricious as those of another kind; and which, when they have rolled away, excite a smile, although possibly we have only adopted another of fresher novelty. The Greek mania raged. Ascham informs us that his royal pupil Elizabeth understood Greek better than the Canons of Windsor; and doubtless, while the Queen was translating Isocrates, the Ladies-in-waiting were parsing. Lady Jane Grey studying Plato was hardly an uncommon accident; but the touching detail which she gave to Ascham of her domestic persecution on trivial forms of domestic life, which had induced her to fly for refuge to her Greek, has thrown a deep interest on that well-known anecdote. All then studied Greek; when Ascham was secretary to our ambassador at the court of Charles V., five days in the week were occupied by the ambassador reading with the secretary the Greek tragedians, commenting on Herodotus, and reciting the Orations of Demosthenes. But this rage was too capricious to last, and too useless to be profitable; for neither the national taste nor the English language derived any permanent advantage from this exclusive devotion to Greek, and the fashion became lost in other studies.

It was a bold decision in a Collegiate Professor, who was to look for his fame from his Lectures on Greek, to venture on modelling his native idiom, with a purity and simplicity to which it was yet strange. Ascham, indeed, was fain to apologise for having written in English, and offered the King, Henry VIII., to make a Greek or a Latin version of his "Toxophilus," if his Grace chose. "To have written in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest [honourable] for my name; yet I can think my labour well bestowed, if, with a little hindrance of my profit and name, may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England. As for the Latin and Greek tongues, every thing is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, every thing in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse."

Such were the first difficulties which the Fathers of our native literature had to overcome. Sir Thomas Elyot endured the sneer of the cavillers for his attempt to inlay our unpolished English with Latin

terms, and Roger Ascham, we see, found it necessary to apologise for at all adopting the national idiom. Since that day, neologisms have fertilized the barrenness of our Saxon, and the finest geniuses in Europe have abandoned the language of Cicero, to transfuse its grace into an idiom whose penury was deemed too rude for the pen of the scholar. Ascham followed his happier genius, and his name has created an epoch in the literature of England.

A residence of three years in Germany in the station of confidential secretary of our ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., placed him in a more extensive field of observation, and brought him in contact with some of the most remarkable men of his times. It is much to be regretted, that the diary he kept has never been recovered. That Ascham was inquisitive, and moreover a profound observer at an interesting crisis in modern history, and that he held a constant intercourse with great characters, and obtained much secret history both of persons and of transactions, fully appears in his admirable "Report of the Affairs and State of Germany, and the Emperor Charles' Court." This "Report" was but a chance communication to a friend, though it is composed with great care. Ascham has developed with a firm and masterly hand the complicated intrigues of the various Powers, when Charles V. seemed to give laws to Germany and Italy. This Emperor was in peace with all the world in 1550, and in less than two years after, he was compelled to fly from Germany surrounded by secret enemies. Ascham has traced the discontents of the minor courts of Italian Dukes and German Princes, who gradually deserted the haughty autocrat—an event which finally led to the Emperor's resignation. It is a moral tale of "Princes openly countenancing quietness, and privily brewing debate," a deep catastrophe for the study of the political student. Ascham has explained the double-game of the Court of Rome under the ambitious and restless Julius III., who playing the Emperor against the French Monarch, and the French Monarch against the Emperor, the Pontiff worked himself into that intricate net of the general misery, spun out by his own crafty ambidexterity. This precious fragment of secret history might have offered new views and many strokes of character to the modern historian, Robertson, who seems never to have discovered this authentic document; yet it lay at hand. So little even, in Robertson's day, did English literature, in its obscurer sources, enter into the pursuits of our quickest writers.

Ascham's first work was the "Toxophilus, the School, or Partitions of Shooting." At this time fire-arms were so little known, that the term "Shooting" was solely confined to the bow, then the redoubtable weapon of our hardy countrymen. In this well-known treatise on Archery, Ascham boldly resolved to adopt the idiom of his father-land: "I have written this English matter in the English language for Englishmen."

It affords some consolation to authors who often suffer from neglect, to observe the triumph of an excellent book. Ascham wrote his "Toxophilus," varied by other subjects besides archery, to attract the favour of Henry VIII. The secret motive was to procure means which might enable him to set off on his travels, and his successful dedication obtained a small pension. Subsequently, in the reign of Mary, when that eventful change happened in religion and in politics, adverse to Ascham, our author was cast into despair, and hastened to hide himself in safe obscurity. It was then that this excellent book, and a better at



that time did not exist in the language, once more recommended its author; for Gardiner, the papal bishop of Winchester, detected no heresy in the volume, and by his means, the Lords of the Council approving of it, the author was fully reinstated in royal favour. Thus Ascham twice owed his good fortune to his good book.

"The Schoolmaster," with its humble title, "to teach children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue," conveys an erroneous notion of the delight, or the knowledge which may be drawn from this treatise, notwithstanding that the work remains incomplete, for there are references to parts which do not appear in the work itself. "The Schoolmaster" is a classical production in English, which may be placed by the side of its great Latin rivals, the Orator of Cicero, and the Institutes of Quintilian. It is enlivened by interesting details. The first idea of the work was started in a real conversation at table, among some eminent personages, on occasion of the flight of some scholars from Eton College, driven away by the iron rod of the master. "Was the Schoolhouse to be a house of bondage and fear, or a house of play and pleasure?" During the progress of the work the author had lost his patron and had incurred other disappointments. He has consigned all his variable emotions to his volume. The accidental interview with Lady Jane Grey—his readings with Queen Elizabeth in their daily intercourse with the fine writers of antiquity, and their recreations at the regal game of chess,—these, and similar incidents, present many individual touches of the writer, which may induce a repeated perusal.

It is to be regretted that Ascham held but an indolent pen. Yet it were hard to censure the man for a cold neglect of his fame who seems equally to have neglected his fortune. Ascham has written little; and all he left his family was "this little book," (the Schoolmaster), and which, like "his last will and testament, he bequeathed to them, as the right way to good learning, which, if they follow, they shall very well come to sufficiency of living." This was an age when the ingenious clung to a patron. The widow and the son of Ascham found the benefits of this testamentary recommendation. It must, however, be confessed to have been but a capricious legacy, which might have found no administrator to "the will." The age of patronage was never that of independence to an author.

Johnson, in his admirable Life of Ascham, observed, that "his disposition was kind and social; he delighted in the pleasure of conversation; and was probably not much inclined to business." It is certain that he preferred old books to pounds sterling, for once he requested to commute a part of his pension for a copy of the *Decem Rhetores Græci*, which he could not purchase at Cambridge. His frequent allusions in his letters when abroad, to "Mine Hostess Barnes," who kept a tavern at Cambridge, in the reign of Edward VI., with tender reminiscences of her "fat capons," and "the good fellowship" there, and further when standing hard by the Emperor at his table, "who drank the best I ever saw—he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine," and his determination of providing "every year a little vessel of Rhenish" for his cronies; and still further, that he haunted the Cockpit, and sometimes trusted fortune by her dice, notwithstanding that he describes "dicing" as "the green pathway of hell;" all these traits mark the boon companion loving his leisure and his lounge.

When in public life, a collegiate fellowship appeared to him to offer

supreme felicity. He writes thus,—“Ascham to his friends—Who is able to maintain his life at Cambridge, knows not what a felicity he hath.” Such was the conviction of one who had long lived in courts.

But when we consider that Ascham was Latin secretary to Edward VI., to Mary, and to Elizabeth, and intimately acquainted with the transactions of these cabinets, with the sovereigns, and the ministers; and, during three years, held a personal intercourse with the highest foreign court,—we must regret, if we do not censure, the man who, possessing these rare advantages with a vigorous intellect, and a felicitous genius, has left the world his creditors for that heavy responsibility, which such a character, in such a place, seems to incur. Assuredly, in Ascham we have lost an English *Comines*, who would have rivalled our few memoir writers, whose pens, though more industrious, had not eyes more observant, nor heads more penetrating than this secretary of three sovereigns.

There is, however, reason to conclude, that he himself was not insensible to these higher claims which his station might have urged, on his genius and his diligence. It is certain, that his papers have been lost to us; and it is possible they may hereafter be retrieved. Every night, during his residence abroad, which was of no short period, he was occupied by filling his Diary, which has not, in any shape, come down to us. He has also himself told, that he had written a book on “The Cock-pit,” one of the recreations of “a courtly gentleman.” A modern critic, indeed, considers it fortunate, for Ascham’s credit, that this volume has escaped from publication. The criticism is fallacious; for, if an apology for cock-fighting be odious, the author’s reputation is equally hurt by the announcement, as by the performance. But the truth is, that such barbarous sports, like the bear-baiting of England, and the bull-fights of Spain, have had their advocates. Queen Elizabeth had appointed Ascham her bear-keeper; and he was writing in his character when disclosing the mysteries of the Cock-pit. But the genius of our author was always superior to his subject; and this was a treatise wherein he designed to describe “all kind of pastimes joined with labour used in open place, and in the day-light.” The curious antiquary, at least, must regret the loss of Ascham’s “Cock-pit.”

Ascham lived in the ferment of the Reformation, zealously attached to the new faith under Edward VI. and Elizabeth; but how did he preserve himself during the intermediate reign, when he partook of the favours of the papistical sovereign? His master and friend, the learned Sir John Cheke, had only left for himself the choice of a recantation or a warrant for execution—but of Ascham’s good fortune nothing is known, but its mystery. The novel religion had, however, early heated the passions, and narrowed the judgment of Ascham. He wrote at a period when the Romanist and the Protestant reciprocally blackened each other’s nations. Ascham not only abhorred all Italians as Papists, but all Italian books as papistical. He invokes the interposition of the civil magistrate against Petrarch and Boccaccio, whose volumes were then selling in every shop. Baretto strikes at his manes with his stiletto-pen, in an animated passage\*; and Warton is indignant at his denunciation of our ancient Romances, of which the historian of our poetry says, “he has written in the spirit of an early Calvinistic preacher, rather than as

\* Baretto’s “Account of the Manners of Italy,” ii. 137—the most curious work of this Anglo-Italian.

a sensible critic and a polite scholar;" he who, in his sober senses, was eminently both.

We may lament that the first steps in every revolution are taken in darkness, and that the re-action of opinions and prejudices is itself accompanied by errors and prejudices of its own. The bigotry of the new faith was not inferior to the old. The reforming archbishop Grindal, substituted the dull and barbarous Palingenius, Sedulius, and Prudentius, for the great classical authors of antiquity. The Reformation opened with fanaticism; and men were reformers before they were philosophers. Had Ascham, a learned scholar and a man of fine genius, been blest with the prescient eye of philosophy, he had perceived that there was not more papistry in the solemn "Trionfi" of Petrarch, and even in "a merrie tale" of Boccaccio, than in cock-fighting and dicing.

We must recollect that the bigotry of the Reformation, or that which afterwards assumed the form of Puritanism, eventually banished the fine arts from England for a long century, and retarded their progress even to our own days. A curious dialogue has been preserved by Strype, whose interlocutors are Queen Elizabeth and a Dean. The Dean having obtained some of those fine German paintings, whose book-miniatures are of the most exquisite finish, he placed them in her Majesty's prayer-book. For this the Queen proscribed the Dean, as she did those beautiful illuminations, as "Romish and idolatrous"; and with a Gothic barbarism, strange in a person of her Attic taste, commanded the clergy "to wash all pictures out of their walls." To this circumstance, the painter Barry ascribes the backward state of the fine arts, which so long made us a bye-word among the nations of Europe, and even induced the critical historians of the Arts to imagine, that the climate of England presented an eternal obstruction to the progress of art; and it was too long supposed that no Englishman could ever aspire to be an artist of genius. The same principle which had urged Ascham to denounce all Italian books, had instigated his royal pupil "to wash out all pictures;" and even so late as the reign of George III., when the artists of England made a noble offer, gratuitously to decorate our churches with some productions of their own composition, the Bishop of London forbade this glorious attempt to redeem English art from the anathema of foreign critics.

Ascham, whose constitutional delicacy had often impeded his studies, died prematurely. The parsimonious Queen emphatically rated his value by declaring, that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds—no part of which, during his life, the careless, yet not the neglected Ascham, ever shared.

The works of Ascham, which are collected in a single volume, remain for the gratification of those who preserve a pure taste for the pristine simplicity of our ancient writers. His native English, that English which we have lost, but which we are ever delighted to recover, after near three centuries, is still critical without pedantry, and beautiful without ornament,—and, which cannot be said of the writings of Sir Thomas Elyot and Sir Thomas More, the volume of Ascham is indispensable in every English library, whose possessor in any way aspires to connect together the progress of taste and opinion in the history of our country.

## ORIENTAL SMOKING.

IN India a hookah, in Persia a nargilly, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschaum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the occident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys intimates the reverse. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coasts of Syria.

What did they do in the East before they smoked? From the many-robed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date-wood, there is, from Stamboul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: slaves in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many-coloured sherbets, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and burning coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in frames of silver fillagree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. "The honour of the pipe" proves the consideration awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half-filled cup of coffee, rise, and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of his chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich and spotless as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavour of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose-water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry-wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jessamine tube of Damascus or Aleppo, covered with fawn-coloured silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the markets of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateau Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighbouring range of hills, similar although stronger in flavour, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver sheesha borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was

a picture for Stephanoff. The Chibouquejee of the Viceroi never took less than five minutes in filling the Viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beirout, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it burns, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light yellow colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest Kanaster has a poor, flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is inhaled, instead of the genuine weed. The nargilly is also used with the serpent, but the tube is of glass. In all three, you inhale through rose-water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He should possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with each pipe-full, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction to himself.

PUFF.

## A PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMOIR OF A PROVINCIAL MAN OF GENIUS.

### "JACKSON OF EXETER."

THIRTY years ago, under the designation of "Jackson of Exeter," was generally recognized a man of some eminence; one, proud to see his name inseparably connected with his native city, where, however, had he himself not possessed the consciousness of his own celebrity, he might have resided without being often reminded of it. In his professional character of a musical composer, his ballad airs were played in every family, and his elegiac melodies, elegant and plaintive, showed all the graceful simplicity of the English school. Jackson was the "Enchanting harmonist!" of Wolcot, the once popular Peter Pindar, who, on one occasion, relieved the asperity of his satire by the introduction of a sonnet, in which he hailed the living genius. It was not, however, merely as the composer of some of our most delicate airs that "Jackson of Exeter" attracted the notice of the world, nor would he himself have been gratified to have been remembered by the single glory of his own musical fame. His tastes and his studies were not limited to a solitary province of genius; it was not only music, but literature, poetry, painting, and landscape gardening, all the arts which charm the imagination, equally engaged his devoted pursuits. To many, some of whom have survived him, "Jackson of Exeter" seemed a sort

of "Admirable Crichton." There was a simplicity and unity in his intellectual character which, at all times, gave decision to his opinions; whatever these were, they were immutable; they were his own. The world had acknowledged him as a fine genius, endowed with a peculiar excellence in his own harmonious art; and a confidence that the same distinguishing originality accompanied the execution of his other works, when he held the pen or the pencil, when he planned, and when he thought, induced him to imagine that he was developing novel principles which his predecessors had not advanced, or creating scenes, with forms and colours, which no other eye had combined.

The publication of Jackson's "Thirty Letters" had impressed on the readers of that day the most favourable idea of the accomplished genius whose musical compositions had already conferred on him unrivalled celebrity. They touched, with an originality of manner, on many interesting points of literature, on the arts, and even on some philosophical notions. At a later period he gave the world the fruits of his studies in "The Four Ages," a volume which derived its title from its principal essay. This was an ingenious idea of inverting the order of time and of society, which the ancients, not with the felicity of some of their fables, had fancifully imaged by the qualities of the metals. Our author denominates the primeval, the iron age; this was succeeded by the brazen, which brought us to the present, the silver; and "when it shall please Heaven to send it, the last will be that of gold; no golden age having yet existed, except in the imagination of the poets." As far as the scope of his knowledge allowed, the writer traces the invention of the arts, the discoveries of science, the improvement in social life. This was a favourite work of Jackson, often retouched, and composed with more comprehensive views than his usual conciseness admitted. The view he took probably was more novel in his day than it seems in ours, who have already discovered that "the true ancients are the moderns." This result of reversing the metallic ages of classical antiquity harmonises with the vision of the perfectibility of man. "As the poets," says our author, "formed a golden age according to their imagination of what is good or desirable, I may, in my turn, imagine what will be the situation of mankind when genius, corrected by science, and assisted by reason and virtue, shall have produced that improvement in society to which it naturally aspires; this is the millennium of philosophy." He amuses our imagination with designing a picture in which the perfections of every art and science are specified. "This happy future state of society will be a state of reward to the species, not to the individual; a state of bliss, the natural consequence of scientific and virtuous exertions." But human nature must first proceed through all the different stages of improvement till it becomes perfectly instructed. "War," he observes, "must exist in every stage of society, but the last." He asserts that "when knowledge and good principles are separated, it may be considered as contrary to the nature of things, and an exception to a rule founded on experience." But the exceptions are so numerous that we may fear that men do not necessarily advance in virtue in the degree they advance in knowledge.

When Jackson wrote, the times were sanguinely empirical, a new era appeared to open on mankind. "If volition can now do something, why should it not go on to do still more and more?" was the ejaculating

inquiry of a man of genius who is still our venerable contemporary. The omnipotence of mind over matter was so little dubious that it led some to conclude that "we need not die." Holcroft would endure an agony, but his mind freed his body while he gnashed his teeth. He calculated on prolonging life, and died early. If Jackson had not implicitly adopted these novel propositions in moral philosophy, he seemed to be nearing to that angle in the perfectibility of man. He imagined that he had superseded the use of a physician, and that as all diseases are created by misconduct and intemperance, prevention was more certain than cure. His decision persevered in a system of extreme abstinence which broke a robust constitution, and to which practice his death was ascribed. Such "idols of the mind," as Lord Bacon calls these illusions,—the mere fashions of thinking,—are not, however, prevalent in his writings, which are rather characterised by their sound sense, often original, always ingenious.

But it was the destiny of "Jackson of Exeter" to pass his life remote from the metropolis. His occupation as organist of the cathedral, and his domestic connexions fixed his locality. In his occasional visits to our Athens he had, however, on many occasions, discovered that he bore a name among the Athenians. Each return homewards seemed to remove him from that personal consideration which his presence in the metropolis was sure to command; in the metropolis, where every man of genius, while he receives the acknowledgment of his fraternal powers, finds the inheritance of his fame. In his native city, Jackson saw his pre-eminence disputed by those who might have tolerated an equality, but the supercilious silence which he preserved amidst the provincial mediocrity of his neighbours, betrayed how greatly that equality was disdained. He was an eagle tethered among the inmates of the *basse cour*.

The literary society of Exeter and its environs were not inconsiderable in number. Several of the resident clergy, some physicians, and other gentlemen, had instituted what they called "The Exeter Society." They proposed to rival, by volumes of their own, "The Transactions of the Manchester Society," whose occasional appearance had attracted some notice. But the fatality of such provincial societies, or academies, is inevitable. A committee sitting judicially on the contributions of their neighbours, to select the favoured papers, had nearly broken up their friendly intercourse. The demon of verse had long raged among them, and the furies of concealed, or of open jealousies, had disturbed their repose. But a more implacable spirit lay hidden among them in the demon of criticism; there was a false brother, a reviewer, or the confidential counsellor of a reviewer, who immolated his own offspring to the Moloch of public criticism. This tale might amuse.

Of this "Exeter Society," from the first Jackson had declined to enrol himself a member. He kept aloof; he took no interest in their enterprise, and was insensible to their differences. His civility, without any prodigality of affection, was equally meted out; no one could boast of his friendship, yet no one considered him as an enemy. The last twenty years of his life were passed in a voluntary seclusion among his neighbours; a few generous tempers regretted his absence, but he himself seemed gratified that among those whose intimacy he shunned there were some who felt mortified at the celebrity of "Jackson of Exeter." This

celebrity was painfully witnessed by those who were themselves frequent candidates for public favour, yet, as one of them has acknowledged, continued "unaccountably neglected by the public." The celebrity of Jackson was, indeed, often painfully witnessed; for few strangers visited Exeter without being desirous of an introduction to this eminent man. Nor did our hermit reside in a cell; at all times his door opened to a certain class of visitors. These were young men of a poetical cast of mind, or who discovered a strong bent for the arts; youthful poets and painters were the familiars who haunted his house. Among those artists, whose pictorial genius engaged the attention of Jackson, was the self-educated Opie; an amateur artist of the name of Abbot, and that fine genius Gainsborough, of whom Jackson has left us a spirited sketch of his personal character, and his vacillating fancies. The talents of the poets were put in requisition for stanzas which were corrected to his taste. The words of Jackson's songs were often admired as well as their accompaniment. The severity of his taste at no time could accommodate itself to sing-song, as other composers did. It was to avoid this repulsive common-place that Jackson had early preferred to adopt some well-known lines from our classical poesy; but when he had himself acquired a name, he found no difficulty in prompting the juvenile genius whom he had called about him. He dwelt on the tenderness of the thought which they would turn to his fancy, or melodised the liquid line which his ear had watched. The novelty of enchanting verses added a charm to his own melodies, and thus were

"——Soft Lydian airs  
Married to immortal verse."

Many were his ballad-makers, and some afterwards rose to poetical distinction. His great favourite was one Bampton, a Devonshire poet, whose exquisite sonnets, as thirty years ago they were accounted, appear never to have been collected together; a neglect probably occasioned by the poet's distracted habits and untimely death, for, more truly than Petrarch, he was lost in pensive melancholy, and perished the victim of a most romantic passion for a lady placed far above him in rank. Wolcot, whose early effusions were so graceful, and which afterwards he dispersed in his popular poems, composed many of these songs. Kendal, a polished versifier, who to his last days was an enthusiast of the Italian muse, from a hint of Jackson, composed a series of fairy personifications, with distinct scenery and appropriate action, to introduce new combinations of music. The fays were in caverns—on lakes—on a burning mountain—on the glaciers—in the billows of the sea—in groves lit by "the evening star." The music of the "*Fairy Fantasies*," as these were called, was one of the latest compositions of this eminent musician. When the simplicity of his own style seemed in some peril of neglect by the elaborate harmonies of Haydn, he attempted this loftier experiment of his genius, and deigned to imitate when he sought to rival.

In this psychological memoir of Jackson, the important development will be the inherent vigour of his character combined with the seducing conviction of his own originality. He often asserted that in all things he disdained to be a copyist, for that he always judged by his own perceptions, and never by those of others. Every object was brought to his individual test, to bear his own mint's stamp. It seems never to



have occurred to our provincial genius whether in music, in literature, or in painting, that his views might be circumscribed in their range, and the excellence he produced be subordinate to a higher class of excellence. The inventions or the acquirements of the individual, wrought out by his own self-labour, may be original, relatively to himself—but, nevertheless, may only enter into the aggregate of received opinions. There was a greater secret in human nature which had never been revealed to this man of genius. That inflexibility, to which we attach the idea of strength of character, concealed from him the important principle, that the stronger the character of the man, the stronger may be its errors, and the deeper its fall may be precipitated by its weight. Hence it has happened, that some who have been remarkable for the decision of their peculiar opinions have found that their strength of character has sometimes proved to be their great infirmity.

Dr. Burney, the historian of music, with great severity, yet not without some truth, once said of Jackson, in a review—"Mr. Jackson has never been remarkable for sailing with the tide of general opinion on any occasion. He would, perhaps, suppose the whole universe rather than himself to be in the wrong, in judging of any of the arts." The critic ascribed this perverse ingenuity to "prejudice, envy, a provincial taste, or perhaps all together, which prevented his candid attention."

Uneasy, and possibly unhappy, was this self-tormentor of genius—for often that singularity of opinion in which he delighted, encountered an opposition from spirits firm as his own. In his professional department a revolution had occurred in the musical world. The symphonies of the sublime Handel, and the oratorio choruses of the scientific Haydn, were enthusiastically admired, and Jackson feared that his own graceful melodies were soon to be forgotten. The glorious commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey afflicted the musician of Exeter Cathedral with an attack of spleen, from which he seems never to have recovered. At first, when that gigantic project was announced, he declared it to be impracticable, for that so stupendous a band, composed of many hundred instruments, could only end in a universal clash. When the miracle was performed he consoled himself by lamenting the injudicious selection of the pieces. Lest Handel should obtain an exclusive triumph, which the partial taste of George III. seemed to sanction, our musician more judiciously suggested that there were other great masters of harmony whose works were entitled to equal honours. After this memorable incident in the annals of musical science, a more modern rival enraged our "enchanting harmonist," in the German Haydn, who visited our metropolis in 1790. That celebrated composer was received with public enthusiasm; and a new genius of music excited at once astonishment and admiration. Even Dr. Burney, the ardent eulogist of Haydn, acknowledged that "he was not certain that our present musical doctors and graduates are *quite up to Haydn yet*." Such is the history of art, whenever that crisis arrives of a man of genius striking out a new manner, by moving on principles of his art not yet recognised. The flights of Haydn into new regions of melody and harmony, the ear of the musician of Exeter could no longer endure. In the silent rage of his heart he hastened to town, armed with his "Observations on the present State of Music in London," 1791. The amateurs and the artists themselves were to be instructed, that "their present musical pleasure

was derived from polluted sources." And on his accustomed principle and in his usual style he declared, that "judging of the sensations of others by his own, the public is not pleased with what it applauds with rapture." In censuring the music without naming the composer this covert attack was made, as he said, "with restraint and the fear of giving offence," a result which surely he calculated on, and the gratification of sending forth his protest against the great musician of the day overbalanced any dread "of giving offence."

The musician of Exeter was struck by the vindictive Nemesis of insulted art, in the person of its historian. This skilful and vivacious critic dexterously separated the spleen and prejudice from the ingenuity and sound sense of the work he was unavoidably called on to condemn. If "*Jackson of Exeter*" was mortified at the sarcasm, he was not, however, degraded by the disingenuous malice of his critical judge. "Must we go to Exeter to ask Mr. Jackson how to please and be pleased? Are we to have no music in our concerts but elegies and ballads? Mr. Jackson's favourite style of music has been elegies, but what is an elegy to a tragedy or to an epic poem? He sees but one angle of the art of music, and to that all his opinions are referred. His elegy is no more than a closet in a palace." The familiar illustration might have been less detractive—but in music there are parties as fierce as in politics.

Such was the fate of "*Jackson of Exeter*," even in the delightful art of which he was an eminent professor. The same strength of character discovered itself in the sound sense and the ingenuity of these memorable "*Observations on the present State of Music*;" but his native force had only accelerated its deviations, and only rendered his opinions unchangeable in opposing the public feeling.

The basis of the character of "*Jackson of Exeter*" was sound sense; but it was adorned by no superstructure of imagination. He could not advance out of the restricted circle of his acquirements which to us, of this day, seem very limited. Whatever was ideal in art, whatever was to be felt in its creation, and not discussed by its analysis, was not tangible to his grasp. For prose he had no ear; his style is familiar and curt, and therefore meagre, his expression being always beneath his conception. To such a mind Gothic architecture could only exhibit "an incongruous mass of absurdities—it is a false style only shewing the want of skill in the builders in mixing forms which cannot accord." So he decided of the sublime in his own professional art, and the science and powers of Haydn, Mozart, and even Handel, were "an imposition of the feelings drawn from illegitimate sources." Our musician affected to smile on "musical expression," which he considered the fanciful Germans committed strange absurdities in attempting. He denied that music had any command over the passions. "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" exclaims the poet. "I ask," in my turn, "what passion *can* music raise or quell?" replies our musician. "Poets or musicians," he proceeds, "*can only* produce different degrees of pure pleasure, and when they have produced this last effect, they have attained the utmost in the power of poetry or music." Such were the sentiments of a musician of no ordinary genius, but not of great sensibility and high imagination. His style in music resembled his writing and his painting—he loved their simplicity, and he was satisfied with its plainness. His favourite author was Voltaire; a pocket volume was usually

carried about him: often in the organ loft have the choir waited a minute or two longer than they ought, to strike the chaunt, while the organist was charming his wearisome loneliness in a vivacious page. Jackson said of this author, "that Voltaire must not be thought deficient in truth because he abounds in vivacity." This was a co-echo of Robertson the historian's opinion, at a time when Voltaire's volumes were excommunicated. The affectation of elegance in Gibbon; to the simplicity of his own taste, "prevented him from seeing his learning, impartiality, and other great qualities." The pomp and vigour of Johnson was his abhorrence. He had no taste for ethical dissertations, for he maintained, that for practicable purposes a few plain maxims are sufficient. On the appearance of a new edition of Johnson's works, he ventured to predict that it would be the last! What has Johnson taught us new in art or science? The historian of the human mind escaped his detection. The opinions of Jackson were immutable, for they were few, and they were his own. I have never discovered a man of genius who, like "Jackson of Exeter," so closely approached excellence, without being excellent. Here was a man of an original force of character occupying a wrong place, or, to use the appropriate expression of our neighbours, fixed "in a false position." Had the intellect of "Jackson of Exeter" acted in a more comprehensive sphere, had he cultivated his finer faculties among his rivals, the original cast of his mind had struck out something less fugitive than the hints afforded by his "Thirty Letters," and the mediocrity of most part of the volume, entitled "The Four Ages," his opinions had lost something of their obdurate tenacity, and had mellowed into our sympathies. But we are so gratified by sound sense, that it still pleases though it fails in greatness of design.

I have sketched this psychological character as the portrait of a provincial man of genius. It is a proof that great natural endowments cannot overcome the inseparable difficulties of circumstance and situation. The caustic musician Abel said of the genius of Bach, that it had been more expanded and endowed with greater variety had it not been confined to the Hanse town of Hamburgh. Albert Durer, Vasari remarked, would probably have become one of the first painters of the age, had he been initiated into the great principles of his art, so well understood by his Italian contemporaries: unluckily he considered his own manner as perfect. Such are the authors and the artists who are apt to imagine that they have finished their journey, when, in fact, they have only proceeded as far as they were able; and have often reached to that unhappy originality which has ceased to be original.

ARTICUS.

## ENGLISH SONG WRITERS.

SONGS BY BARRY CORNWALL\*.

As the Constitution of a country should go often back to its first principles, so the literature of a people should frequently recur to its first authors. This maxim has been adopted within the last thirty years, and with great advantage to the feeling and romance of poetry—the vigour and variety of style. But in many instances it has been done superficially; the poet has resorted to particular authors, and imitated them without any knowledge of their contemporaneous literature, or the spirit of the age by which they were pervaded—hence we have had numerous imitations of old poets by men thoroughly unsaturated by the genius of the old poesy. In the History of Ancient Letters we find simplicity in the early authors, conceits in the later. In the History of English and of French Letters it is exactly the reverse, the earlier authors (when the language became settled) abound in conceits. As we have progressed we have grown more simple—the great beacon to avoid in a recurrence to our ancient Writers, (Chaucer excepted) is therefore their artificiality—as in recurring to the Greek, it would be to avoid their homeliness. This is a new doctrine—but it is only new, because few who have written on our early Literature have deeply examined its nature. The Italian of the middle ages was the model of the Elizabethan Poets.

The spirit of our English Songs is steeped in fancy and in tenderness—but there are few which do not affect ‘that turn and play of words’ which convert truth of feeling into ingenuity of phrase. The Scotch Poets insensibly did a vast service to Nature in the simple beauty of their songs; and Burns† above all writers has impregnated the English Muse with the divine poetical truth, that neither metaphor nor compliment is essential to the effusions of an honest and deep love. Yet the critics of the day are reluctant to confess a merit which it requires no little effort to understand—the vast mass of books which the ordinary reviewer has to open prevents his reading any—he opens the page, and if not caught by a dazzling stanza, concludes that the performance is mediocre—and Poetry is therefore most fatally estimated by the value of a part—not its harmony as a whole. The people judge far more wisely; and the songs of Bayley—the most natural—the most tender of all modern song writers—are sung in every street, familiar under every roof—while they are sneered at by the young College Reviewer, fresh from Shelley, and stupified with Keats—for that very deficiency in abstruse fragmentary splendour, which forms their highest charm, and their surest passport, to the Popular Heart.

With all his fancy, and all his genius—the author of the Poems before us, has fallen unconsciously into the error of the critics, and is perpetually preferring the quaint to the natural—and often losing truth in searching after originality: he is imbued with the old Poets—he has their sweetness, their imagination, their grace—he has also their artificialities and their conceits. But his work altogether is one of singular merit—and not built of perishable materials. It will serve at once as a

\* Moxon: New Bond-street.

† In his Preface the Author touches on this fact; yet Burns is the last Poet he seems desirous of resembling.

model and a beacon—a rare union—which no hand but that of a fine genius can accomplish: he has looked deeply into the realms of fancy, but not enough into the hearts of men—his verse wants homeliness. He will dissent from our next proposition, but it is nevertheless true:—in all writings that are extensively popular there is a strong dash of the common place.—Byron and Shelley were equal masters of the creative—equal Poets;—Byron appeals to the commonest feelings—Ambition—Satiety—Discontent—the Sense of Affliction—the Weariness of the World;—Shelley appeals only to the most subtle and the least stirring of our emotion: whence the difference of their popularity. The fame of Shelley will increase, but his popularity never.

Viewed as Songs—as an accession to the National Minstrelsies which thrill all alike, the Peasant or the Prince—the Ignorant Man and the Scholar, we therefore consider the present Work as in many respects deficient. But viewed as a collection of Poems, it is a most valuable, a most beautiful addition to our Literature. There are Poems in this book which the *minor* Poetry of no language—(save only that of Campbell and of Burns) may be said to surpass.

The following has been commonly selected by our cotemporaries—but we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting again, one of those wild, vigorous effusions which unite, in the happiest spirit of the German Muse, the fearful and the grotesque.

#### KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow !  
He sat where no sun could shine ;  
And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

There came to him many a Maiden,  
Whose eyes had forgot to shine ;  
And Widows, with grief o'erladen,  
For a draught of his sleepy wine.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

The Scholar left all his learning ;  
The Poet his fancied woes ;  
And the Beauty her bloom returning,  
Like life to the fading rose.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine.*

Ail came to the royal old fellow,  
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,  
As he gave them his hand so yellow,  
And pledged them in Death's black wine.  
*Hurrah !—Hurrah !*  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

The verses entitled a SERENADE are also of rich and tender sentiment :—

Awake !—The starry midnight Hour  
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :  
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower ;  
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !  
*Awake ! Awake !*  
*Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !*

Awake!—Soft dews will soon arise  
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake;  
 Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,  
 And like the tender morning break!  
*Awake! Awake!*  
*Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!*

Awake!—Within the musk-rose bower  
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee:  
 Ah, come, and shew the starry Hour  
 What wealth of love thou hidest from me!  
*Awake! Awake!*  
*Shew all thy love, for Love's sweet sake!*

Awake!—Ne'er heed, though listening Night  
 Steal music from thy silver voice:  
 Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,  
 And bid the world and me rejoice!  
*Awake! Awake!*  
*She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake!*

In the next Poem our readers will perceive at once the faults and the beauty (in this instance, the last far excelling the first) of the old Poets:—

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
 We love; we droop; we die!  
 Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?  
 Why do we live, or die?  
 Who knows that secret deep?  
 Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
 Unseen by human eye?  
 Why do the radiant seasons bring  
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
 Why do our fond hearts cling  
 To things that die?

We toil,—through pain and wrong;  
 We fight,—and fly;  
 We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
 Stone-dead we lie.  
 O Life! is *all* thy song  
 “Endure and—die?”

We regret that our limits will not allow us to indulge in further quotation. Happy indeed should we be if the success of this little volume would induce the Author to come once more before us with his soft and melancholy Italian Tales. The Heaven of Poetry has yet many mansions unfilled—and we are convinced that if the Creator of Marcian Colonna would but rouse himself from the dreamy intoxication that somewhat marred the effect of his earlier verse—if he would plunge into the actual and living stream of Human Character and Human Passion—he might obtain a popularity even in these prose times—that would far surpass his present fame—but only keep the promise of his genius.

## ARRIED FOR MONEY.

MISS GRISELDA THISTLETHROAT was a respectable lady of unblemished reputation, whose unwilling celibacy had diffused an unhappy acidity over a countenance which would otherwise have been, if not excessively lovely, strikingly interesting and genteel. The lips were pursed up; the nose was puckered in; the teeth had grown out from the gums to an ogreish length; but still there was a certain twinkle in the lady's pale grey eye that betokened a breast of softer mould than her ossified appearance might seem to warrant. This twinkle was carefully observed and shrewdly speculated upon by a lusty, laughing, rosy-checked gentleman, who, having served his country in the Peninsular war, had been left by the peace with a Waterloo medal, the title of captain, a wound over the left nostril, and a pension of somewhat about 130*l.* per year. Now, Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was in earlier life but moderately provided for; but having been housekeeper to a gouty uncle and companion to an asthmatic aunt, she had managed so to wrap up the legs of the one and to lollypop the throat of the other as to wheedle a pretty little trifle out of each, which, having been left at compound interest in the Consolidated Funds, had been so compounded and consolidated as to produce a capital amounting to nearly 40,000*l.*, and some houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham. "The value one sets upon a thing is very much regulated (says Dr. Johnson) on the pains bestowed upon its production or acquisition;" and the various sittings up late and gettings up early, the sympathizing groan at a twinge or the melancholy sigh at a cough, with which and by which her little competency had been acquired, added in no slight degree to Miss Griselda's estimation of the aforesaid 40,000*l.*, of which she thought it impossible, therefore, to speak or feel too much.

"How are funds to-day, Captain?" would she say on entering Mr. Hewit's circulating library at Leamington, "and how are the Portuguese Bonds? And now, pray, Captain, you who have been in the Peninsula, and of course know all about these things, pray do you think Spanish Scrip cheap at 15?" To all of these queries the Captain would reply with a placid smile and a profound air, and at each answer Miss Griselda Thistlethroat thought him a very sensible and comely man; and, then, the Captain's uncle was an attorney, so that law, if he were her uncle also, might be had for nothing—no trifling consideration considering her present dispute with John Stanston, Esq., relative to her right to the three willow-trees, and with Tim Thomson for the repairs of a pigsty, and with Anne Scrubemout for the recovery of two shifts and a pair of worsted, under worsted, stockings, which deponent fully declared and made oath had been sent to the said Anne Scrubemout's laundry, and never returned therefrom. All these considerations, and the Captain's plump and rosy cheeks, strongly disposed Miss Griselda towards returning the gentle squeeze with which he matinely and ~~and~~ noonly landed her into the pale green fly which she had hired for the season. Captain Makepeice himself had sought the waters partly in the hope of getting quit of his rheumatism, and partly in the hope of getting hold of a wife—of a wife who would garnish his purse as well

as smooth his pillow; for though he was fully sensible to what a single man who wore dickies, and used brown soap, and knew the best ordinaries, and had no female expenses, might do with 130*l.* per annum, still stout people are generally luxuriously-minded people, and the Captain was fond of old Port wine, cast a longing-eye on a stout bay cob and a splendid red-wheeled gig, the properties of a dashing brewer at the Spa, and would have been glad, moreover, to give an extra half-crown or five shillings to his washerwoman now and then, who was a buxom lady with round arms; and a neck and bust that might have done honour to *Venus* of the Western Isles. Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was no beauty,—let the fact be acknowledged!—but she was of a thin, and, therefore, genteel figure; her voice was loud and shrill to be sure, but then that loudness and shrillness gave a commanding tone to her conversation, such as completely overpowered all her library-room rivals, with the exception of one, indeed, who, though now a land-agent's wife, had in early youth been remarkable for her vocular powers in crying “fish.” Miss Griselda's temper, it was reported, was neither completely calm nor perpetually sweet, but as a set-off to any little disagreeability of this kind in the lady herself, was to be considered the escape, which might fairly be reckoned upon, from a nurseryful of squalling brats, to which there was little probability of the gentle Thistlethroat's giving birth. In short, when the match was talked of, the gentleman most concerned hailed it as a d—d good thing, and the lady professed no objections; insomuch that, in spite of the various efforts of Miss T.'s and Captain M.'s friends, who, to do them justice, laboured all they could to produce a misunderstanding between the parties, the question was put,—the consent given,—and nothing remained but the lawyer's settlements and the parson's benediction. To the first there was some demur,—though the lady was assuredly smitten by the Captain's manly conformations and the euphonious appellation of Mrs. ———; still neither the one nor the other was dearer to her than the 40,000*l.* Consolidated, and the sundry cuttages at Clapham. The Captain, on the other hand, dear as Miss Griselda's sylphid figure and silver-trumpeted voice might be to him, and fair the expectancy of quiet domestic bliss with so prudent and well-managing a partner, was not quite content with the idea of placing his corporal advantages in Miss Griselda's hands unless she placed some of her pecuniary ones in his. The lady sobbed, and said that all that the Captain wanted was—her money. The Captain grumbled, and feared that Miss Griselda doubted—his honour. “The cruel, perfidious man! did he not think it would be the happiness of her life to contribute to his comfort.” “The cold-hearted, distrustful woman! did she think that a gentleman and a soldier was to be kept in a state of connubial dependence?”

Great hopes were entertained by Colonel Stubbs and Mrs. Sobersides that the foolish match would go off; but, alas! if the match should go off, so must the Captain,—for the last three months he had drunk wine instead of malt liquor, which his doctors had formerly recommended him; his hair and his whiskers had been curled every morning by the very first professional artist in Leamington; four new shirts, with fine cambric fronts; and a new green coat, with brass buttons, on which was embossed (it gave a landed property air) the head of a



fox; and a light sky-blue coat (very becoming with white pantaloons); and two pair of boots and one pair of pumps, besides his reading-room subscription, all, we say, and each of these—*remained to be paid for*. Now, people in the world are so worldly, that so long as Miss Thistle-throat was seen on Captain Makepeice's arm, for the Captain to talk of paying anything was absurd—quite out of the question. "Oh, Sir, let it stand, pray let it stand, for another time; there is no hurry, Sir,—no hurry, Sir, I assure you." But now, no sooner had the first whisper of a misunderstanding been circulated, than all the persons the Captain had ever been trusted by seemed, of a sudden, smitten by some strange calamity—a partnership was broken up—a little account was unexpectedly obliged to be settled—all the bottles of jasmine perfume and Russia oil, all the pairs of kid gloves and the pots of cold cream, and the tweezers and scrapers and cutters, which some little compliment on the smell of his pocket handkerchief, the gloss on his whiskers, the whiteness of his hands, the clear redness of his cheeks, and the nicety of his nails, had induced him to admit to his toilette table, now rose up in—what his creditors threatened to procure—*judgment against him*. Nor was this all; Leamington might be flown from, but where was the place to fly to?—London, that Paradise for half-pay captains, was banned and barred, for a bill was yet unsettled at the Adelphi—Cheltenham contained a dun in a duellist—and all the persons whose debts at play remained unsettled for, monopolized Calais and Boulogne. The half-year's pay, on which at other times he might have retired to Wales or the Palais Royal, had been paid, for sundry rubbers lost at whist, two weeks before, to an Irish counsellor, who had seen the hopes of too many suitors defeated to feel sure of the fulfilment of Captain Makepeice's. In short, the proposition once admitted, that a man must live,—and the Captain never doubted or disputed it,—the natural *sequitur* was, that he could only live by making Miss Griselda, even on her own terms, Mrs. Captain Makepeice. He vowed then it was not the filthy lucre that he had required—no; he had been shocked by what he feared was a want of his dear Griselda's affection; and when she gave him her hand to kiss, of that affection he protested himself so assured that he would *not*—if she implored and entreated him—he would not accept the settlement of a sixpence. This Miss Thistle-throat fully believed, and therefore did not uselessly press him on the subject. On the next Sunday the marriage took place, and in the evening the happy pair strolled through the ruins of Kenilworth,—the Captain calling Miss Griselda "his Elizabeth," and she fondly telling him that he only wanted a tuft on the chin to be the very image of Leicester.

We throw a veil over the mysteries of the honeymoon. The only observation made on which by Mrs. Makepeice herself was, that, after all, she found nothing so extraordinary in marriage as she had expected. During the honeymoon, however, the captain's debts were paid, Mrs. M. resting satisfied with the assurance, that nothing but love could have made him so extravagant; so far, then, he was a richer man. He was doomed, moreover, to a life of greater quality. A large house, from which the estate had been sold off, was to be purchased a great bargain, in the least salubrious part of Essex—ten acres were attached to it, which wanted draining, certainly, but which, when drained and planted

would be quite a different thing from what they were. Mrs. Makepeice's man of business, who had a debt upon the estate, not to be paid off until a purchaser was found, strongly recommended "the hall" to her as a valuable investment. Coaches went by it every day; "Now, Captain Makepeice, a place on the outside is not more than five shillings and sixpence, and sixpence to the coachman.—six shillings there, and six shillings back: here are twelve shillings, and I do beg you will go this very evening—such things are not to be met with every day; and when one marries a beggar, one really must not lose the opportunity of a bargain." Captain Makepeice, who had now been married three months, and who being of an indolent, lazy disposition, shuddered at the effect of a quarrel, had for the last fortnight been affected with a marvellous deafness, and now humming the tune of 'Nancy Dawson,' and saying, "Yes, my dear, we'll have the roast duck for dinner, if you please, and a bottle of your late uncle's old port: capital wine that, my love," proceeded very leisurely towards the door, from which (having no inclination to sit for four hours in a dusty dog-day on the top of a coach, to be broiled and peppered like a mutton-chop) he astutely meditated escape. "Duck and port wine," said the lady—"I would like to know, Captain Makepeice, whether you would have been talking of duck and port wine if you had not made me a miserable woman? Nothing but eating—eating, drinking, guzzling the whole of my property away, that's all you think of; and then, if one wants you he creatures to do anything you are good for, there are as many difficulties and disputes in the way.... and I do so hate disputes—I'm not used to them, Captain Makepeice! this comes of marrying a beggar; but you shan't break my heart, you wicked wretch: no, that you shan't;" and the whole of Miss Griselda's delicate form was convulsed with hysterical weeping. "Well, well," said the captain, putting his thumbs to his ears, and forgetful of his deafness—"well, well, my love, don't jaw so—I will go to this confounded place if you wish it; but on the outside of the coach such a day as this, I'll be d—d if I go."—"On the outside of the coach, and when did you see the inside of a coach, I should like to know, before you married me, Captain Makepeice. This comes of marrying a beggar—always willing to spend other people's money. I suppose you want a coach and six to carry that heavy, lumbering body along—Mr. Weazle would never have used me so—that he wo'udn't." At length the matter was compromised—"The inside going, my dear," in a soft, sweet lisp, said Mrs. Makepeice, arranging her cap and her kerchief, "but the outside, remember, coming back."

The captain returned, as well, indeed, he might, with a gloomy account of the intended purchase. "Ah! that's always how it is, Captain Makepeice, if I set my heart upon anything. But I'll go myself—that I will." And after wading, ankle-deep, through the lawn, tearing a white dimity gown to pieces in scrambling through the garden, and carrying off a whole colony of spiders and earwigs on her bonnet from the best bedrooms, Mrs. Makepeice declared 'the hall' a charming, romantic place; and on finding the figure of a crane (the supposed crest of the Thistlethroat's) carved on one of the chimney-pieces, pronounced it "very extraordinary," and determined forthwith on the purchase. "To have such a place and not to live there, was as much out of

the question," said Mrs. Makepeice, "on the ground of economy as of comfort." The scrubbing, cleaning, and cobweb-brushing of the interior of the mansion would be a little amusement to herself, and the superintending the workmen out of doors would be a useful occupation to the captain, and give him a taste for rural pursuits. "But, my dear, the place is a perfect swamp—a marsh; and you know that ever since my expedition to Walcheren, that cursed rheumatism"—"Pho! fiddlestick about the rheumatism. But I know what you'd be at, Captain Makepeice; you have got some trollopping slut you wish to see at one of those filthy watering-places,—you have, you know you have. Well, go there—I don't hinder you—go there, Sir! but you sha'n't go with my money, you nasty, dirty, extravagant man! This comes of marrying a beggar."

It was about a year after this—last winter, in short—that wandering through that part of the world, I thought of paying Makepeice, an old fellow-officer of mine, a congratulatory visit, having heard of nothing among our common acquaintance for the last twelve months, but his uncommon good fortune. I wrote a letter to him then from an adjoining inn; and as we had been great chums in our day, said that I would look in upon him about his dinner-hour. Accordingly, a boy was sent on with a small bundle of clothes, to dress for the evening, and I sallied forth on a snipe-shooting expedition, for which I had visited that part of the country. About five o'clock, completely wet through, excessively hungry, and not triflingly fatigued, I wended my way through some long, dark grass, the road to the House being only half completed, to my friend's mansion. My ring at the bell, I soon perceived, was the cause of no slight discomfiture. I heard the hurrying tramp of steps—the raised tone of voices; while the glimmering of lights, passing from one window to the other, gave me a cheering prospect of the bustle that was being made for my reception. "How kind, how friendly," I murmured, "and how sorry I am to give all this trouble." At last two men, one out of livery, who looked like a gardener, and the other in livery, who bore a strong resemblance, in his finery, to a chimney-sweep on May-day, came to the half-opened door. "Is Captain Makepeice come in yet? has he received my note? and is my bundle come?" To these three interrogatories which I made, carelessly entering, the two domestics, gaping and staring, answered, "Yes, no, yes, no," in quick succession, to which I paid but little attention; and giving my gun to the footman, with the charge to remember it was loaded, I asked the man who was not a footman to show me to my apartment. "You can't come in here, Sir," said the fellow, staring, "Mistress says she can't receive none of you." "But the gentleman is to come in, though," said my liveried friend; "master told me he was." "Ay," said I, "there's some mistake—I am the gentleman, your master said he expected, and not the gentleman," turning to the other, "whom your mistress said she would not receive;" and taking a hand candlestick off the hall-table, "Come," said I, "quick! shew me my room, for I shall be ashamed to appear before Mrs. Makepeice in this fashion." Still there was staring and irresolution; I got out of patience. "Go you," said I to the man who had spoken about his master, "and tell Captain Makepeice that I, Major Elyot, have come; and give you," said I to the other,

"my compliments to your mistress, and say I would come myself, even as I am, to pay my *dévoirs* to her, but that I have heard too much of her taste and fashion, not to wish to make myself first a little more decent."—"Doors," said the chap, "there are no doors to pay for, that I'm certain, for my mistress always pays all ready money." Just as this answer had reduced me to despair, I heard a low whisper behind a door to my right—"Well, I think the man is a gentleman; now he is come, Captain Makepeice (you're always bringing people here), it will be proper, I suppose, to receive him, but you must tell him we *have* dined—he can take a little tea with us in the evening. There, go now; don't stand here like a fool." And the door was opened suddenly, and my friend pushed through, whose rheumatism easily losing him his equilibrium, he fell into my arms at once.

"How do you do, my dear fellow," said I. "Ha," said he, "how d'ye do—how are you—you must be tired—won't you sit down?" I could not help laughing, since we were in the hall without a sign of any convenience for putting his request into execution. "And where shall we sit down?" said I. "Ha! ha!" said he, faintly, "a devilish good joke, isn't it? where *shall* we sit down, by-the-bye?" After some murmuring between me, two servants, and their master, and an appeal to the upper housemaid, who was below stairs, and who first visited the back parlour, from which my friend the captain had burst upon me, I got introduced into a garret, and procured my bundle, and some warm water in a cracked, blue jug, with which I contrived to make my ablutions.

With jaws aching with hunger, and with some faint symptoms of that aguish disorder which my sport was not unlikely to produce, I descended the oaken staircase, trembling at every step for my neck, which its polished surface put into evident jeopardy, and was shewn into a largish, square, dark, pannelled room, most faintly illumined by two thin mould candles. One small, dying bit of wood might be discovered between two old-fashioned brass dogs, that served as a fire-grate. Mrs. Makepeice, whose face, figure, and fair accomplishments, I have described, was sitting by a square table, covered with a loose, green-baize cloth. The captain, one-half of whose face I now discovered to be frightfully red and swollen, while the other had shrunk into utter thinness and cadaverousness, sat *twisting* his thumbs by her side and farthest from the fire; a chair was placed for me opposite. Without being a great adept at Lord Chesterfield's maxims, I had quite sufficient tact to compliment my friend on his wife, and his wife on her property and mansion; and this, perchance, procured me the offer of some cold beef with my tea, which I thankfully accepted; and complaining of cold in my stomach, at which my friend murmured something about Mrs. Makepeice's late uncle having some excellent Port, the lady assuring her husband that he was "a horror," and thought of nothing since he had escaped from a state of starvation but of ruining his health by luxurious living, very kindly offered me a little rhubarb in peppermint water: which she said was what she always took for any pain in the stomach; the Captain, the faint twinkling of whose best eye shewed that he had not yet lost all relish for a joke, made some pun upon raising the wind, which it is not worth while to repeat. "Come, none of your vulgar jokes, Captain Makepeice; the Major, I am sure,

won't understand you, and I really have not been used to it; but this comes, Major Elyot, of marrying a beggar. My poor aunt, whenever her asthmatics would let her speak, used always to say how it would be; she, poor dear thing, was the pink of gentility—you don't know, Major Elyot, if she could have thought—but who could have thought? Oh, you awkward wretch—(as the Captain rather maliciously turned his hot cup of tea over an unfaded grey silk gown)—you mean to kill me, to ruin me, I see you do; and who is to buy me other gowns, I should like to know?—this comes of marrying a beggar!"—and the lady flounced out of the room, leaving my friend and me to our various soliloquies and a bottle of "the late uncle's Port," which, when the lady was fairly gone to bed, the Captain, who had a *fac simile* of the key of the cellar, contrived to produce.

I must confess that, poverty-stricken as I am, I thought my poor friend the most miserable of mortals, until I was awoke in the night by the information that Mrs. Makepeice had got the cholera—she was taken at two in the morning, and was dead by twelve at midday. The whole of her fortune was left to the Magdalen. "And so much," said my friend, rubbing the rheumatic side of his face very *dolorously*—"So much, my dear fellow, for marrying for money!"

#### MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Schoolmaster in Fault—Rail Roads—The advantage of being condemned to be Hanged—Who is Sane?—Looking after a Horse and Chaise—Legal Subtleties—Literary Exchange—Editorial Duelling—How are you off for Potatoes?—The Order of the Day.

**THE SCHOOLMASTER IN FAULT.**—Schoolmasters have been more than usually vicious of late, and that was needless. The newspapers in their police and assize reports of the last quarter show that the iniquity of this class is varying inversely with the revenue. The ear-pullers, hair-extractors, and cane-drivers, the true white slave-dealers, have got much before the public, not for torturing and racking their scholars (all that is in their vocation,) but for seduction, forgery, fraud, bigamy, and the like little deviations from the ordinary and sanctified round of roguery. Breaking cane over the heads of ingenuous youth, starving their pupils mentally and bodily, cramming stick-jaw pudding down their throats, and feeding tender age on tough beef, and teaching the young idea how to bolt raw flesh and fat, all this is in the regular way of gaining an honest livelihood: as is the charging of extras, horrible sound to parental ears! robbing the lads' wardrobes of clothes, fabricating daughters' chemises out of boys' shirts, and above all, and worse than all, turning them out, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, perfect savages in every acquirement of civilization: with short sleeves and long red hands, cropped hair and slinking shoulders, a wincing look, as if every moment expecting the descent of the cane, a thorough thick head, a tough hide, an insensible heart, and all set off by manners which oscillate between those of a slave and a savage. And as for learning, the wheelwright's apprentice, or the

pot-boy of a public-house, is a prince to the modern boarding-school boy. He is deep in nasty practices, and an adept at marbles, and great at a *swop*—that is to say, in the exchange of a shilling knife for a half-crown watch-chain, and similar low villainy. But as for learning, take a specimen; it is from a work of fiction, but as true as Gospel.

“ ‘What have you learnt?’ says the father; ‘what do you know?’

“ ‘Not much, sir!’

“ ‘What do you know in Latin?’

“ ‘Latin, sir? I don’t know Latin, sir!’

“ ‘Not Latin, you idiot! why, I thought they taught nothing but Latin?’

“ ‘Yes, sir—cyphering.’

“ ‘Well, how far did you proceed in arithmetic?’

“ ‘No, sir! they taught me cyphering and writing.’

“ ‘My father looked grave. ‘Can you work the rule of three, you dunce?’

“ ‘Rule of three, sir?’

“ ‘Do you know subtraction? Come, you blockhead, answer me! Can you tell me, if five are taken from fifteen, how many remain?’

“ ‘Five and fifteen, sir, are’—counting on my fingers, but missing my thumb, ‘are—are—nineteen, sir!’

“ ‘What! you incorrigible fool!—Can you repeat your multiplication table?’

“ ‘What table, sir?’

“ Then turning to my mother, he said, ‘Your son is a downright idiot, madam—perhaps knows not his own name—write your name, you dolt!’

“ ‘Write, sir! I can’t write with that pen, sir: it is not my pen.’

“ ‘Then spell your name, you ignorant savage!’

“ ‘Spell, sir,’ I was so confounded that I misplaced the vowels. He arose in wrath, overturned the table, and bruised his shins in attempting to kick me, as I dodged him, and rushed out of the room.”—*The Younger Son*, p. 28.

This is from one of the cleverest books of the day. In this scene the parent is greatly to blame; he is to blame, for has he not been himself a schoolboy, stupefied, outraged, vitiated—and was not his son in the same course?

Schooling is, in point of fact, conducted upon the old principle of breaking in horses: schoolmasters are roughriders, who retain all the ancient enormities of a bad system. They seize a timid and tender colt, they thrust a rude iron bit into its mouth with a bulb in the centre as large as the fist; with reins attached to it as strong as a cable—laying hold of this, and fastening his claws into the creature’s mane, a stout active savage, with muscles like thongs of leather, springs upon the creature’s back, armed with whalebone-whip in his hand, and steel spurs at his heels. The dæmon once astride, commences the system of torture—aptly called horse-breaking—which is in fact heart-breaking. The fingers first of all play the iron in the tender jaws, then the calves of the legs begin to work on the belly and sides with a devilish tenacity of embrace; the creature is dumbfounded; he champs and lifts his legs, and begins to switch his tail in ignorance and despair.—Ah! vice, vice! cries the breaker, and away go whip on the neck, and spurs in the flank—and away goes the colt with a spring. Good, good, cries the breaker, I had you there—you will not do that again. The unhappy creature, trembling in every muscle, and foaming at every step, feeling the dæmon grasp relaxed, the rowels withdrawn, and the whip playing in the shadow, deems the visitation withdrawn, and stops.—Ho! ho! cries the breaker, and again he hauls his two-pound

curb, and away go whalebone and steel—it is vice again, and so on—until the wretched animal is indeed broken—that is to say, has the submission and timidity of a slave—springs at every shadow, and thus yields its will while all is quiet, till in some moment of alarm the passion of fear seizes its whole faculties, the ghost of the dæmon-breaker rises to the imagination, and plunging, kicking, and bolting, the terrified creature rushes to destruction, involving in its own death that of some unhappy person sitting behind it, or upon it. This is called taking fright—it is the result of bad education—horses and schoolboys suffer from it equally: if we hear of vice, whether in men or horses, if we hear of wild escapades, of sudden abandonments of principle, and the sudden breaking down of every honest hope, and the violent breaking away from every honorable restraint, be sure the schoolmaster was in fault.

Now we have been rather harsh on schoolmasters, because, as a body, we think they deserve it. There are hundreds of meek deserving men who pursue this most important of callings with at least a mild spirit: the system of teaching is so bad, that we cannot say that even they do much good. This system they cannot change—they dare not: they live, such of them as are of the timid, industrious, hoping class, in a horrid fear of capricious parents, epidemic or infectious fevers, and butchers' bills. The evil is not in the individual, but in the system. First of all, parents are so little aware of the importance of education, that they will hardly pay anything for it. They make a bargain with a man for a boy's board at the lowest possible price for which a boy can be kept—education is expected to be thrown in as a make-weight; and even the man's time is not paid for, unless he can shove into his bills a fraudulent amount of extras, or contrive to foist upon the lad a heap of unnecessary books, on which the publisher—a fellow-conspirator—allows him some 35 or 50 per cent. The poor wretch, thus struggling for existence, takes as many young dupes as he can net; if he has above forty or fifty, decency requires an usher, and he goes forth for a victim in that shape. But they who have ever looked into the education of human beings, know well that, according to the old system of education, no one man can give due attention to more than some twelve or fifteen boys, and scarcely that. With forty or fifty boys under him, nothing is learnt, and the master, disgusted with the ignorance of his pupils, and dissatisfied with his own situation, if he has a bad temper, or a temper that may be made bad, plies the cane, and grows effipated by revenging his hard fate on schoolboys' ears. But this is on the supposition that the schoolmaster is qualified for instruction;—generally speaking he is not. He is a reduced man:—so far from being bred to the sacred office of tutor, he is usually a broken down person, unqualified to succeed in any other walk of life. There are two grand businesses into which the bankrupt retreats—the one is that of coal-merchant, and the other schoolmaster—neither require capital. No person ought to be permitted to set up as schoolmaster unless, after he has been examined, he is found qualified for the arduous office of tuition; and for that branch, viz. boarding, which requires capital, judicious parents ought to provide by subscription amongst themselves against the want of it. Education is too serious a thing to be trusted to chance. Every class in each great neighbourhood ought to have its own establishment for education—a house, a steward, servants,—and a master and tutors

of its own appointment. The details of beef and porridge—beds and house-rent should be wholly separate from the grand business of training the mind and morals of youth. Exempt from all the low details of life, the properly-qualified schoolmaster would rise up a superior being, and take his place with the other arbiters of the destinies of nations,—the preacher, the legislator, the poet, and the orator. *See North*

**RAIL ROADS.**—The rejection of the Birmingham Rail Road Bill by the Lords was a narrow and selfish policy, unhappily too much in accordance with the spirit of the Upper House. A few lords, and they were but a few, will not long be able to resist a project so pregnant with advantage to the country: much less the universal spreading of these roads, which very soon will spring through the country like arteries, and produce a greater physical and moral change in the country, than the thoughtless are apt to admit or to imagine. The rail-road to Birmingham, carried on to Liverpool as was intended, would have brought Dublin within twenty-four hours of London: this of itself would have been a stronger argument against the repeal of the Union than any in Mr. Stanley's quiver. But this should not, nor will it be, the only line: another grand route will run through Berkshire, Wilts, Somerset, and Devonshire. The eastern counties, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Huntingdon, and Lincoln, will be supplied with one grand artery; and Yorkshire and Scotland with another. By these roads all intelligence will pass: distance, as measured by time, will be more than half annihilated; and the three kingdoms, without losing an acre or an inhabitant, will have all the compactness, efficiency, and force invariably given by concentration. Waste lands will instantly acquire value when the rail-road strikes across them, as if by the touch of a magnet: the poor will all be wanted: they will flock to the banks of the rail-roads as now emigrants flock to the banks of the rivers of America. It is a facility of communication which gives all the value to the great bed of the Mississippi, which in a short time the Americans expect will be the heart of its stupendous population, and the centre of its wealth and activity. A rail-road is the river of art; it is the nearest approach to creation that man has yet arrived at.

We have made loans to carry on war: we have turned our gold into iron often enough in the shape of muskets—why not of trams? we have winged the bullet, messenger of death, on credit—why not borrow a little for the speedy promulgation and the wide dispersion of the means of life? The debt, unlike most debts, would prove a source of wealth. There are some calculations in a letter in the *Times*, signed Philopaupe, which it does one good to repeat:—

“It is estimated with tolerable correctness that the annual consumption of fat bullocks in the metropolis amounts to 150,000, and that the average distance each beast is brought to Smithfield market is 100 miles, and the loss of value from the fatigue of the journey is at least 40s. per head, that is, 300,000*l.* per annum.

“The number of sheep brought is 1,500,000, the average loss on each from the same cause is 5s. per head, which amounts to 375,000*l.*: thus here is entirely lost of animal food 675,000*l.* per annum by an imperfect mode of conveyance; and injured as much in quality as it is reduced in quantity.

“London, which is now the dearest, would become the cheapest market in England; provisions would not cost more than one farthing per pound carriage to the markets. The greatest part of the cattle and sheep would be



killed in the country, and sent in dead meat to the metropolis, superior in quality, and undiminished in quantity; and that which would remain from the offal, as good manure in the country, would no longer be brought to the great slaughterhouses in London, spreading pestilence around as far as its noxious influence extended."

These are important considerations: but it is not a mere affair of butchers' meat. It is whether the whole country shall beat with one uniform pulse, feel its whole strength, and rise to a state of equal and universally diffused prosperity. It is now hamstrung: its ligaments are loose and broken: it is out of joint:—one part is labouring under repletion—another of starvation: the fluids in one part are stagnant—at another raging and racing at the heat of fever.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED.—On the trial of Cook, the murderer of Mr. Paas, some request was made on behalf of the prisoner. The Judge answered, that he could not accede to it; but his Lordship expressly "wished the prisoner to understand, that it was out of *no want of kindness* to him, but he dared not introduce a novelty in the administration of justice." Then the Judge abounded with kindness for whom?—for the blackest criminal that ever disgraced humanity—for the cold-blooded murderer of a quiet, respectable man, who had never done him injury, or in any way provoked his wrath, and who afterwards, with all possible *sang froid*, roasted his miserable remains. Why did the Judge, then, exhibit so much overflowing kindness? simply because the man was about to die. Read Mr. Wakefield's book, his "Annals of Newgate," and see with what affectionate attention the occupants of the condemned cells are treated—how the gaolers feast them—how they press their hands, nay, shed tears, and beg last requests of the worst of criminals, in whom all crime is forgotten. The heterodox chaplain sings hymns, and rejoices that a lost lamb is about to be folded. The criminal glories in his salvation, and seems to feel a superiority over the wretched "unsaved" about him. His merits are confessed by inferior criminals, only doomed to banishment; and there is not a hardened turnkey that does not on the occasion lend his voice, and tear, and brawny fist, to swell the triumph of the occasion. The morning of execution does not display a wretched malefactor creeping to ignominy and death, but a victim awaiting the altar. His head is bound with a fillet as for sacrifice, officials crowd round to grasp the soon-to-be-dead hand, and sheriffs and chaplains all seem to be playing inferior parts to the *star* of the grand ceremony. Certainly he is the principal performer; but why all this respect, tenderness, nay, veneration? The secret is laid open in the following sentence of an uncouth but philosophical writer:—

"*Death is ever a sublimity* and supernatural wonder were there no other left. The last act of a most strange drama, which is not dramatic, but has now become real; wherein, miraculously, furies, God-missioned, have, in actual person, risen from his abyss, and do verily dance there in that terror of all terrors, and wave their dusky-glaring torches, and shake their serpent hair; out of which heart-thrilling, so authentically-tragic fifth act, there goes, as we have said, a new meaning over all the other four, making them likewise tragic, and authentic, and memorable, in some measure, were they formerly the sorriest pickle-herring farce."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xix. p. 2.

Thus is man, by the near approach of death, raised above manhood and its taints. "Death is a sublimity," and the actor in it a hero. The feeling of the truth of this pervades every one,—the reporter who describes the trial, the jury who brings in the verdict, and the judge who condemns him to death. Listen how tenderly his feelings are consulted, and how accurately and nicely is his personal appearance laid down. How Miss Payne and Miss Owston watched the expression of his countenance, and noted the air of elevated sanctity with which, as it were, he looks down upon his own trial! The murderer in his dock seems to have thought that his position raised him above all the world, and the busy people toiling at his conviction were miserable wretched mortals, wandering and straggling at the foot of the hill, to the pinnacle of which he had been raised, and from which he was about to wing an immortal flight.

When leaving the bar, Cook took no notice of the Court; he regarded only Miss Payne, who sat near the Judge: to her he kissed his murderous hand redolent of his New Zealand festival: not however was this winged kiss either given or taken thus; to the eyes of the angelic Miss Payne he would seem a joyous bridegroom just stepping on the threshold of immortal bliss: and he himself doubtless had none but a spiritual recognition of her who had prayed with him in his dungeon, prayed for him in her solitude, and, in short, thus raised him, while in life, above death: she has still to wander some time longer in this vale of tears—she has not yet committed murder—and he felt his superiority and showed it gallantly:—

"As soon as his Lordship's address was concluded, the gaoler was ordered to remove the prisoner. The gaoler accordingly touched the prisoner by the arm, on which he turned round, and having kissed his hand to Miss Payne, he withdrew with a quiet, firm, self-possessed manner."

WHO IS SANE?—There have been persons of so unamiable a turn as to detest all mankind; but they made up for this absence of general benevolence by a particular devotion to one individual of the species,—generally themselves. Self-attachment varies a good deal in degree; the extremes are insanity. When a man's selfishness absorbs every feeling of his heart, the malady is ultimately treated in an asylum. The other extreme is likewise madness. When a man loathes life, attempts to hang his body, and arranges that, after death, it may be treated with all possible vileness, the case is equally clear. The other day, a gentleman at Portsmouth made his will, and bequeathed his body to a surgeon, 'to be anatomized, skeletonized, or otherwise appropriated to such surgical operations as he may deem proper.' This was not done out of a love to science, but from a contempt of self, as is proved by an after-clause:—

'On my decease, you will send to Mr. Martell to remove the carcass, to be disposed of as he may think fit. In case Mr. Martell does not remove the carcass within twenty-four hours after my decease, you will offer it to any other professional person, and in the event of your not getting a customer, you will cause it to be sewn up in old canvass, and to be sunk off St. Helen's or the Needles, as the tide may suit, always observing to confine the expense within 2*l*.'

The opprobrious terms "carcass" and "customer," and the limitation of the expense, prove that the individual was speaking of a thing he

despised; viz. himself—his own person: the medium of all his hopes, joys, and, in short, the condition of his existence. A great branch of insanity has three remarkable stages, all being inversions of the affections—the first laughing at that which is shocking to the feelings of others—next taking a dislike to the objects previously esteemed: the last and most outrageous is a self-disgust—a loathing of life, and a hatred of the depository of existence. Hermits, and anchorites of antiquity, were, in all probability, insane persons, who had become disgusted with objects formerly beloved. Trappism is a sort of insanity. Self-mortification of the violent sort, when sincerely indulged, is of the same genus of feeling as that exhibited by the gentleman at Portsmouth, Mr. Forrester. Many of the greatest tyrants, those, for instance, whose luxury was cruelty, and who spent their time in devising modes of inflicting sufferings, were throned madmen in the second degree; themselves labouring under an inversion of the affections from physical causes, probably: madness, in fact, is much more generally diffused than is supposed; and Dr. Haslam was not so far wrong, when he said, that none were of sane mind but God. This speech, for which Dr. Haslam has been accused of madness himself, has not been understood. It is a Swedenborgian maxim; with this sect the idea of Deity is an all-powerful and all-perfect man: he is all love and reason—and any departure from the model is so much unsoundness. Now, as no man can approach the Divine type, we are all more or less unsound, and hence Dr. Haslam's speech, which so puzzled Mr. Pollock. Lawyers, especially a lawyer in first-rate practice, is not likely to know much about so ethereal a class as the Swedenborgians.

**LOOKING AFTER A HORSE AND CHAISE.**—"Mr. Simpson, grocer, at Kennington, had a horse to sell, and on Tuesday last a man came to inquire the price, and other usual particulars, purporting that he came from a commercial man, a friend of Mr. Simpson. No suspicion was entertained, and it being supposed all was right, Mr. Simpson borrowed of his next-door neighbour, Mr. Todd, cheesemonger, his light cart, and of his neighbour, Mr. Brooks, sadler, a set of harness, in order that the man might try the paces of the horse in harness. He then said he would drive to Vauxhall-bridge and back, and the neighbours, who were desirous to see the action of the horse, kept a sharp look-out for his returning, but to the great disappointment of Mr. Simpson, neither horse, harness, nor man, has been heard of since."

No suspicion is ever entertained by a tradesman who wants money: the risks these persons run, relying upon the prison and the police, is perfectly wonderful. They remind us of the Arabian story: a man laid down to rest himself on the road, and, while asleep, he was robbed of a treasure, and came before the Pacha of the district to complain of the theft. "How came you to sleep?" said the Pacha.—"I thought you were always awake," answered the traveller.

**LEGAL SUBTILITIES.**—"Attempt to bribe a Judge.—At the assizes for Cardiganshire, the defendant in an action sent a statement of his case to the Judge (Mr. Justice Alderson), at his lodgings, accompanied by a 10*l.* note. On entering the court, the learned Judge made a declaration of what he had received, and intimated that he should place the letter in the hands of the Attorney-General, and instruct him to prosecute the offender. Ultimately, however, the Judge returned the money, and cautioned the defendant against trying such an experiment again."

Here was a poor fellow nearly punished for drawing a false inference. He had had, probably, little intercourse with the world, and all he knew of law was, probably, in the shape of payment. His attorney would not move without a fee, his advocate was silent without a fee, his witnesses would refuse to stir without their expenses being paid, and the very man who administered the oath to them must be paid: why, then, should the Judge be the solitary person in the court uninfluenced by fee? If he had ever attended the courts, he would see advocates now on one side, and now on another—for money—and then soon after be made Judges: it was beyond the native Welchman's understanding how such a magic change could take place in a man merely by changing his seat and the fashion of his wig. The other day, even a Judge in Chancery was astonished at the quickness with which an advocate had changed sides: he smiled—for a thing of the kind was only to be smiled at by an experienced Judge—and asked, since when Mr. — had been retained on that side, for he had appeared on the other in the morning. These metamorphoses may well puzzle a rustic ill read in legal entomology, and we think Judge Alderson only showed his good sense by abandoning the harsher measure, returning the money, and administering a suitable admonition.

**LITERARY EXCHANGE.**—It was sometime ago suggested by the French Government, when under the liberal guidance of Martignac, that the books of each country should be exchanged: that in return for the publications of France, we should send over those of England. A French littérateur, M. Buchon, the editor of the *Chroniques of France*, was sent over to propose the plan; but we then had a government that cared for none of these things. M. Buchon returned to Paris *re infecto*. The project was a noble one,—a worthy sign of the times; an intercourse due to the nineteenth century; a pledge of enlightened amity and good understanding. It has now been again taken up, and the plan of purchasing the eleventh copy now given to the University of St. Andrews—also a feature of the former plan—has been adopted, if not already carried into execution. The University consents to barter its privilege for 500*l.* per annum; they conceive that 500*l.* judiciously laid out in the purchase of books, instruments, and maps will be worth more to them than the indiscriminate collection of books they have now a claim to, whether they receive them or not. Some have objected to this arrangement. It was said that it was the University's poverty, and not its will that had consented. It was, of course, a consideration of profit and loss with the heads of the University, whether the books or the money were most useful to them; but it is not here that the real objection lies. The act provides that a copy of every work published in England shall be forwarded to the University of St. Andrews for the encouragement of learning. If the sending of these copies does not encourage learning, then should the act be repealed. There may be some shew of reason for the literary world being taxed for the encouragement of learning, but there is none why authors and booksellers should be taxed to the amount of 500*l.* a-year for the benefit of St. Andrews: such a scheme is preposterously unjust, and needs only to be stated nakedly to be received with indignation. We are not surprised that the booksellers should have petitioned the House to postpone

the arrangement until the next session, when probably they will contrive to have the whole question brought before the House. The Bishop of London stated that there were other societies willing to give up their claim for as little as 300*l.* a-year; so that it will be seen that the donation of a copy of each printed work is not very highly valued: in fact, it operates as a most pernicious tax in this way, that it is most oppressive on the proprietors of books, and does no one any good, at least, the good is very small, if any. The British Museum's copy is, perhaps, the only one for which there is anything to be said; but if a national library is of national use, the nation ought to pay for it, and not solely the producers of the beneficial article. But what possible argument can be used for the Sion College Library,—an obscure room near old London Wall, to which only the clergy of the *city* of London have access, and of which privilege they very rarely avail themselves. Of how very slender a use this library is may be inferred by the establishment of the well-chosen library of the London Institution, the handsome mansion of which stands within a stone's throw of the other poor, obscure, cobwebbed hole. Cambridge, with its rich university chest, its wealthy foundations, and rich livings, has as little claim on the poor authors. In a university, as may well be supposed, all books published ought not to find a place. In the University of Cambridge, accordingly, there is a condemned apartment which rarely sees the light: here are crammed the thousands of grammars, of novels, of elementary works, of every description, with loads of ephemeral publications, which it is absolutely a dead robbery to take from the author, and then shut up in eternal darkness.

**EDITORIAL DUELLING.**—The Parisians are establishing a summary libel law. The editor who ventures to animadvert on a class, is challenged thirty deep—which is an awful species of censorship. Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well; at Paris they seek it at the bottom of a bullet wound. The ordeal in the late case of the *Temps*, however, ended in favour of the editor: the Commissary of Police—the first of a numerous body of challengers for the same offence—bit the dust, and is since dead. If editors are to have their errata thus corrected, they must either be very careful of what they print, or they must cast their old types into balls. Hitting a mark will be quite as necessary as pointing a period: reporters and paragraph-mongers must be as often seen at the shooting-gallery as in the gallery of the House of Commons. It will be dangerous to enter a newspaper establishment on the leisure days, for, in the absence of rumours, the printers will amuse themselves with reports. The editors and sub-editors will stick up their unsold numbers for targets, and he who shall hole the stamp-mark will be considered to have hit the bull's-eye, and be held to have so far broken up the taxes on knowledge. Thus editors will be as dangerous on days of ball-practice, as on days of publication; and a man whose character is shot through and through, if he goes to the office to complain may chance to have his thorax perforated as well. Hostilities have, however, on this side of the water, scarcely commenced: and where they have, it must be said, little resentment has been exhibited on the part of beaten journalists. This affair of M. Coste and M. Benoit demonstrates the greater freedom of the press in England than in Paris. Had the

liberty of finding fault with the manner in which orders had been distributed among the commissaries of police been indulged in by an English paper on English magistrates, the remark would have been thought perfectly legitimate, and, so far from being fought about, would not have been even answered, unless by some paper in the opposite interest. This is, surely, far more rational than Mr. Roe, and Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Chambers, rushing into the offices of the *Chronicle* or the *Examiner*, cursing the publisher, abusing the clerks, and challenging the editors to mortal combat. Where would be the use of Mr. Roe evading his own officers, and skulking to Chalk Farm some dewy morning, in order to slaughter Mr. Black, because of the acrimony of his remarks on a police case? In this matter, at least, we order these things better than in France, as anybody will see who reads the following paragraph, and chooses to substitute English for foreign names.

"On Wednesday a meeting took place between M. Coste, editor of the *Temps*, and M. Benoit, Commissary of Police, in consequence of the scene which took place on Sunday. M. Benoit was attended by M. Nay, chief clerk of the private office of the Prefecture of Police, and M. Haymonet, another commissary. The seconds to M. Coste were Dr. Pasquier and M. V. Schoeler, a man of letters. The parties were placed at fifty paces from each other, with an understanding that they were to advance to the distance of twenty paces. Both having arrived at this point, M. Benoit desired M. Coste to fire first; this, however, he declined, and the seconds desired that they should fire together at a signal. The two shots went off within a second of each other; the ball of M. Benoit went through the collar of the coat of M. Coste, while that of the latter entered the right side of his adversary, and went through his body, coming out on the left side about three inches higher. M. Benoit was immediately conveyed to the infirmary of the King's household, where he died.

HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR POTATOES?—This is the close of a love-letter printed in the newspapers, in the report of an action for Breach of Promise, and which, when read in court, was received with universal laughter. It is not a heroic expression, and would not shine as a brilliant in the speech or epistle of an Orondates; but it was doubtless considered by the parties *ad rem*,—and this is certainly a charm in a love-letter. But the fate of this kind of writing is unenviable: love-letters, as they are called, are sure to be laughed at, whether they begin—like the schoolmaster's letter as furnished to Tom Pipes—"Divine empress of my soul!"—or close with a benevolent and pertinent inquiry as to the state of the potato-supply. Why is it that men so invariably make themselves ridiculous in this style of composition? The fact is, that the writer is generally a hypocrite. He conceives that there is a conventional degree of ardour required, and he therefore lashes himself up to it, and succeeds now and then in rattling out a vow or declaration of vehement attachment,—nay, he sometimes contrives to diffuse through the whole a general tropical temperature. But the whole being *falsetto*, an inferior performer necessarily breaks down into the natural tone occasionally, which produces a most discordant effect,—an effect scarcely jarring on the ear of an intended full of hope and charity, but which, read in a cold-hearted and crowded court, where ridicule concentrates into a passion, the dissonance almost cracks the dome. The venerable justice, with his gouty shoe and flowing wig, is the first to "twig" the absurd,

and a smile on his countenance acts like a torch to gunpowder upon the explosive crowd. Genuine feeling, true enthusiasm, will stand the test even of a police office or a court of justice, but there is no surer touchstone of the false in feeling than a crowd. A break-down in eloquence, a hypocritical sentiment, or an overstrained expression of feeling, beyond the occasion and the reality, before a large audience, whose natural feelings are not restrained, jars from bosom to bosom, and produces a regular volume of discord. Every election crowd, when they are rational enough to listen, furnishes abundant confirmation of our remarks. J

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.—A gentleman the other day meeting an unhappy vagabond, pretty nearly destitute of either the manufactures of Manchester cottons or Leeds woollens, insisted upon exchanging attire. The beggar was instantly clothed in an elegant suit of broad-cloth, in boots of Wellington, and hat of Bond-street, while the gentleman proceeded in robes which it is needless to particularize: suffice it to declare, that they exposed more than they covered. This charitable person was immediately taken before the police magistrates. So much for the wild scheme of practically following up the precepts of the Gospel in these degenerate days. The magistrate took for granted that the individual had gone mad with charity; and the example was so unusual that we need not be surprized. It must be allowed that these magistrates see piety under no amiable guise. If ever there occurs a swindler of especial mischief he is sure to have assumed the sacred cognomen of Reverend. The other day a fellow, who seems to be a most particular rogue, read the Bible or a Prayer-book during the whole of his examination, and instead of answering questions, read chapters to the police. Indeed the rogues have grown excessively religious of late: the fact is, they are quick and clever at feeling the public pulse, which, *at the present moment*, owing partly to Moore's Almanack and partly to the cholera, *beats high just now*—we will not say with the pure spirit of Christianity, but with fanaticism. Never were there so many tub preachers—never were there so many open-air conventicles—never were there so many decent-looking persons going about proclaiming the advent of the day of judgment. The open space before the old King's Mews is never destitute of a preacher and his *entourage*—sometimes there are two—one and all pointing to the empyrean, shouting with all force, as about to make the welkin crack, and invoking or deprecating, as it may happen, the wrath of heaven upon a sinful generation. These fanatics *may* be mad, but it is singular that they know their times as the reaper knows when the corn is ripe. The cholera prepares souls for heaven, and they deem it their duty to garner up the harvest. Wherever there comes a shock of cholera, so surely does there arrive a swarm of preachers. This is no plot—no sacred conspiracy: it is human nature. Agitation of spirit upsets the brain that previously was in a state of balance, and only waited some kick from the capricious times.

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## The Lion's Mouth.

“ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.”—*Horat.*

[Communications for the New Monthly Magazine must be addressed “To the Editors, &c., at the Publishers’, 8, New Burlington Street.” Letters or papers transmitted to any other place, or with any other direction, *cannot* be attended to: upon this point we must be peremptory.]

### CONTINENTAL CHIT-CHAT.

**FRANCE AND ITALY.**—*Miscellaneous; Literary, Dramatic, Operatic, &c.*—The new opera “*La Tentation*,” has produced at Paris a very great sensation. The music is, in most instances, of that character which may be emphatically denominated dramatic, and, therefore, of course, specially adapted to the stage, and the choruses are worked up with considerable skill. Amongst the *infernal* scenes, (which are chiefly adapted from Dante, Milton, or Callot,) there is one deserving of particular mention. The demons, aware of man’s peculiar weaknesses, are desirous of creating a female, for the purpose of seducing a certain holy hermit, whom they have sworn to make their prey. A cauldron is exhibited upon the stage, into which they throw a variety of grotesque objects, such as monkeys, black-cats, screech-owls, and other matters, not dissimilar to the ingredients of the witches’ “hell-broth” in Macbeth. Ontrageous laughter and dire lamentation are both made use of in composing their charm; but the materials seem badly chosen, for, instead of a seductive female, the fruit of their unhallowed incantation is a hideous monster. This, with much ado, they return into the cauldron, and fresh ingredients are infused, of a milder character—such as the distillation of roses, and other sweet substances, whereupon, in due time, forth springs Madlle. Duvernay—lively, graceful, and endowed with all those charms the mischief-makers could desire. She has, however, still to be *completed*; and the busy crew of demons set to work to instruct her in the use of the five senses, in the various arts of deceit, &c. This scene is altogether managed most ingeniously; and Duvernay acquits herself in it with surprising tact, and, at the same time, bewitching delicacy. It is said that the production of this opera has cost M. Verron 150,000 francs. Its decorations and costumes are certainly of the most splendid description; and those parts of the drama which trench upon the supernatural are got up with a display and force of illusion quite remarkable. Despite the cholera and all other existing evils, the volatile Parisians, unable to resist *Temptation*, flock in crowds to *assist* at this spectacle, and its success will doubtless attract the notice either of M. Laporte, or some other of our chief theatrical potentates.

M. Raban, a French *littérateur*, whose compositions are characterized by a great portion of *esprit*, has just put forth “*La Vie d’un Soldat*,” in four vols., wherein he presents the reader with a very piquant, and, in many respects, a very faithful picture of the various adventures, amatory, and otherwise, of a child of war. This work appeals powerfully to the attention of all those who delight in anecdotes of a lively nature, told without parade, and evidently with great gusto on the part of the narrator. Two other romances have appeared almost simultaneously—namely, “*La Cour des Miracles*,” and “*La Cour d’Assises*,” of these we cannot say much; they are not calculated for any class of readers in particular, and we much fear that, like many other things of a general nature, their fate will be to be overlooked by all.

A work was published the other day entitled “*Mélanges sur les Langues Dialectes et Patois*,” wherein (referring to France) it is stated that, by about 29,000,000 of French subjects their native language is spoken, but in upwards of *seventy different dialects*: of the remainder (about 2,500,000), 1,140,000



speak German, 1,050,000 Celtic (in Britany), 188,000 *Cantabue*, 188,000 Italian, and 177,000 Flemish.

The favourite actors, Messrs. Borage and Eric-Bernard, have involved themselves in rather an unpleasant dilemma. Forgetful of a maxim which all public performers would do well to imprint upon their minds—namely, that they should avoid mixing prominently in any matters of political tendency—they contrived to attract a good deal of notice in a manner foreign to their calling: in a word, they became marked men during the recent *événemens*. Both are consequently placed under arrest. They have received permission, indeed, to act in fulfilment of their engagements, but under certain curious restrictions, which considerably lessen, at times, the effect of the parts they assume: for instance, they are on no occasion permitted to *descend a trap*, or to go from the stage in any other mysterious way, lest they should be lost by a party of *gens-d'armes* who are constantly in attendance, and keeping watchful eye over these unfortunate heroes of the sock and buskin.

A Madlle. Falcon has made a very successful début lately at Paris. Theatrical annals appear to have enrolled but few triumphs of so complete a nature. This lady, we will venture to predict, has, if her life be spared, a long and brilliant career before her. She is at once a delightful cantatrice, an excellent actress, and (what is no less *virtuous* than either) a young and beautiful girl, possessing a physiognomy both expressive and noble.

M. Barthelémy, who has doubtless acquired, as a poet, considerable celebrity, has discontinued the publication of his poetical journal, "*La Némésis*," which in fact only succeeded, for a time, through party spirit, and not by virtue of intrinsic merit. Fearful, however, of being forgotten by the public, this gentleman has followed up his abandoned journal, by a poem entitled "*Les Douze Journées de la Révolution*," which is certainly superior to its predecessor, containing, indeed, some good verses and lofty thoughts, but they want glow and inspiration, and the reader arises from their perusal with perhaps a satisfied judgment, but a heart untouched.

A French translation will shortly appear, in one 8vo volume, of "Lady Blessington's Conversations and Correspondence with Lord Byron," extracted from the pages of the New Monthly Magazine.

Two very interesting, and, in fact, meritorious works have lately appeared connected with the drama, entitled "*Le Musée Théâtral*," and "*L'Album de l'Opéra*." They each consist of *illustrations* of the most successful pieces lately performed, and comprise minute delineations of the costume, decorations, and scenery of the respective dramas; thus furnishing a manual highly useful to professors of the drama, and extremely entertaining to amateurs.

So great is the enthusiasm felt in the French capital for Meyerbeer's really grand opera, that a linendraper in the Rue de Richelieu has lately opened a very elegant establishment, to which he has given the striking designation "Au Robert le Diable."

At a late performance of a new piece called "*La Tour de Nesli*," at the moment when *Buritan* (Bocage) repeats to the Queen, Margaret, (whose prisoner he has become,) the question "By what tribunal am I to be judged?" one of the deities of the gallery exclaimed "*By the Council of War!*" Thunders of applause followed this prompt reply, and the actor was for a moment thrown off his guard.

A charming volume has just been presented to the public entitled "*Mes Souvenirs de Bonheur, ou Neuf Mois en Italie*," by M. Jubincourt. Not contented with presenting to the lovers of literature and the arts an instructive and amusing itinerary, M. J. has endeavoured, and successfully too, to render his book a *romantic* companion for that lovely sex, whose members, in exploring the fairy scenes of Italy, would be most prone to give loose to emotions of a fanciful and sentimental cast.

The vaudevilles of that prolific author, Scribe, may be said (metaphorically speaking) to resound in echoes from the Boulevard Bonne Mound even to the feet of the Scandinavian Alps. In their various translations, they

delight at once the natives of England, Germany, Sweden, Russia, &c., &c., when by the people of France—nay, by the author himself,—they may have long become forgotten. If an attempt were made to follow the route of any one of these vaudevilles, the whole tour of Europe might be completed, and perhaps, at the expiration of some eighteen months after starting, the traveller would just arrive in Stockholm in time to witness its first representation.

A new romance just published, entitled "*Indiana*" (by a M. Sand) has excited great interest in the *salons*. It is throughout full of dramatic expression, the most touching eloquence and extraordinary *dénoiemens*.

Among the most curious of the Parisian literary productions of recent date is a "*Poème sur le Coléra-Morbus, ses Progrès depuis les Indes jusqu'à Paris, au fait de son intensité.*"

"*Le Favori, ou La Cour de Cathérine II.*" has obtained the most decided success at the Théâtre de Vaudeville. M. Ancelot is the author, and the piece has been got up with both taste and expense. The same author has also just produced "*La Créance d'Auna,*" which was likewise much applauded. The new vaudevilles have been numerous lately—some of them very good, others so-so. "*Franklin à Paris*" is light and diverting, "*Père et Citoyen, ou le Patriote de Modène,*" by Sauvage, is full of interest. M. Scribe's " *Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme, ou les Mauvais Conseils,*" is not likely to add much to his fame. Two other new pieces—one by P. de Koek, "*Un de Plus,*" the other "*Tout pour ma Fille,*" deserve honourable notice.

In France, the game of dominoes gives rise to almost as many wagers as that of chess does in other countries. Very recently, a great player at the game has sent forth a general challenge to play ten days successively, three hours each day, for a wager of a thousand francs.

At Venice, Pacini's opera of "*Ivanhoe,*" lately produced, has given so much satisfaction, that even on its third representation wreaths and verses were showered down on the head of the composer. "*Robert le Diable*" has been translated into Italian, and is already in possession of several managers.

In Parma, a new opera will shortly appear, by a young composer named Ricci, under the title of "*The Heroine of Mexico.*"

Donizetti has brought forth, at the *Scala* of Milan, a new opera called "*L'Ilissirio d'Amore,*" which has been received with unusual demonstrations of delight. The acting of Dlle. Heinefetter, Genero, &c., has contributed materially towards its success.

In Göttingen, an eminent but eccentric antiquarian, among other singular notions, has formed that of dividing the various sciences, according to the ratio of the advantages he conceives them calculated to produce to their professors. Accordingly, he has constructed the following curious scale:—

1st Class.	{ Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Theology . . . }	<i>Bread and Honour!</i>
2nd "	Metaphysics, Logic . . .	<i>No Bread, and no Honour!</i>
3rd "	Poetry, Mathematics . . .	<i>Honour—no Bread!</i>
4th "	Law, Agriculture, &c. . .	<i>Bread—no Honour!</i>

The city of Posen, in Hungary, has just been presented with a most magnificent gift by the Count Racznski, consisting of his valuable, or rather invaluable Library, containing nearly 20,000 volumes, in all languages; to which he has added, most munificently, his splendid palace, and the sum of 20,000 dollars, hard cash. This is, indeed, "the gift of a Prince!"

**RUCTIVE TENDENCY OF NEWSPAPERS.** *To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen, You are, I am sure, always prepared to do full justice to the value of the newspaper press, and to give currency to any remarkable proof of its utility as a channel for intelligence. The fol-

lowing is a most notable instance of its high importance as a medium of communicating facts, and teaches us in what estimation that mighty engine should be held which is employed in telling the inhabitants of one part of the world what is going on in the other:—'In the garden of Mr. Colbatch, at Rose Hill, just above the Zoological Gardens, a pair of blackbirds have this year built no less than six nests, and in each instance have reared their nestlings. The last brood are now ready to fly.'—*Brighton Herald*. How grateful we ought to be to the *Brighton Herald* for announcing this singular fact, and to the editors of the London papers for having given it a more extensive circulation by transferring it into their own columns! How important it is that the whole country should know the proceedings of Mr. Colbatch's blackbirds, and be enlightened as to the number of their nests, with a detail of the amount of their broods of nestlings—the intelligence, that '*the last brood are now ready to fly*,' cannot be too highly praised, as it furnishes to the reader a little local knowledge on a very minute point; and, doubtless, some amateur naturalists will take advantage of the exactness of the information to hasten to Rose Hill, in time to witness the highly interesting exhibition. I am, Gentlemen, your most faithful servant,

"ANTI-BLACKBIRDUS."

THE OLD CASTLE.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen, it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, and it is a very bad riot indeed which does not eventually prove to the interest of somebody. At Leicester, on Thursday, the Duke of Newcastle obtained a verdict for 21,000*l.* against the hundred of Broxlowe, for the destruction of Nottingham Castle in October last. The damage done to the 'dreary pile' has been estimated at the various sums of thirty-two, twenty-one, and fifteen thousand pounds. The first of these sums was the amount suggested by the Duke's *private architect*; the second was fixed upon by Mr. Cubitt; while the last estimate was made by two provincial surveyors. Whatever may be the real value of the old castle, the Duke can have no reason to complain of not having good interest for his money, for he has at any rate got 21,000*l.* out of a hundred. I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"LEONARD LOOK-OUT."

THE FLORENTINE.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen,—We have heard of men who could swallow the most deadly poisons, without feeling any deleterious effect; we have seen salamanders who could handle a red-hot poker with the *nonchalance* of a person taking up a walking-stick, but an *unsinkable*—a man possessing the property of *insubmersibility*—is a prodigy that was, till lately, unknown in the long and various catalogue of human curiosities.

"A Florence journal contains the following:—'M. Moccia, a priest, aged fifty years, distinguished for his great classical knowledge, possesses in an extraordinary degree the gift of *insubmersibility*. Whether thrown into the most rapid currents, into the raging sea, or violent whirlpools, he never fails to come to the surface; and, if the weather be sultry, he floats upon the waves with his arms crossed, and indulges in the most tranquil sleep, turning first on one side and then on the other, as if reposing on a bed of down. The secret of this buoyancy is, that M. Moccia weighs thirty pounds less than a volume of water of the same measurement as his body.'

"Moccia is without doubt one of the oddest fishes in the creation, if one half be true which appears respecting him in the Florence journal—the ocean is to him a mere cradle, in which he manages with a breaker in place of a bolster, and a wave for a featherbed. It seems rather harsh to experimentize with the old gentleman by pitching him into rapid currents, raging seas, and violent whirlpools; for though he may contrive to keep above water, he may not find it quite so easy to steer, and contrary winds might drive him the Lord knows where, as he must of necessity be conveyed in that direction towards which the eccentric gambols of father Neptune may

have a tendency to wash him. It might be a curious experiment to fit up the holy father with a light sail, if he would consent that (to use a vulgar phrase) such a *rig* should be run upon him. He might then take advantage of the winds by tacking, and be able regularly to navigate the sea he now can only float upon.

"One would imagine to hear of his feats that he must be a mere *buoy* (boy), although the Florence paper informs us that his age is above fifty. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your's most obediently."

**TORY TACTICS.**—To the Editors of the *New Monthly Magazine*.—Gentlemen,—Petticoat influence is, it seems, to be called into operation on behalf of the Tories at the ensuing election, as the following copy of a handbill, circulated at Norwich, will testify:—

"To the Ladies of Norwich.—"None but the brave deserve the fair."—If ever the sweets of social virtue, the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of *your* country—*your* cause. If ever the feelings of a parent, wife, sister, friend, or lover, had a sympathy with the *public* virtue, now is *your* time to indulge the *fonder* passion. If ever you felt for the ruin and disgrace of England, and for the *miseries and deprivations* occasioned by the obnoxious Reform Bill, you are called on by the most tender and affectionate tie in nature to exert *your* persuasive influence on the mind of a father, brother, husband, or lover; tell them not to seek filial duty, congenial regard, matrimonial comfort, nor *tender compliance*, till they have saved *your* country from *perdition*!—*posterity* from *slavery*! History furnishes us with instances of *female patriotism*! equal to any in the page of *war* and politics. O! may the generous and beatific charms of female persuasion prevail with the *citizens of Norwich*, to espouse the cause of real liberty—of

'STORMONT AND SCARLETT.'

"That a volley of rubbish like this should proceed from a boy but lately escaped from school is, at any rate, within the scope of credibility; but that the name of a sober old Ex-Attorney-General should be appended to a sentimental appeal to the fond passions of mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers, is a fact which would hardly have been supposed to be possible.

"Sir James, it must be acknowledged, pleads better before juries than he does to the fair sex; for, surely, not even the silliest of women could be imposed on by the trash which bears the signature of the Norwich Tory candidates.

"If ever the sweets of social virtue,' say these gallant champions of the close borough system, 'the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of *your* country—*your* cause.' The idea of exercising female breasts to the advantage of the country is, at all events, original, and the hint in the following paragraph, that 'now is the time to indulge the fonder passion,' is of exceedingly questionable morality. The influence of the Norwich ladies is demanded on behalf of Toryism over fathers, brothers, husbands, or lovers. Woe unto the parent who refuses to vote for Scarlett and Stormont! for he will, should their request be complied with, find his child undutiful; a brother who does not happen to be an anti-reformer, must relinquish his claims on the affection of his sister; a husband who cannot see the beauty of close boroughs, must be tormented by a shrew for a wife; and the unhappy lover who does not happen to be imbued with conservative principles, must be doomed to bear the frowns of his *inamorata*.

"The rhapsody about 'the beatific charms of female persuasion,' in the concluding paragraph, is really too bad. What will the two Ladies S. say to find their husbands talking in this way about the generous fair ones of Norwich? Your's, obediently."

**CHOLERA IN IRELAND.**—Gentlemen, I landed lately at Waterford and slept at a gentleman's house in the vicinity of the city. We were suddenly alarmed in the middle of the night by a violent knocking at the door, and supposed we were visited by the Terry Alts, but we found it was a more friendly visitation. A man breathless with haste rushed in, and thrusting a little stick into the hand of a servant, prayed him to send it on to the next house, and then disappeared. We now discovered that this was the *Kippeen* which, like the fiery cross, was sped from house to house, and was used as a specific against the cholera. It was a small bit of wood burnt on one side, and quenched in a font of holy water. It was sent indiscriminately to people of all religious persuasions, and no one who received it at any hour of the day or night, delayed a moment to forward it to his neighbour, as a certain and only mode of staying the pestilence. We found next day that so universal had been the circulation of the kippeen, and so numerous were the messengers, that 20*l.* had been received in halfpence at the toll-house on the bridge in a few hours, by the bearers of this charm, from persons in the county of Kilkenny to their friends in the county of Waterford.

But a still more efficacious specific than the kippeen was found in Kilkenny. I learned in passing through that no case of cholera had occurred in that populous town, while all those around were infected, and a cordon of distemper was drawn as it were in a circle about it. This singular exemption was attributed to the vapour exhaled from Kilkenny coal in the process of burning. It is a fuel which certainly possesses properties very different from any other known carbonaceous substance. The gas extracted is not sulphureous, but carbonic, and is as highly dangerous as that in the grotto "*Del Cane*," when breathed in a close room; in fact it is the same kind of gas. It is very possible that this active and deleterious vapour, may have a powerful effect in killing infection; and from the universal use of the coal in the town, the whole atmosphere may be as effectually fumigated, as the wards of an hospital by oxygen. I was further assured by a medical man, that not only this city had hitherto escaped the disease, but that every village in the county was more or less exempt in proportion as they used the fuel. If this effect be found to be certain and permanent, it may afford important information.

When I arrived in Dublin, a still more extraordinary circumstance took place than even that of the kippeen or the coal. The people in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Chapel, in Martin Street, were alarmed at midnight by hearing the bell sound inside, as if in the celebration of mass. The sacristan, or clerk, was immediately summoned from his bed, and on opening the door, he was astonished to see the high altar lighted up, and hear the bell still tinging, but could perceive no one. The officiating priest was now called on, and when he entered the chapel he saw a vision which was hidden from other eyes. Before the high altar was a radiant figure in white, which being abjured by the clergy, to declare what was meant, said, that the cholera was a visitation for the sins of the people, and he was sent to warn them of it: that it had now appeared twice in a mild and moderate form, as a salutary monition to the people; but if they despised it, and did not repent and reform, it would come a third time, and utterly depopulate the country. The figure then vanished, the bell ceased, the lights were extinguished, and the priest and the clerk were left together in silence and darkness. "I tell this tale as it was told to me," and as it is now universally believed by the people of the middle and lower classes. A large font of water has been blessed in the chapel in consequence, and is sold at an advanced price to the pious, who provide themselves with a bottle of it, as a specific still better than either of the former at Waterford or Kilkenny. Your obedient servant,

T. B. S.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1, 1832.

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## THE POLITICIAN, NO. IV.

OUR OWN POLITICS—ARE WE SUFFICIENTLY BOLD?—CLASS OF BRAWLERS DESIGNATED—THE CANDIDATES—THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME MEN OF THE RANK OF OPERATIVES IN PARLIAMENT—REASONS WHY—LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE BALLOT—SELF-INTEREST GOVERNS ALL MEN—A STATE OF THINGS OF WHICH LEGISLATORS OUGHT NOT TO COMPLAIN, BUT BY WHICH THEY OUGHT TO REGULATE GOVERNMENTS.

WE have been abused by some of our friends, and the friends we suppose of liberal opinion, for not being sufficiently "bold" in the character of our politics. According to these excellent persons, we do not go far enough ; it would almost seem as if they mistook us for Whigs—a bitter

suspicion, which we are unwilling to believe we can by any possibility have deserved. In fact, there is a certain portion of the Press that have done political discussion considerable injury, by what? too violent a zeal for principles?—by no means!—by too violent an attack upon persons! By degrees a great part of the public—our friends in question perhaps among the number—have learnt to associate strong opinion with strong abuse. And a man is considered but a lukewarm politician unless he blackguards his opponent. “Sir, you are mistaken.” How weak that sounds—how poor—how inargumentative! “Sir, you are a liar!”—*voilà* the great distinction—how noble—how emphatic: that’s the way to write popular politics. Popular—yet how do the People gain by the hard names?—that is exactly what, as friends of the People, we wish to know. Does every sharp word on Sir Charles Vetherell take off a tax? Assure us of that, and we will be as foul-mouthed as our betters; but till we are convinced of the benefit the People reap from uttering abuse, we shall content ourselves with making war on abuses. “But we are too moderate—we do not go far enough”—The “Sun” hints it with a Delphic facetiousness, and our esteemed correspondent, Junius Redivivus, has lamented it in a private epistle. We acknowledge the fact. We supported Reform, it is true, but we have made but few epigrams on Mr. Croker; we have advocated the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, but we have not yet amused the world with the scandal of Lord Lyndhurst’s private affairs. We proclaim the necessity of the ballot, but what is that? we have never nicknamed Sir Robert Peel. We urge the expediency of triennial parliaments, but that is a trifle compared with a good joke upon Mr. Perceval. The universal education of the People is mere Whiggery—but the apt application of Billingsgate; ay, there is the merit which would entitle us to the distinction of thorough Reformers. This is almost a pity, if we are a reasoning people; but perhaps that is exactly the delusion we have fallen into. Let us, however, assure our complaining friends of one fact: history does not find its honest men among the brawlers. There is a dignity in Truth which forbids her the swagger and the big look. Captain Bobadil was not, we apprehend, a very unimpeachable hero; and the protestations of Goneril and Regan were scarcely more honest than the quiet assurances of Cordelia. But the Public is a Lear. Very well, we have no wish to profit by its weakness—we have no wish to climb into power by flattering its worst passions—we are no demagogue children of its dotage, that wheedle its folly in order to trample on its madness. Honestly, boldly, frankly shall we speak our minds; advocating with all our hearts and all our strength—the People—the People—above all things; but as for shouting out suspicion upon *all* public men, and slander upon all public enemies, we leave *that* to the noisy affliction of the Gonerils and Regans. That system, by the way, of attack upon all men—that plausible denial of honesty to the reputable, is a little too much after the fashion of the chevaliers of industry, who

always commence acquaintance with the inexperienced victim they mean to cajole, by "entreating him to take care of his pockets, and assuring him that he has no notion what rascals there are about him." There are *chevaliers d'industrie* in politics as in thieving—men who cheat the Public by begging them not to be cheated—men who, having no reputation of their own, filch a little from everybody, and set up a character on the produce of backbiting. These are they who declare every statesman to be a rogue—who shrug their shoulders in the midst of a public benefit, and malign the benefactors—who gain a momentary credit for honesty for themselves by the earnestness with which they deny it to the rest of the world.

Of such men let Electors beware. There will be jobbers to all eternity—the jobbers of a democracy as of a close borough—but your demagogue jobber is the worst reptile of the species. The treachery of the tool of a Lordling may affect a party—may prejudice even an honest measure—but the treachery of one trusted by the people is a mighty blow to Liberty itself. It gives slaves a triumph and tyrants an excuse; it is in political relations what hypocrisy is in religious—the counterfeit disgusts the world with the reality.

We trust, therefore, that the Electors in our large towns—eager to have their principles represented—will look, also, to the worth and the character of the Representative. It will not best forward the interests of Freedom to welcome, with open arms, every adventurer who makes a sally upon luck—ready to promise everything and undertake everything—the toad-eater of liberalism—the *frotteur* of the State, from the salon to the garde-robe—so that he is found worthy of his hire.

While following our duty as a public journalist—not, we trust, without some esteem for honesty of purpose at least, if not for strength of vituperation—we venture this advice to our countrymen, we rejoice—we exult—to think how few instances it will apply to. Throughout the generality of towns, the choice of the Electors has been the practical refutation of the premature prophesyings of those Gentlemen Tories who were so anxious for the honour of Birmingham and Manchester, that they could not bear the idea of their returning a *mauvais sujet* for a Representative. How delighted they must be to find their oblique apprehensions unrealized! With what pleasure will the benevolent heart of Sir Charles Wetherell expand, when he sees the new constituencies return Members as smart as himself! How rejoiced will be that good-natured prophet, who so often—

"Terruit urbem,  
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret  
Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ."

Which, being interpreted, means—

It scared the House to hear Sir Charley vent  
His patriot terrors of the Pyrrhan Parliament;  
And swear—the red box echoing to his thump—  
It would return the monsters of the Rump."



How rejoiced he must be to see that he will not have cause to say, in that oracular denunciation which he has so often driven round the House of Commons in its substantive and four—

“Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos  
Visere montes  
Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo  
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis.”

That is—

“Behold where Proteus Cobbett leads them,—meet  
The whole Rotunda on the mountain seat,  
While oddest fishes sprawlingly are pour'd on  
The bench that knew the dove-like flights of Gordon.”

As for those quiet gentlemen—the literary Slenders—who, according to their godfathers the Tories, were too shy to appear before the hustings—who were so fit to go into Parliament because they could not open their mouths—they, too, seem to have plucked up courage considerably, and not to be in want of a close borough behind which to blush themselves into the House of Commons. Mr. Babbage in the metropolis; Mr. Bayley at Sheffield; Mr. D'Israeli at Wycombe; Dr. Bowring at Blackburn; Mr. Roebuck at Bath; Mr. Macaulay at Leeds; and, on the opposite side of the question, my Lord Mahon himself, “getting drunk at Hertford with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves,”—whereat Captain Gordon, doubtless, exclaims sanctifiedly—

“Got judge, that is a virtuous mind.”

It would give us, indeed, peculiar pleasure to see men like Mr. Bayley—the author of the most philosophic essays upon great political truths that have appeared for years—and Mr. Babbage—whose science is a part of a large mind, and not the excuse for a small one—returned to a Reformed Parliament; such would be the commencement of a great moral era; and there could be no more favourable augury for the future, than that in the new towns, supposed most likely to become the prey of ignorant brawlers, the very men, for whose sake the close boroughs were supposed indispensable, should be returned. It is a matter of very great regret to us, that among the Candidates for the next Parliament we may not see the name of Albany Fonblanque. It is time that that name should lose the Mr.—it is time that it should be known and honoured everywhere, as that of one to whom sound, and not noisy doctrines of Free Government are most eminently indebted—who, more than any man, has popularized Bentham, without imitating—and given to the stern strength of inflexible truth all the graces of wit, and all the embellishments of genius. We lament that that great writer is not one who could be tempted to carry into political practice the high principles he has so consistently taught. We lament it; for the House may gain liberal men more easily than wise. And where, amidst the wide range of Candidates, can we find one who would have

the intuitive penetration into truth—the quick grasp of difficult subjects—the keen eye and the intrepid mind of the Editor of the “*Examiner*.”

There is one point, however, in reference to Candidates, on which we have long wished to say a few words—we think, in many instances, the over desire people have felt not to prove themselves too democratic in their choice—however democratic in their opinions—has led them a little into the other extreme; it is amusing enough to hear them pledging the secret stiffness of Aristocrats to opinions the most popular. And my Lord's son, bowing and smirking, and swallowing down the Ballot without even a wry face. We should be better pleased if we saw the People choosing men more immediately of the People—men of themselves and their own rank; we do not say that this should invariably be the case, for many reasons, but it should be sometimes the case. A man in all cases should not be an adventurer—a nobody knows whom—he should have a high character—but he may enjoy a character and yet be poor—he may be universally respected, and yet why not be a member of the Mechanics' Institute? It has been, and is too much the custom in this country, to think that it is only the rich who can take care of the poor—that there is a sort of conducting channel between the too much of the Member and the too little of the Constituent—that the words “property—stake in the hedge—most respectable man—high connexions”—and so forth, are so many charms against taxes, and wonderful operatives upon economical government. Alas! we fear that it would be the poor member and not the rich who would be most anxious for cheap government, and most opposed to extravagance—“The stake in the hedge!” Admire that fine phrase!—how many has it taken in. What does it really mean?—that a man has a certain property, which renders him averse to any unnecessary change—that is, any change unnecessary for him. Many changes necessary for the poor man may be by no means necessary for him—he has a stake in the hedge, but it is the hedge of a pleasure-ground, and that not that which encircles the Cottager's potato-garden. No! while we think the House of Commons should embrace the general property of the classes below the hereditary Peers, it should yet be in complete sympathy with the poverty of the poorest—and to be that effectively, there ought to be some men chosen from the operatives or elevated above them only by superior virtue or talent, acquainted with their real condition and imbued, by practical and actual experience, with the same interests and the same desires. A few instances of this nature would do more to elevate the moral tone of the people—more to excite emulation to virtue and to knowledge—more to counterpoise that corrupt and corrupting lust after Mammon which reigns in England, than all the satisfaction to be derived from extorting pledges from a Right Honourable, and cramming republican doctrines down the throat of a Lord Charles. Better to raise the humble than humiliate the proud. Why should not Row-

land Detrosier, or Elliot of Sheffield, be in Parliament? Why? because they are certainly much less likely to be efficient members than if they had spent their winters in shooting, and their springs in a bow-window at St. James's. Never was there any sentence more profound than the following:—"Il faut être quelque chose—on est quelque chose en raison du mal qu'on peut faire—un laboureur n'est rien—un homme qui cultive, qui bâtit, qui travaille utilement n'est rien:—un gendarme est quelque chose, un préfet est beaucoup—Bonaparte était tout! Voilà les gradations de l'estime publique." Certainly, to be useful is to be inferior—one must be a gentleman to be a legislator; but a gentleman must be professionally idle, a man who does nothing but spend at least two thousand a-year in order to keep up the respectability of doing nothing; therefore, by an unanswerable syllogism, a legislator is a man who does nothing, and spends, at the minimum, two thousand a-year. We have an instance of the admirable reasoning formed by legislators on this system in the late speech of Lord John Russell on the ballot. "I have always," quoth he, "been opposed to the ballot; I see a vast number of difficulties, of dangers in the ballot, but if landlords and tenants are to be opposed to each other, what a state of things for landed property, for the estates of my father the Duke of Bedford! What a state of things for my election in Devonshire! If such a calamity come to pass, I eat up the difficulties—I button up the danger in my breeches-pocket; and I—yes, I—am for the ballot!" What a profound and discriminate mode of ratiocination! Mill cannot convince me—the "Examiner" argues in vain—but touch me on the subject of my election in Devonshire, and I am converted. Thus believe me, O my countrymen! it is always; the interest of the People preaches to the great in vain, but self-interest never! This is not unnatural. It is the same with all men, great or little: the peasant does not lie awake thinking of the interests of the Lord, nor does the Lord lose his appetite from anxiety for the Peasant. See the sharp test which free-trade applies to the selfishness of men. The country gentleman votes for free trade in silk, and is horrified at free trade in corn; the Spitalfields' weaver wishes free trade in corn, and protection in silk. So runs the world away: why be in a passion about it? But do your best to profit by the truth, and to counteract the evil; if men united by kindred ties feel the stronger for each other, then should some of the People's representatives be literally of the People. Property will always be represented; the difficulty is to get poor Poverty represented also. This is our opinion: do we go far enough? Our doctrine embraces a wide field, a wider field than the Gonerils like to touch upon. No; our wheels have not sufficiently bespattered the passers by. There are gentlemen who judge of the principles of a politician as the *bon homme*, in the French farce, judges of the goodness of a *fiacre*, and estimates the progress it makes, not by the pace it goes, but the filth it scatters.

## LETTER FROM PARIS, BY HENRY PELHAM, ESQ.

*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*

You ask me, my dear —, to tell you something of our dear Paris. Very well—anything to oblige you—even to the writing a letter. Having had a great desire to visit those scenes in which I once played so notable a part, I landed at Calais about six weeks ago. Being, as you know, of a very conjugal turn of mind, and wishing to save my dear wife the fatigue of a journey undertaken only for amusement, I very considerably left Mrs. Pelham at home. I transported myself from Calais to Boulogne,—a very charming place, filled by persons of distinction, who live chiefly upon the interest of the debts they owe to other people. The men have established a singular sort of freemasonry in costume at this town,—to wit, a cap and moustachies,—a white fustian coat and a black velvet waistcoat ;—ornaments,—chain, walking-stick, and cigar. Another set, chiefly literati, wear little blue jackets without skirts,—the trowsers very tight in the *quartier de Lisieux*, probably these gentlemen, being scholars, retain the immemorial system of our friend Dr. Keates,—that there is an affinity between the two human extremes, and a sympathetic electricity communicating from the seat of honour to that of learning. It is pleasant to see early impressions thus practically displayed in the habits of later life.

I was informed at the library that some malicious papers in your periodical, entitled “Asmodeus at large,” had been very severe on the good people of Boulogne,—and that there had been a violent dispute whether or not the New Monthly should not, therefore, be excluded the reading-room—a proposition somewhat after the ingenious device of the bird that shuts its eyes that it may not be seen. To banish the New Monthly from the reading-room at Boulogne, would of necessity prevent its being read by the rest of the world.

I entered Paris at the most fortunate hour in the whole day for the end of a journey,—viz. about half an hour before dinner-time. I paid a visit to the *Bains Chinois*—and thence took a solitary excursion to the *Rocher*!—Quantum mutatus ab illo *Rochero*!—Ah! my dear friend, the d—d revolution has not even spared that consecrated spot. These modern commotions are terribly devastating,—even Demetrius made no war on the Fine Arts.—He spared Protogenes—the glorious three days have been less merciful to the *Chef* of the *Rocher*. You remember the *escalopes de gammon*,—you remember the *laitances de carpes*,—you forget not, I am sure, the exquisite *rôti* of Chevreuil. Fancy the first smoked, the second sour, the third having a slight resemblance to broiled leather.

“Mon brave homme!” said I to the garçon, tearfully, “things are very much changed since I was at Paris.”

“Monsieur is very right.”

“Your cook has been a great sufferer.”

“There are so few English, sir!”

“What, you were in the habit of roasting them, were you?”

“Point d’argent, point de cuisine!”—“but,” continued the garçon, with that stupid vein of philosophy the French are so fond of,—“but Monsieur’s palate is five years older than it was.”

“And the brown cat?”—said I, changing a subject capable of producing such uncivil observations,—“I see him not.”

"Ah, sir, he has been poisoned."

"Oh, le cher chat ! le chat du bon goût !—doubtless he took some of these *laitances* by mistake !"

But, seriously and sadly—fancy the brown cat dead !—there expired the *genius loci*. What the Oread was to the mountain—the Naiad to the wave—the Brown Cat was to the Rocher,—and he is dead ! In these matter of fact times, there is no spot which can retain the spirit of its ancient poetry ! As I could not, like honest Syrus, look "in the *patinas*" for pleasurable observation, I turned from the dead to the living.

A stout gentleman had just brought his son, a tall youth, to Paris. "Bob," said he, "they say this be the best place in the world for grub. Let's have the *carte* !"

"Now, damn it, Bob," quoth he, hitting the table a thump that woke the saltcellar from that patient reverie peculiar to the saltcellars of France, "we'll try these French fellows.—*Garçon*, a beefsteak,—a *perdrix avec du pain sauce*—et—et—plusieurs *pommes de terre très bien bouillis*."

After all the gentleman showed his judgment. He did not, like Diderot, try mortality by too severe a standard. We three were alone. The stout gentleman was disposed to be sociable.

"I see, sir," said he, turning to me, "that you know this place."

"It is certainly among my acquaintance !"

"And pray, sir, may I make bold to ask what are the dishes you most recommend ?"

"Why, sir,—for something substantial—*grenouilles aux poulet*—and a *sauté de limaçons*."

"La, father," quoth the youth, grinning, "the gentleman jests—that means frogs and snails."

"You are quite right, sir,—frogs and snails—they form an agreeable contrast to our light English fare !"

The old gentleman looked at me very suspiciously, but I was gravity itself. "In fact, sir," continued I, wishing to give the gentleman an appetite for his *pommes de terre*, which I saw at that moment arriving, "they generally boil a few snails with the potatoes, in order to give them a flavour."

I did not wait to see the effect I had produced—the benevolent man loves not to witness painful emotions—accordingly I sauntered out of the room, and left my countrymen to their gastronomic experiments.

But the change in the Rocher is not that trifling occurrence which it would seem to the inconsiderate—when her restaurateurs grow careless, the prosperity of Paris trembles. The moment money is plentiful in France—the moment the *négociant*—the tradesman—the workman gets something to spare—he considers it as something to enjoy, not something to save. He treats his family to a dinner at a celebrated restaurant—or a trip to Tivoli—or a play at the Théâtre des Variétés. And thus the condition of all places of entertainment—restaurants among the many—is an index of the current poverty or prosperity of Paris. It is vain to attempt giving you any idea of the comparative desertion of the *Cafés*—the *Restaurateurs*—the *Boulevards*—the *Tuileries*—the *Théâtres*. I scarcely recognized Paris—a ghostlike dreariness floats over the old places of enjoyment,—and *Ennui*, the French word, is become the French deity. Talking of the theatres, it is right that I

should give you some notion of the exquisite sort of taste that prevails there. The play the most *à la mode* is the *Tour de Nesle*. In this piece the heroine is a Queen of France, who gives secret assignations to all the good-looking foreigners who arrive at Paris; and, for fear they should boast of the *bonne fortune*, has them afterwards murdered and thrown into the Seine. Ah, my dear friend, what a good thing for Henry Pelham that this kind of royal condescension is no longer in vogue! This charitable lady has two sons—twins—of whose existence she knows nothing—one of these she loves, assassinates, and drowns—like the rest of her *liaisons*—and for the other, she forms,—guess what?—is it not French?—*a Platonic attachment!* The Platonism does not, however, save the young gentleman, and he receives the death wound intended by the Queen for her first lover—(his own father).

Such is the plot and the catastrophe. Certainly, the literary world of Paris do well to sneer at Corneille, and laud the purer taste of the romantic. The worst of it is, that the play evinces great vigour, and even genius, in the cast of the dialogue. When a clever man conceives such trash, there is no hope for him. In order to make their religion of a piece with their drama, they have brought the *Père Enfantin* into fashion—a handsome man, with such a beard! and the best made inexpressibles in the world. The *Père Enfantin* has evidently no objection to be the *Père des Enfants*. With the “*Tour de Nesle*” for a popular tragedy, and “*St. Simon*” for a founder of religion, it must be confessed, that the French intellect is in a flourishing state of progression. What a wise device in the French to abandon their ancient standards of opinion! They sneer at Helvetius!—They are right: have not they got Cousin? They call Voltaire “little,”—how can they think otherwise, with so gigantic a genius as Victor Hugo? They shrug their shoulders at your old-fashioned notions, when you praise the tales of Marmontel, and point, with a triumphant *Voilà, Monsieur*, to the *Peau de chagrin!* The French running after the German genius is excellent. French grafted on German!—what a mixture! It is a reunion of all the horrors—a macedoine of extravagances: they have one excuse, however,—so much folly is not their own. Their books are abominable—but they may thank heaven that, at least, they are not original.

I went to spend the evening at the house of a great French politician—a liberal—I wanted to know what notion French liberals have of good government. I found the whole company very abusive of the ministers, and very facetious upon Louis Philippe. So far, so good: heaven forbid I should differ from them on those subjects!—“*But,*” said I, “change the *men* as you will, what *principles* do you wish to establish?” My host was for nothing short of a republic. “Very well—you will alter the government—you will extend the number of rulers; will you extend also the number of the freemen?—will your republic have more free citizens than your king has free subjects?—in a word, will you extend the elective franchise?” “Ah! the French did not care about *that*: the republic—*voilà*—the fine system for the deputies; but as to the number of electors, it was a *bagatelle*.”

Thus you see how little the more patrician of their liberals know of the real evil of the French system: the real evil is surely this,—they have a very small number of electors—a very large number of men shut out from the constitution—these latter have no vent for their political

enthusiasm—they are always discontented, fretful, ripe for change—and if they had a republic to-morrow, would have a despot the next day. It is your quacks who think *only* of changing a government—your legislators should first make a people. A republic, with a handful of electors, is an oligarchy. I recommended these gentlemen to Paul Louis Courier and the “*Examiner* :” they assured me, with a satirical smile, that the first (though a clever man) was no doctrinaire, and that the latter wrote very well about England !

But the young men of a lower rank—the young politicians, who as yet are little known, are wiser than their elders, and discover where the shoe really pinches. Two things are quite certain—first, that the middle class of Paris, all those who live by commerce and have anything to gain, are desirous of quiet—above all things, quiet ; their revolution and their cholera have played the deuce with their trade. It is said that poor Lafitte always talks of the Three Glorious Days by the epithet of *maudits*. The second, certainly, is that quiet they can’t, by any possibility, have—the immense number of idle young gentlemen, noble and pennyless—the crowds of men who, with *beaucoup d’instruction*, have *point de sous*—are resolved not to have an incapable and unpopular government, for the sake of putting money into the tradesmen’s pockets ; they see, and they urge, all the faults of the present system, and the present men—the honest folks, who have something to lose by new changes, see the faults too—but they look to the streets, emptied of foreigners, and the *jolies maisons à louer* in every corner, and the *il faut vivre* terribly damps all their patriotism.—“*Cela m’eût mieux valu que tous les droits du monde pour avoir le fauteuil, et pour garder le bien,*”—so says the inimitable Courier—so say messieurs his disciples in the Rue St. Honoré. But who can doubt which will ultimately win the day, the active mass or the inert ?

You see, too, the *messieurs* of the press at Paris have a personal interest in siding with the *mouvement* : in the first place, they have been most villainously treated—in the second place, they see, by experience, that in France the journalists are the chief persons to rise by every change ; the redacteur of an able paper to-day may be a minister to-morrow. Were England like France, the editors of the *Examiner*, the *Times*, and the *Chronicle*, would have the offer, at least, of succeeding Lords Palmerston and Melbourne and Mr. Stanley. This prospect of power constantly urges on the ambition of the journalists ; and whatever its disadvantage, it has at least this striking counterbalance of good,—the men whom even a selfish and impure ambition would throw uppermost, are men of knowledge and of talent ; they have been compelled to make themselves masters of the intricate questions of government—they are not, like our English lords, dragged from the Boeotian case of “*domestic tranquillity*,” without a single notion of sound knowledge in their heads ; they become powerful solely from talent,—and by talent only can that power be preserved. Thus, journalism is really the Empire of Intellect—often honest—often dishonest—but intellect always ; a better empire, at least, than that of military insolence or aristocratic stolidity.

The Ministers will, I feel assured, have a majority in the next Chamber—and the Press will render the majority unavailing ;—from these prophecies draw your conclusion.

I ordered a lock in my portmanteau to be mended. They brought

mé in a bill of nine francs for it. "Diable!" said I, "is this the way you treat foreigners at Paris?"

"But Monsieur," said the artificer, with a benevolent smile, "will recollect that there is scarcely a foreigner to be met with at present!"

The day after my arrival at the hotel, I had the satisfaction of seeing from my window the *drap noir*, which is a sign of death in the house.

"Doubtless the cholera," thought I. "What an agreeable prospect!"—I summoned the frotteur in a hurry—

"Who is dead?"

"The master of the hotel."

"Of the cholera, of course?"

"No, sir,—of his own act."

"Ah, that's all!—you relieve me wonderfully;—and how did he destroy himself?"

"By a pan of charcoal," (a favourite mode of suicide at Paris.)

"And for what?"

"The poor gentleman had had—*des malheurs*—he had several houses on his hands, which he could not dispose of."

"Certainly, he did right then in disposing, *à bon marché*, of the only tenement he could get rid of."

"But what completed the *tragédie*," said the frotteur, with much pathos, "was that his son, a most amiable young man, was so shocked at the sight, that he retired to his chamber and opened—his veins!"

What a happy union of the classic school and the romantic!

The frotteur omitted to tell me that this good son had been recovered by the surgeons. Two days afterwards this most amiable young man paid me a visit.

He announced himself as the son of my late landlord.—

"Pardon me, sir, I thought you were dead!"

The good son wiped his eyes—No! *le bon Dieu* had restored him to life;—my rooms, in the confusion of his father's *petit malheur*, had been let for five francs a-day—he came to inform me that they ought to be eight.

From these two anecdotes you may see that an Englishman at Paris is become a *rara avis*, whom it is necessary to pluck to the last feather—they indemnify themselves on one for the desertion of the rest. Even in the despair of a house of death—with a charcoaled father yet fresh from the pan—this most amiable young man—who had opened his veins in filial sympathy with his sire—could yet rise from the couch of debility to bleed his unfortunate lodger;—perhaps he thought that the best way of replenishing his own veins.

Return, O return, my countrymen, or your unfortunate representative will be ruined!

Adieu, my dear friend. I amuse myself with examining with my own eyes the modes of taxation in France—preparatory to my final arrangement of that financial scheme, on the details of which you have so often given me your advice. An interesting and light occupation, you say—very true—but at least it is better than walking about the depopulated Tuileries, with a score of hungry Frenchmen, anxious to eat up the little *bien* of "the last of the Mohicans."—Adieu,

Your affectionate Friend, HENRY PELHAM.



## Death of Sir Walter Scott.

THE blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hushed at length. The greatest—the most various—the most commanding genius of modern times has left us to seek for that successor to his renown which, in all probability, a remote generation alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for the event—it does not fall upon us suddenly—leaf after leaf was stripped from that noble tree before it was felled to the earth at last ;—our sympathy in his decay has softened to us the sorrow for his death. It is not now our intention to trace the character or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run ;—to every eye that reads—every ear that hears—every heart that remembers, this much, at least, of his character is already known,—that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses ; that he was at once equitable and generous—that his heart was ever open to charity—that his life has probably been shortened by his scrupulous regard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its light must be meteoric—and its courses wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons,—we scarcely know which is the most valuable. He has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world ;—he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the wildest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names—the heir-looms of our nation—can we say that he has left us everything to admire, and nothing to forgive ?

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Sir Walter Scott has won his fame ; as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novelist. It is not now a time (with the great man's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion. We cannot now weigh, and sift, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well—but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Whether it be that to our earliest recollections he was most endeared by those mighty lays which called from antiquity all its noblest spirit, and breathed a life and nature into that literature, which was then languishing under the drowsiness of eternal imitation, and the trappings of a false and Gallic artificiality of school, at once burthensome and frivolous ;—whatever be the cause of our differing from the world in general on this point, certain it is, that we think him even greater as a poet than a novelist,—and were it possible that time could wither up the interest of the world in either, we think that the prose of *Waverley* might suffer before the verse of

Marmion. Never, indeed, has there been a poet so thoroughly Homeric as Scott—the battle—the feast—the council—the guard-room at Stirling—the dying warrior at Flodden—the fierce Bertram speeding up the aisle—all are Homeric;—all live—move—breathe and burn—alike poetry, but alike life! There is this difference, too, marked and prominent—between his verse and his prose;—the first is emphatically the verse of Scott—the latter (we mean in its style) may be the prose of any one—the striking originality, the daring boldness, the astonishing vigour of the style, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, are lost in the *Antiquary* and *Guy Mannering*.

Scott may be said, in prose, to have *no style*. There are those, we know, who call this very absence of style a merit - we will not dispute it: if it be so, Scott is the first great prose writer from Bacon to Gibbon,—nay, from Herodotus, in Greek, to Paul Courier, in French—who has laid claim to it. For our own part, we think him great, in spite of the want of style, and not because of it. As a biographer, he has been unfortunate in his subjects: the two most important of the various lives he has either delineated or sketched—that of Dryden and that of Swift—are men, to whose inexpiable baseness genius could neither give the dignity of virtue nor the interest of error. Nor, perhaps, if we may presume to say so, was the bent of the biographer's mind that of the JUDGE: he had more of the spirit of veneration than that of inquiry. And in his estimate, both of men and of books, his reasoning seldom satisfies us so much as his enthusiasm charms. He was born not to compose criticisms, but to create critics; and the lessons he would draw from the lives and genius of other men,—the poet—the romancer—the critic—the philosopher of future ages—will deduce from his own.

As an historian, we confess that we prize him more highly than as a biographer: it is true that the same faults are apparent in both, but there is in the grand *History of Napoleon* more scope for redeeming beauties. His great, his unrivalled, excellence in description is here brought into full and ample display: his battles are vivid, with colours which no other historian ever could command. And all the errors of the history still leave scenes and touches of unrivalled majesty to the book.

As a novelist, Scott has been blamed for not imparting a more useful moral to his fictions, and for dwelling with too inconsiderate an interest on the chivalric illusions of the past. To charges of this nature all writers are liable. Mankind are divided into two classes; and he who belongs to the one will ever incur the reproach of not seeing through the medium of the other. Certain it is, that we, with utterly different notions on political truths from the great writer who

is no more, might feel some regret—some natural pain—that that cause which we believe the best, was not honoured by his advocacy; but when we reflect on the *real* influence of his works, we are satisfied they have been directed to the noblest ends, and have embraced the largest circle of human interests. We do not speak of the delight he has poured forth over the earth—of the lonely hours he has charmed—of the sad hearts he has beguiled—of the beauty and the music which he has summoned to a world where all travail and none repose: this, indeed, is something—this, indeed, is a moral—this, indeed, has been a benefit to mankind. And this is a new corroborant of one among the noblest of intellectual truths,—viz. that the books which please, are always books that, in one sense, benefit; and that the work which is largely and permanently popular—which sways, moulds, and softens the universal heart—cannot appeal to vulgar and unworthy passions (such appeals are never widely or long triumphant!); the delight it occasions is a proof of the moral it inspires.

But this power to charm and to beguile is not that moral excellence to which we refer. Scott has been the first great genius—Fielding alone excepted—who invited our thorough and uncondescending sympathy to the wide mass of the human family—who has *stricken* (for in this artificial world it requires an effort) into our hearts a love and a respect for those chosen from the people. Shakspeare has not done this—Shakspeare paints the follies of the mob with a strong and unfriendly hand. Where, in Shakspeare, is there a Jeanie Deans? Take up which you will of those numerous works which have appeared, from “Waverley” to the “Chronicles of the Canongate,”—open where you please, you will find portraits from the people—and your interest keeping watch beside the poor man’s hearth. Not, in Scott, as they were in the dramatists of our language, are the peasant, the artificer, the farmer, dragged on the stage merely to be laughed at for their brogue, and made to seem ridiculous because they are useful.

He paints them, it is true, in their natural language, but the language is subservient to the character; he does not bow the man to the phrase, but the phrase to the man. Neither does he flatter on the one hand, as he does not slight on the other. Unlike the maudlin pastoralists of France, he contents himself with the simple truth—he contrasts the dark shadows of Meg Merrilies, or of Edie Ochiltree, with the holy and pure lights that redeem and sanctify them—he gives us the poor, even to the gipsy and the beggar, as they really are—contented, if our interest is excited, and knowing that nature is sufficient to excite it. From the palaces of kings—from the tents of

warriors, he comes—equally at home with man in all aspects—to the cotter's hearth;—he bids us turn from the pomp of the Plantagenets to bow the knee to the poor Jew's daughter—he makes us sicken at the hollowness of the royal Rothsays, to sympathize with the honest love of Hugh the smith. No, never was there one—not even Burns himself—who forced us more intimately to acknowledge, or more deeply to feel, that

“ The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that.”

And is this being, to whom intellect taught philanthropy, to be judged by ordinary rules?—are we to gauge and mete his capacities of good, by the common measure we apply to common men?—No! there was in him a large and Catholic sympathy with all classes, all tempers, all conditions of men; and this it was that redeemed his noble works from all the taint of party, and all the leaven of sectarianism; this it was that made him, if the Tory in principle, the all-embracing leader in practice. Compare with what *he* has done for the people—in painting the people,—the works of poets called Liberal by the *doctrinaires*—compare the writings of Scott with those of Byron—which have really tended the most to bind us to the poor?—The first has touched the homely strings of our real heart—the other has written fine vague stanzas about freedom. Lara, the Corsair, Childe Harold, Don Juan, these are the works—we will not say of the misanthrope—at least of the aristocrat. Are Scott's so? Yet Byron was a Liberal, and Scott a Tory. Alas, the sympathy with humanity is the true republicanism of a writer of fiction. Liberal and Tory are words which signify nothing out of the sphere of the politics of the day. Who shall we select from the Liberal poets of our age who has bound us to the people, like Scott—Shelley, with his metaphysical refinings?—Moore, with his elaborate floridity of patriotism?—No! we feel at once that Nature taught Scott more of friendship with all mankind, than the philosophy of the one or the fancy of the other. Out of print, Scott might belong to a party—in print, mankind belonged to him. Toryism, which is another name for the spirit of monopoly, forsook him at that point where his inquiries into human nature began. He is not, then, we apprehend, justly liable to the charge of wanting a sound moral—even a great *political* moral—(and political morals are the greatest of all)—in the general tenor of works which have compelled the highest classes to examine and respect the lowest. In this, with far less learning, far less abstract philosophy, than Fielding, he is only exceeded by him in one character—(and that, indeed, the most admirable in English

fiction)—the character of Parson Adams. Jeanie Deans is worth a thousand such as Fanny Andrews. Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes are the only three writers, since the world began, with whom, as a novelist, he can be compared. And perhaps he excels them, as Voltaire excelled all the writers of his nation, not by the superior merits of one work, but by the brilliant aggregate of many. Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, are, without doubt, greater, *much* greater, productions than Waverley; but the *authors* of Tom Jones, Gil Blas, and even of Don Quixote, have not manifested the same fertile and mighty genius as the *author* of the Waverley Novels.

And *that* genius—seemingly so inexhaustible—is quenched at length! We can be charmed no more—the eloquent tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up—the right hand hath forgot its cunning—the cord that is loosened was indeed of silver—and the bowl that is broken at the dark well was of gold beyond all price.

Death, of late, has been busy amongst the great men of earth—the mighty landmarks of the last age, one after one, have been removed:—Cuvier, Mackintosh, Bentham, Goethe, and now Scott—there is something, as it were, mysterious and solemn in the disappearance of so many lights of the age, within so short an interval of each other;—and happening, as it does, at a period when the old elements of society are shaken to the centre, it might have seemed to ancient superstition as if the world were preparing itself for an unexperienced era, and the removal of the chiefs of the past time betokened the advent of a new order of mind suited to the new disposition of events.

When a great man dies, he leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill. Others succeed to his fame—but never to the exact place which he held in the world's eye;—they may be greater than the one we have lost—but they are not he. Shakspeare built not his throne on the same site as Homer—nor Scott on that whence Shakspeare looked down upon the universe. The gap which Scott leaves in the world is the token of the space he filled in the homage of his times. A hundred ages hence our posterity will still see that wide interval untenanted—a vast and mighty era in the intellectual world, which will prove how spacious were “the city and the temple, whose summit has reached to Heaven.”

THE AUTHOR OF “EUGENE ARAM.”

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JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.  
 BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. IV.

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" I OFTEN think," said Byron, " that I inherit my violence and bad temper from my poor mother—not that my father, from all I could ever learn, had a much better ; so that it is no wonder I have such a very bad one. As long as I can remember anything, I recollect being subject to violent paroxysms of rage, so disproportioned to the cause as to surprise me when they were over, and this still continues. I cannot coolly view anything that excites my feelings ; and once the lurking devil in me is roused, I lose all command of myself. I do not recover a good fit of rage for days after : mind, I do not by this mean that the ill-humour continues, as, on the contrary, that quickly subsides, exhausted by its own violence ; but it shakes me terribly, and leaves me low and nervous after. Depend on it, people's tempers must be corrected while they are children ; for not all the good resolutions in the world can enable a man to conquer habits of ill-humour or rage, however he may regret having given way to them. My poor mother was generally in a rage every day, and used to render me sometimes almost frantic ; particularly when, in her passion, she reproached me with my personal deformity, I have left her presence to rush into solitude, where, unseen, I could vent the rage and mortification I endured, and curse the deformity that I now began to consider as a signal mark of the injustice of Providence. Those were bitter moments : even now, the impression of them is vivid in my mind ; and they cankered a heart that I believe was naturally affectionate, and destroyed a temper always disposed to be violent. It was my feelings at this period that suggested the idea of ' The Deformed Transformed.' I often look back on the days of my childhood, and am astonished at the recollection of the intensity of my feelings at that period ;—first impressions are indelible. My poor mother, and after her my schoolfellows, by their taunts, led me to consider my lameness as the greatest misfortune, and I have never been able to conquer this feeling. It requires great natural goodness of disposition, as well as reflection, to conquer the corroding bitterness that deformity engenders in the mind, and which, while preying on itself, sours one towards all the world. I have read, that where personal deformity exists, it may always be traced in the face, however handsome the face may be. I am sure that what is meant by this is, that the consciousness of it gives to the countenance an habitual expression of discontent, which I believe is the case ; for it would be too bad (added Byron with bitterness) that, because one had a defective foot, one could not have a perfect face."

He indulges a morbid feeling on this subject that is extraordinary, and that leads me to think it has had a powerful effect in forming his character. As Byron had said that his own position had led to his writing "The Deformed Transformed," I ventured to remind him that, in the advertisement to that drama, he had stated it to have been founded on the novel of "The Three Brothers." He said that both statements were correct, and then changed the subject, without giving me an opportunity of questioning him on the unacknowledged, but visible resemblances between other of his works and that extraordinary production. It is possible that he is unconscious of the plagiarism of ideas he has committed; for his reading is so desultory, that he seizes thoughts which, in passing through the glowing alembic of his mind, become so embellished as to lose all identity with the original crude embryos he had adopted. This was proved to me in another instance, when a book that he was constantly in the habit of looking over fell into my hands, and I traced various passages that gave me the idea of having led to certain trains of thought in his works. He told me that he rarely ever read a page that did not give rise to chains of thought, the first idea serving as the original link on which the others were formed,—

"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise."

I have observed, that, in conversation, some trifling remark has often led him into long disquisitions, evidently elicited by it; and so prolific is his imagination, that the slightest spark can warm it.

Comte Pietro Gamba lent me the "Age of Bronze," with a request that his having done so should be kept a profound secret, as Lord Byron, he said, would be angry if he knew it. This is another instance of the love of mystification that marks Byron, in trifles as well as in things of more importance. What can be the motive for concealing a *published* book, that is in the hands of all England?

Byron talks often of Napoleon, of whom he is a great admirer, and says that what he most likes in his character was his want of sympathy, which proved his knowledge of human nature, as those only could possess sympathy who were in happy ignorance of it. I told him that this carried its own punishment with it, as Napoleon found the want of sympathy when he most required it, and that some portion of what he affected to despise, namely enthusiasm and sympathy, would have saved him from the degradations he twice underwent when deserted by those on whom he counted. Not all Byron's expressed contempt for mankind can induce me to believe that he has the feeling; this is one of the many little artifices which he condescends to make use of to excite surprise in his hearers, and can only impose on the credulous. He is vexed when he discovers that any of his little *ruses* have not succeeded, and is like a spoiled child who finds out he cannot have everything his

own way. Were he but sensible of his own powers, how infinitely superior would he be, for he would see the uselessness, as well as unworthiness, of being artificial, and of acting to support the character he wishes to play, a misanthrope, which nature never intended him for, and which he is not and never will be. I see a thousand instances of good feeling in Byron, but rarely a single proof of stability; his abuse of friends, which is continual, has always appeared to me more inconsistent than ill-natured, and as if indulged in more to prove that he was superior to the partiality friendship engenders, than that they were unworthy of exciting the sentiment. He has the rage of displaying his knowledge of human nature, and thinks this knowledge more proved by pointing out the blemishes than the perfections of the subjects he anatomizes. Were he to confide in the effect his own natural character would produce, how much more would he be loved and respected, whereas, at present, those who most admire the genius will be the most disappointed in the man. The love of mystification is so strong in Byron, that he is continually letting drop mysterious hints of events in his past life; as if to excite curiosity, he assumes, on those occasions, a look and air suited to the insinuation conveyed: if it has excited the curiosity of his hearers, he is satisfied, looks still more mysterious, and changes the subject; but if it fails to rouse curiosity, he becomes evidently discomposed and sulky, stealing sly glances at the person he has been endeavouring to mystify, to observe the effect he has produced. On such occasions I have looked at him a little maliciously, and laughed, without asking a single question; and I have often succeeded in making him laugh too at those mystifications, *manquée* as I called them. Byron often talks of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and always in terms of unqualified praise. He says that the imitations, unlike all other imitations, are full of genius, and that the "Cui Bono" has some lines that he should wish to have written. Parodies (he said) always gave a bad impression of the original, but in the "Rejected Addresses" the reverse was the fact, and he quoted the second and third stanzas, in imitation of himself, as admirable, and just what he could have wished to write on a similar subject. His memory is extraordinary, for he can repeat lines from every author whose works have pleased him; and in reciting the passages that have called forth his censure or ridicule, it is no less tenacious. He observed on the pleasure he felt at meeting people with whom he could go over old subjects of interest, whether on persons or literature, and said that nothing cemented friendship or companionship so strongly as having read the same books and known the same people.

I observed that when, in our rides, we came to any fine point of view, Byron paused, and looked at it, as if to impress himself with the recollection of it. He rarely praised what so evidently pleased him, and he became silent and abstracted for some time after, as if he was noting the



principal features of the scene on the tablet of his memory. He told me that, from his earliest youth, he had a passion for solitude; that the sea, whether in a storm or calm, was a source of deep interest to him, and filled his mind with thoughts. "An acquaintance of mine (said Byron, laughing), who is a votary of the lake, or simple school, and to whom I once expressed this effect of the sea on me, said that I might in this case say that the ocean served me as a vast inkstand: what do you think of that as a poetical image? It reminds me of a man who, talking of the effect of Mont Blanc from a distant mountain, said that it reminded him of a giant at his toilette, the feet in water, and the face prepared for the operation of shaving. Such observations prove that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step, and really makes one disgusted with the simple school." Recurring to fine scenery, Byron remarked, "That as artists filled their sketch-books with studies from Nature, to be made use of on after occasions, so he laid up a collection of images in his mind, as a store to draw on, when he required them, and he found the pictures much more vivid in recollection, when he had not exhausted his admiration in expressions, but concentrated his powers in fixing them in memory. The end and aim of his life is to render himself celebrated: hitherto his pen has been the instrument to cut his road to renown, and it has traced a brilliant path; this, he thinks, has lost some of its point, and he is about to change it for the sword, to carve a new road to fame. Military exploits occupy much of his conversation, and still more of his attention; but even on this subject there is never the slightest *élan*, and it appears extraordinary to see a man about to engage in a chivalrous, and, according to the opinion of many, a Utopian undertaking, for which his habits peculiarly unfit him, without any indication of the enthusiasm that lead men to embark in such careers. Perhaps he thinks with Napoleon, that "*Il n'y a rien qui refroidit, comme l'enthousiasme des autres;*" but he is wrong—coldness has in general a sympathetic effect, and we are less disposed to share the feelings of others, if we observe that those feelings are not as warm as the occasion seems to require.

There is something so exciting in the idea of the greatest poet of his day sacrificing his fortune, his occupations, his enjoyments,—in short, offering up on the altar of Liberty all the immense advantages that station, fortune, and genius can bestow, that it is impossible to reflect on it without admiration; but when one hears this same person calmly talk of the worthlessness of the people he proposes to make those sacrifices for, the loans he means to advance, the uniforms he intends to wear, entering into petty details, and always with perfect *sang froid*, one's admiration evaporates, and the action loses all its charms, though the real merit of it still remains. Perhaps Byron wishes to show that his going to Greece is more an affair of *principle* than *feeling*, and as such more entitled to respect, though perhaps less likely to excite

warmer feelings. However this may be, his whole manner and conversation on the subject are calculated to chill the admiration such an enterprize ought to create, and to reduce it to a more ordinary standard.

Byron is evidently in delicate health, brought on by starvation, and a mind too powerful for the frame in which it is lodged. He is obstinate in resisting the advice of medical men and his friends, who all have represented to him the dangerous effects likely to ensue from his present system. He declares that he has no choice but that of sacrificing the body to the mind, as that when he eats as others do he gets ill, and loses all power over his intellectual faculties; that animal food engenders the appetite of the animal fed upon, and he instances the manner in which boxers are fed as a proof, while, on the contrary, a regime of fish and vegetables served to support existence without pampering it. I affected to think that his excellence in, and fondness of, swimming, arose from his continually living on fish, and he appeared disposed to admit the possibility, until, being no longer able to support my gravity, I laughed aloud, which for the first minute discomposed him, though he ended by joining heartily in the laugh, and said,—“Well, *Miladi*, after this hoax, never accuse me any more of mystifying; you did take me in until you laughed.” Nothing gratifies him so much as being told that he grows thin. This fancy of his is pushed to an almost childish extent; and he frequently asks—“Don’t you think I get thinner?” or—“Did you ever see any person so thin as I am, who was not ill?” He says he is sure no one could recollect him were he to go to England at present, and seems to enjoy this thought very much.

Byron affects a perfect indifference to the opinion of the world, yet is more influenced by it than most people,—not in his conduct, but in his dread of, and wincing under its censures. He was extremely agitated by his name being introduced in the P—— trial, as having assisted in making up the match, and showed a degree of irritation that proves he is as susceptible as ever to newspaper attacks, notwithstanding his boasts of the contrarv. This susceptibility will always leave him at the mercy of all who may choose to write against him, however insignificant they may be.

I noticed Byron one day more than usually irritable, though he endeavoured to suppress all symptoms of it. After various sarcasms on the cant and hypocrisy of the times, which was always the signal that he was suffering from some attack made on him, he burst forth in violent invectives against America, and said that she now rivalled her mother country in cant, as he had that morning read an article of abuse, copied from an American newspaper, alluding to a report that he was going to reside there. We had seen the article, and hoped that it might have escaped his notice, but unfortunately he had perused it, and its effects on his temper were visible for several days after. He said that

he was never sincere in his praises of the Americans, and that he only extolled their navy to pique Mr. Croker. There was something so childish in this avowal, that there was no keeping a serious face on hearing it; and Byron smiled himself, like a petulant spoiled child who acknowledges having done something to spite a playfellow.

Byron is a great admirer of the poetry of Barry Cornwall, which, he says, is full of imagination and beauty, possessing a refinement and delicacy, that, whilst they add all the charms of a woman's mind, take off none of the force of a man's. He expressed his hope that he would devote himself to tragedy, saying that he was sure he would become one of the first writers of the day.

Talking of marriage, Byron said that there was no real happiness out of its pale. "If people like each other so well (said he) as not to be able to live asunder, this is the only tie that can ensure happiness—all others entail misery. I put religion and morals out of the question, though of course the misery will be increased tenfold by the influence of both; but, admitting persons to have neither (and many such are, by the good-natured world, supposed to exist), still *liaisons*, that are not cemented by marriage, must produce unhappiness, when there is refinement of mind, and that honourable *fierté* that accompanies it. The humiliations and vexations a woman, under such circumstances, is exposed to, cannot fail to have a certain effect on her temper and spirits, which robs her of the charms that won affection; it renders her susceptible and suspicious; her self-esteem being diminished, she becomes doubly jealous of that of him for whom she lost it, and on whom she depends; and if he has feeling to conciliate her, he must submit to a slavery much more severe than that of marriage, without its respectability. Women become *exigeante* always in proportion to their consciousness of a decrease in the attentions they desire; and this very *exigence* accelerates the flight of the blind god, whose approaches, the Greek proverb says, are always made walking, but whose retreat is flying. I once wrote some lines expressive of my feelings on this subject, and you shall have them." He had no sooner repeated the first line than I recollected having the verses in my possession, having been allowed to copy them by Mr. D. Kinnaird the day he received them from Lord Byron. The following are the verses:—

*Composed Dec. 1, 1819.*

COULD Love for ever  
Run like a river,  
And Time's endeavour  
Be tried in vain;  
No other pleasure  
With this could measure;  
And as a treasure  
We'd hug the chain.

But since our sighing  
Ends not in dying,  
And, formed for flying,  
Love plumes his wing ;  
Then, for this reason,  
Let's love a season ;  
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted  
Feel broken-hearted,  
And, all hopes thwarted,  
Expect to die ;  
A few years older,  
Ah ! how much colder  
They might behold her  
For whom they sigh.  
When linked together,  
Through every weather,  
We pluck Love's feather  
From out his wing,  
He'll sadly shiver,  
And droop for ever,  
Without the plumage that sped his spring.  
[or  
Shorn of the plumage which sped his spring.]

Like Chiefs of Faction  
His life is action,—  
A formal paction,  
Which curbs his reign,  
Obscures his glory,  
Despot no more, he  
Such territory  
Quits with disdain.  
Still, still advancing,  
With banners glancing,  
His power enhancing,  
He must march on :  
Repose but cloy's him,  
Retreat destroys him ;  
Love brooks not a degraded throne !

Wait not, fond lover !  
Till years are over,  
And then recover  
As from a dream ;  
While each bewailing  
The other's failing,  
With wrath and railing  
All hideous seem ;

While first decreasing,  
 Yet not quite ceasing,  
 Pause not till teasing  
 All passion blight :  
 If once diminished,  
 His reign is finished,—  
 One last embrace then, and bid good night !

So shall Affection  
 To recollection  
 The dear connexion  
 Bring back with joy ;  
 You have not waited  
 Till, tired and hated,  
 All passion sated,  
 Began to cloy.  
 Your last embraces  
 Leave no cold traces,—  
 The same fond faces  
 As through the past ;  
 And eyes, the mirrors  
 Of your sweet errors,  
 Reflect but rapture ; not least, though last !

True separations  
 Ask more than patience ;  
 What desperations  
 From such have risen !  
 And yet remaining,  
 What is't but chaining  
 Hearts which, once waning,  
 Beat 'gainst their prison ?  
 Time can but cloy love,  
 And use destroy love :  
 The winged boy, Love,  
 Is but for boys ;  
 You'll find it torture,  
 Though sharper, shorter,  
 To wean, and not wear out your joys.

They are so unworthy the author, that they are merely given as proof that the greatest genius can sometime write bad verses ; as even Homer nods. I remarked to Byron, that the sentiment of the poem differed with *that* which he had just given me of marriage : he laughed, and said, “ Recollect, the lines were written nearly four years ago ; and we grow wiser as we grow older : but mind, I still say, that I only approve marriage when the persons are so much attached as not to be able to live asunder, which ought always to be tried by a year's absence, before the irrevocable knot was formed. The truest picture of the misery un-

hallowed *liaisons* produce (said Byron) is in the 'Adolphe' of Benjamin Constant. I told Madame de Staël that there was more *morale* in that book than in all she ever wrote; and that it ought always to be given to every young woman who had read 'Corinne,' as an antidote. Poor De Staël! she came down upon me like an avalanche, whenever I told her any of my amiable truth, sweeping everything before her, with that eloquence that always overwhelmed but never convinced. She, however, good soul, believed she had convinced, whenever she silenced an opponent; an effect she generally produced, as she, to use an Irish phrase, succeeded in *bothering*, and producing a confusion of ideas, that left one little able or willing to continue an argument with her. I liked her daughter very much (said Byron): I wonder will she turn out literary?—at all events, though she may not write, she possesses the power of judging the writings of others; is highly educated and clever; but I thought a little given to systems, which is not in general the fault of young women, and, above all, young French women."

One day that Byron dined with us, his *chasseur*, while we were at table, demanded to speak with him; he left the room, and returned in a few minutes in a state of violent agitation, pale with anger, and looking as I had never before seen him look, though I had often seen him angry. He told us that his servant had come to tell him that he must pass the gate of Genoa (his house being outside the town) before half-past ten o'clock, as orders were given that no one was to be allowed to pass after. This order, which had no personal reference to him, he conceived to be expressly levelled at him, and it rendered him furious; he seized a pen, and commenced a letter to our minister,—tore two or three letters one after the other, before he had written one to his satisfaction; and, in short, betrayed such ungovernable rage, as to astonish all who were present; he seemed very much disposed to enter into a personal contest with the authorities; and we had some difficulty in persuading him to leave the business wholly in the hands of Mr. Hill, the English Minister, who would arrange it much better.

Byron's appearance and conduct, on this occasion, forcibly reminded me of Rousseau; he declared himself the victim of persecution wherever he went; said that there was a confederacy between all governments to pursue and molest him, and uttered a thousand extravagances, that proved that he was no longer master of himself. I now understood how likely his manner was, under any violent excitement, to give rise to the idea that he was deranged in his intellects, and became convinced of the truth of the sentiment in the lines—

"Great wit to madness sure is near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The next day, when we met, Byron said that he had received a satisfactory explanation from Mr. Hill, and then asked me if I had not thought him mad the night before—"I assure you (said he), I often

think myself not in my right senses, and this is perhaps the only opinion I have in common with Lady Byron, who, dear sensible soul, not only thought me mad, but tried to persuade others into the same belief."

Talking one day on the difference between men's actions and thoughts, a subject to which he often referred, he observed that it frequently happened that a man who was capable of superior powers of reflection and reasoning when alone, was trifling and commonplace in society. "On this point (said he) I speak feelingly, for I have remarked it of myself, and have often longed to know if other people had the same defect, or the same consciousness of it, which is, that while in solitude my mind was occupied in serious and elevated reflections, in society it sinks into a trifling levity of tone, that in another would have called forth my disapprobation and disgust. Another defect of mine is, that I am so little fastidious in the selection, or rather want of selection, of associates, that the most stupid men satisfy me quite as well, nay perhaps better than the most brilliant, and yet all the time they are with me I feel, even while descending to their level, that they are unworthy of me, and what is worse, that we seem in point of conversation so nearly on an equality, that the effort of letting myself down to them costs me nothing, though my pride is hurt that they do not seem more sensible of the condescension. When I have sought what is called good society, it was more from a sense of propriety and keeping my station in the world, than from any pleasure it gave me, for I have been always disappointed, even in the most brilliant and clever of my acquaintances, by discovering some trait of egotism, or futility, that I was too egotistical and futile to pardon, as I find that we are least disposed to overlook the defects we are most prone to. Do you think as I do on this point?" (said Byron.) I answered, "That as a clear and spotless mirror reflects the brightest images, so is goodness ever most prone to see good in others; and as a sullied mirror shows its own defects in all that it reflects, so does an impure mind tinge all that passes through it." Byron laughingly said, "That thought of your's is pretty, and just, which all pretty thoughts are not, and I shall pop it into my next poem. But how do you account for this tendency of mine to trifling and levity in conversation, when in solitude my mind is really occupied with serious reflections?" I answered "That this was the very cause—the bow cannot remain always bent; the thoughts suggested to him in society were the reaction of a mind strained to its bent, and reposing itself after exertion; as also that feeling the inferiority of the persons he mixed with, the great powers were not excited, but lay dormant and supine, collecting their force for solitude." This opinion pleased him, and when I added that great writers were rarely good talkers, and *vice versâ*, he was still more gratified. He said that he disliked every-day topics of conversation, he thought it a waste of time; but that if he met a person with whom he could, as he said, think aloud, and give utterance to his thoughts on

abstract subjects, he was sure it would excite the energies of his mind, and awaken sleeping thoughts that wanted to be stirred up. "I like to go home with a new idea (said Byron); it sets my mind to work, I enlarge it, and it often gives birth to many others; this one can only do in a *tête-à-tête*. I felt the advantage of this in my rides with Hoppner at Venice; he was a good listener, and his remarks were acute and original; he is besides a thoroughly good man, and I knew he was in earnest when he gave me his opinions. But conversation, such as one finds in society, and, above all, in English society, is as uninteresting as it is artificial, and few can leave the best with the consolation of carrying away with him a new thought, or of leaving behind him an old friend." Here he laughed at his own antithesis, and added, "By Jove, it is true; you know how people abuse or quiz each other in England, the moment one is absent: each is afraid to go away before the other, knowing that, as is said in the School for Scandal, he leaves his character behind. It is this certainty that excuses me to myself, for abusing my friends and acquaintances in their absence. I was once accused of this by an *ami intime*, to whom some devilish good-natured person had repeated what I had said of him; I had nothing for it but to plead guilty, adding, you know you have done the same by me fifty times, and yet you see I never was affronted, or liked you less for it; on which he laughed, and we were as good friends as ever. Mind you (a favourite phrase of Byron's) I never heard that he had abused me, but I took it for granted, and was right. So much for friends."

I remarked to Byron that his scepticism as to the sincerity and durability of friendship, argued very much against his capability of feeling the sentiment, especially as he admitted that he had not been deceived by the few he had confided in, consequently his opinion must be founded on *self-knowledge*. This amused him, and he said that he verily believed that his knowledge of human nature, on which he had hitherto prided himself, was the criterion by which I judged so unfavourably of him, as he was sure I attributed his bad opinion of mankind to his perfect knowledge of *self*. When in good spirits, he liked badinage very much, and nothing seemed to please him more than being considered as a *mauvais sujet*; he disclaimed the being so with an air that showed he was far from being offended at the suspicion. Of love he had strange notions: he said that most people had *le besoin d'aimer*, and that with this *besoin* the first person who fell in one's way contented one. He maintained that those who possessed the most imagination, poets for example, were most likely to be constant in their attachments, as with the *beau idéal* in their heads, with which they identified the object of their attachment, they had nothing to desire, and viewed their mistresses through the brilliant medium of fancy, instead of the common one of the eyes. "A poet, therefore (said Byron), endows the person he loves with all the charms with which his mind is stored, and has no



need of actual beauty to fill up the picture. Hence he should select a woman, who is rather good-looking than beautiful, leaving the latter for those who, having no imagination, require actual beauty to satisfy their tastes. And after all (said he), where is the actual beauty that can come up to the bright 'imaginings' of the poet? where can one see women that equal the visions, half-mortal, half-angelic, that people his fancy? Love, who is painted blind (an allegory that proves the uselessness of beauty), can supply all deficiencies with his aid; we can invest her whom we admire with all the attributes of loveliness, and though time may steal the roses from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye, still the original *beau idéal* remains, filling the mind and intoxicating the soul with the overpowering presence of loveliness. I flatter myself that my Leila, Zuleika, Gulnare, Medora, and Haidee will always vouch for my taste in beauty: these are the bright creations of my fancy, with rounded forms, and delicacy of limbs, nearly so incompatible as to be rarely if ever united; for where, with some rare exceptions, do we see roundness of contour accompanied by lightness, and those fairy hands and feet that are at once the type of beauty and refinement. I like to shut myself up, close my eyes, and fancy one of the creatures of my imagination, with taper and rose-tipped fingers, playing with my hair, touching my cheek, or resting its little snowy-dimpled hand on mine. I like to fancy the fairy foot, round and pulpy, but small to diminutiveness, peeping from beneath the drapery that half conceals it, or moving in the mazes of the dance. I detest thin women; and unfortunately all, or nearly all plump women, have clumsy hands and feet, so that I am obliged to have recourse to imagination for my beauties, and there I always find them. I can so well understand the lover leaving his mistress that he might write to her, I should leave mine, not to write to, but to think of her, to dress her up in the habiliments of my ideal beauty, investing her with all the charms of the latter, and then adoring the idol I had formed. You must have observed that I give my heroines extreme refinement, joined to great simplicity and want of education. Now, refinement and want of education are incompatible, at least I have ever found them so: so here again, you see, I am forced to have recourse to imagination, and certainly it furnishes me with creatures as unlike the sophisticated beings of civilized existence, as they are to the still less tempting, coarse realities of vulgar life. In short, I am of opinion that poets do not require great beauty in the objects of their affection; all that is necessary for them is a strong and devoted attachment from the object, and where this exists, joined to health and good temper, little more is required, at least in early youth, though with advancing years, men become more *exigents*." Talking of the difference between love in early youth and in maturity, Byron said, "that, like the measles, love was most dangerous when it came late in life."

Byron had two points of ambition,—the one to be thought the greatest

poet of his day, and the other a nobleman and man of fashion, who could have arrived at distinction without the aid of his poetical genius. This often produced curious anomalies in his conduct and sentiments, and a sort of jealousy of himself in each separate character, that was highly amusing to an observant spectator. If poets were talked of or eulogized, he referred to the advantages of rank and station as commanding that place in society by right, which was only accorded to genius by sufferance; for, said Byron, "Let authors do, say, or think what they please, they are never considered as men of fashion in the circles of *haut ton*, to which their literary reputations have given them an *entrée*, unless they happen to be of high birth. How many times have I observed this in London; as also the awkward efforts made by authors to trifle and act the fine gentleman like the rest of the herd in society. Then look at the *faiblesse* they betray in running after great people. Lords and ladies seem to possess, in their eyes, some power of attraction that I never could discover; and the eagerness with which they crowd to balls and assemblies, where they are as *déplacés* as *ennuyés*, all conversation at such places being out of the question, might lead one to think that they sought the heated atmospheres of such scenes as hot-beds to nurse their genius." If men of fashion were praised, Byron dwelt on the futility of their pursuits, their ignorance *en masse*, and the necessity of talents to give lustre to rank and station. In short, he seemed to think that the bays of the author ought to be entwined with a coronet to render either valuable, as, singly, they were not sufficiently attractive; and this evidently arose from *his* uniting, in his own person, rank and genius. I recollect once laughingly telling him that he was fortunate in being able to consider himself a poet amongst lords, and a lord amongst poets. He seemed doubtful as to how he should take the parody, but ended by laughing also.

Byron has often laughed at some *repartie* or joke against himself, and, after a few minutes' reflection, got angry at it, but was always soon appeased by a civil apology, though it was clear that he disliked anything like ridicule, as do most people who are addicted to play it off on others; and he certainly delighted in quizzing and ridiculing his associates. The translation of his works into different languages, however it might have flattered his *amour propre* as an author, never failed to enrage him, from the injustice he considered all translations rendered to his works. I have seen him furious at some passages in the French translation, which he pointed out as proof of the impossibility of the translators understanding the original, and he exclaimed, "*Il traditore! Il traditore!*" (instead of *Il traduttore*,) vowing vengeance against the unhappy traducers as he called them. He declared that every translation he had seen of his poems had so destroyed the sense, that he could not understand how the French and Italians could admire his works, as they professed to do. It proved, he said, at how low an ebb modern

poetry must be in both countries. French poetry he detested, and continually ridiculed: he said it was discordant to his ears.

Of his own works, with some exceptions, he always spoke in derision, saying he could write much better, but that he wrote to suit the false taste of the day, and that if now and then a gleam of true feeling or poetry was visible in his productions, it was sure to be followed by the ridicule he could not suppress. Byron was not sincere in this, and it was only said to excite surprise, and show his superiority over the rest of the world. It was this same desire of astonishing that led him to depreciate Shakspeare, which I have frequently heard him do, though from various of his reflections in conversation, and the general turn of his mind, I am convinced that he had not only deeply read, but deeply felt the beauties of our immortal poet.

I do not recollect ever having met Byron that he did not, in some way or other, introduce the subject of Lady Byron. The impression left on my mind was, that she continually occupied his thoughts, and that he most anxiously desired a reconciliation with her. He declared that his marriage was free from every interested motive, and if not founded on love, as love is generally viewed, a wild, engrossing and ungovernable passion, there was quite sufficient liking in it to have ensured happiness had his temper been better. He said that Lady Byron's appearance had pleased him from the first moment, and had always continued to please him, and that, had his pecuniary affairs been in a less ruinous state, his temper would not have been excited, as it daily, hourly was, during the brief period of their union, by the demands of insolent creditors whom he was unable to satisfy, and who drove him nearly out of his senses, until he lost all command of himself, and so forfeited Lady Byron's affection. "I must admit that I could not have left a very agreeable impression on her mind. With my irascible temper, worked upon by the constant attacks of durs, no wonder that I became gloomy, violent, and, I fear, often personally uncivil, if no worse, and so disgusted her; though, had she really loved me, she would have borne with my infirmities, and made allowance for my provocations. I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of writing long letters to her, many of which I have sent, but without ever receiving an answer, and others that I did not send, because I despaired of their doing any good. I will show you some of them, as they may serve to throw a light on my feelings." The next day Byron sent me the letter, addressed to Lady Byron, which has already appeared in "*Moore's Life*." He never could divest himself of the idea that she took a deep interest in him; he said that their child must always be a bond of union between them, whatever lapse of years or distance might separate them; and this idea seemed to comfort him. And yet, notwithstanding the bond of union a child was supposed to form between the parents, he did not hesitate to state, to the gentlemen

of our party, his more than indifference towards the mother of his illegitimate daughter. Byron's mental courage was much stronger in his study than in society. In moments of inspiration, with his pen in his hand, he would have dared public opinion, and laughed to scorn the criticisms of all the litterati, but with reflection came doubts and misgivings; and though in general he was tenacious in not changing what he had once written, this tenacity proceeded more from the fear of being thought to *want* mental courage, than from the existence of the quality itself. This operated also on his actions as well as his writings; he was the creature of impulse; never reflected on the possible or probable results of his conduct, until that conduct had drawn down censure and calumny on him, when he shrunk with dismay, "frightened at the sounds himself had made."

This sensitiveness was visible on all occasions, and extended to all his relations with others; did his friends or associates become the objects of public attack, he shrunk from the association, or at least from any public display of it, disclaimed the existence of any particular intimacy, though in secret he felt good will to the persons. I have witnessed many examples of this, and became convinced that his friendship was much more likely to be retained by those who stood well in the world's opinion, than by those who had even undeservedly forfeited it. I once made an observation to him on this point, which was elicited by something he had said of persons with whom I knew he had once been on terms of intimacy, and which he wished to disclaim; his reply was, "What the deuce good can I do them against public opinion? I shall only injure myself and do them no service." I ventured to tell him, that this was precisely the system of the English whom he derided; and that self-respect, if no better feeling operated, ought to make us support in adversity those whom we had led to believe we felt interested in. He blushed, and allowed I was right; "Though (added he) you are *singular* in both senses of the word, in your opinion, as I have had proofs; for at the moment when I was assailed *by all* the vituperation of the press in England at the separation, a friend of mine, who had written a complimentary passage to me, either by way of dedication or episode (I forget which he said), suppressed it on finding public opinion running hard against me; he will probably produce it if he finds the quicksilver of the barometer of my reputation mounts to *beau fixe*; while it remains, as at present, at variable, it will never see the light, save and except I die in Greece, with a sort of demi-poetic and demi-heroic *renommée* attached to my memory."

(To be continued.)

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## INVOCATION,

WRITTEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABBOTSFORD.

SPIRITS! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!  
 Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!  
 Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams!  
 Inspiring lights!  
 Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,  
 Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind!

Ye who have o'er-informed and overwrought  
 His teeming soul,  
 Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought  
 From pole to pole;  
 Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—  
 A midnight heaven, without one starry spark,—

Spirits of Earth and Air—of Light or Gloom!  
 Awake! arise!  
 Restore the victim ye have made—relume  
 His darkling eyes.  
 Wizards! be all your magic skill unfurled,  
 To charm to health the Charmer of the World!

The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair;  
 Give to his lips  
 Their lore, than Chrysostom's more rich and rare:  
 Dispel the eclipse  
 That intercepts his intellectual light,  
 And saddens all mankind with tears and night.

Not only for the Bard of highest worth,  
 But best of men,  
 Do I invoke ye, Powers of Heaven and Earth!  
 Oh! where and when  
 Shall we again behold his counterpart—  
 Such kindred excellence of head and heart?

So good and great—benevolent as wise—  
 On his high throne  
 How meekly hath he borne his faculties!  
 How finely shown  
 A model to the irritable race,  
 Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!

If he *must* die, how great to perish thus  
 In Glory's blaze:  
 A world, in requiem unanimous,  
 Weeping his praise;  
 While Angels wait to catch his parting breath—  
 Who would not give his life for such a death?

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.\*

"Above all things, Liberty!" The political creed of Shelley may be comprised in a few words; it was, in truth, that of most men, and, in a peculiar manner, of young men, during the freshness and early spring of revolutions. He held that not only is the greatest possible amount of civil liberty to be preferred to all other blessings, but that this advantage is all-sufficient, and comprehends within itself every other desirable object. The former position is as unquestionably true as the latter is undoubtedly false. It is no small praise, however, to a very young man, to say, that, on a subject so remote from the comprehension of youth, his opinions were at least half right. Twenty years ago, the young men at our Universities were satisfied with upholding the political doctrines of which they approved by private discussions: they did not venture to form clubs of brothers, and to move resolutions, except a small number of enthusiasts, of doubtful sanity, who alone sought to usurp, by crude and premature efforts, the offices of a matured understanding and of manly experience. Although our fellow-colleagues were willing to learn before they took upon themselves the heavy and thankless charge of instructing others, there was no lack of beardless politicians amongst us: of these, some were more strenuous supporters of the popular cause in our little circles than others; but all were abundantly liberal. A Brutus, or a Gracchus, would have found many to surpass him, and few, indeed, to fall short, in theoretical devotion to the interests of equal freedom. I can scarcely recollect a single exception amongst my numerous acquaintances: all, I think, were worthy of the best ages of Greece, or of Rome; all were true, loyal citizens, brave and free. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Liberty is the morning-star of youth; and those who enjoy the inappreciable blessing of a classical education, are taught betimes to lisp its praises.† They are nurtured in the writings of its votaries; and they even learn their native tongue, as it were, at secondhand, and reflected in the glorious pages of the authors, who, in the ancient languages, and in strains of a noble eloquence, that will never fail to astonish succeeding generations, proclaim unceasingly, with every variety of powerful and energetic phrase, "Above all things, Liberty!" The praises of liberty were the favourite topic of our earliest verses, whether they flowed with natural ease, or were elaborated painfully out of the resources of art; and the tyrant was set up as an object of scorn, to be pelted with the first ink of our themes. How, then, can an educated youth be other than free?

Shelley was entirely devoted to the lovely theory of freedom; but he

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\* Continued from page 73.

† Our correspondent has suffered his ardour for those academical studies in which he is a distinguished proficient to carry him away prodigiously beyond the sober fact. A classical education is very well in its way, but as for inculcating "Above all things, Liberty"—we think an honest mechanic of Sheffield learns *that* lesson *more* deeply as well as more practically than the young gentlemen of colleges generally learn it. We were a member of the Cambridge Union in its best days—its majorities were almost invariably on the Tory side.—ED.

\* Oct.—VOL. XXXV. NO. CXLII.

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was also eminently averse at that time from engaging in the far less beautiful practices wherein are found the actual and operative energies of liberty. I was maintaining against him one day at my rooms the superiority of the ethical sciences over the physical. In the course of the debate he cried, with shrill vehemence,—for as his aspect presented to the eye much of the elegance of the peacock, so, in like manner, he cruelly lacerated the ear with its discordant tones—“You talk of the pre-eminence of moral philosophy; do you comprehend politics under that name? and will you tell me, as others do, and as Plato, I believe, teaches, that of this philosophy the political department is the highest and the most important?” Without expecting an answer, he continued—“A certain nobleman (and he named him) advised me to turn my thoughts towards politics immediately. ‘You cannot direct your attention that way too early in this country,’ said the Duke; ‘they are the proper career for a young man of ability and of your station in life. That course is the most advantageous, because it is a monopoly. A little success in that line goes far, since the number of competitors is limited; and of those who are admitted to the contest, the greater part are altogether devoid of talent, or too indolent to exert themselves: so many are excluded, that, of the few who are permitted to enter, it is difficult to find any that are not utterly unfit for the ordinary service of the state. It is not so in the church; it is not so at the bar: there all may offer themselves. The number of rivals in those professions is far greater, and they are, besides, of a more formidable kind. In letters, your chance of success is still worse. There none can win gold, and all may try to gain reputation: it is a struggle for glory,—the competition is infinite,—there are no bounds;—that is a spacious field, indeed—a sea without shores!’ The Duke talked thus to me many times, and strongly urged me to give myself up to politics without delay; but he did not persuade me. With how unconquerable an aversion do I shrink from political articles in newspapers and reviews! I have heard people talk politics by the hour, and how I hated it and them! I went with my father several times to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! What faces!—what an expression of countenance!—what wretched beings!” Here he clasped his hands, and raised his voice to a painful pitch, with fervid dislike. “Good God! what men did we meet about the House—in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust! A friend of mine, an Eton man, told me that his father once invited some corporation to dine at his house, and that he was present. When dinner was over, and the gentlemen nearly drunk, they started up, he said, and swore they would all kiss his sisters. His father laughed, and did not forbid them; and the wretches would have done it; but his sisters heard of the infamous proposal, and ran up stairs, and locked themselves in their bed-rooms. I asked him if he would not have knocked them down if they had attempted such an outrage in his presence. It seems to me that a man of spirit ought to have killed them if they had effected their purpose.” The sceptical philosopher sat for several minutes in silence, his cheeks glowing with intense indignation.

“Never did a more finished gentleman than Shelley step across a drawing-room!” Lord Byron exclaimed; and on reading the remark in

Mr. Moore's "Memoirs," I was struck forcibly by its justice, and wondered for a moment that, since it was so obvious, it had never been made before. Perhaps this excellence was blended so intimately with his entire nature, that it seemed to constitute a part of his identity, and being essential and necessary was therefore never noticed. I observed his eminence in this respect before I had sat beside him many minutes at our first meeting in the hall of University College. Since that day, I have had the happiness to associate with some of the best specimens of gentlemen; but with all due deference for those admirable persons (may my candour and my preference be pardoned), I can affirm that Shelley was almost the only example I have yet found that was never wanting, even in the most minute particular, of the infinite and various observances of pure, entire, and perfect gentility. Trifling, indeed, and unimportant, were the aberrations of some whom I could name; but in him, during a long and most unusual familiarity, I discovered no flaw, no tarnish; the metal was sterling, and the polish absolute. I have also seen him, although rarely, "stepping across a drawing-room," and then his deportment, as Lord Byron testifies, was unexceptionable. Such attendances, however, were pain and grief to him, and his inward discomfort was not hard to be discerned. An acute observer, whose experience of life was infinite, and who had been long and largely conversant with the best society in each of the principal capitals of Europe, had met Shelley, of whom he was a sincere admirer, several times in public. He remarked one evening, at a large party where Shelley was present, his extreme discomfort, and added, "It is but too plain that there is something radically wrong in the constitution of our assemblies, since such a man finds not pleasure, nor even ease, in them." His speculations concerning the cause were ingenious, and would possibly be not altogether devoid of interest; but they are wholly unconnected with the object of these scanty reminiscences.

Whilst Shelley was still a boy, clubs were few in number, of small dimensions, and generally confined to some specific class of persons; the universal and populous clubs of the present day were almost unknown. His reputation has increased so much of late, that the honour of including his name in the list of members, were such a distinction happily attainable, would now perhaps be sought by many of these societies; but it is not less certain, that, for a period of nearly twenty years, he would have been black-balled by almost every club in London. Nor would such a fate be peculiar to him. When a great man has attained to a certain eminence, his patronage is courted by those who were wont carefully to shun him, whilst he was quietly and steadily pursuing the path that would inevitably lead to advancement. It would be easy to multiply instances, if proofs were needed, and this remarkable peculiarity of our social existence is an additional and irrefragable argument that the constitution of refined society is radically vicious, since it flatters timid, insipid mediocrity, and is opposed to the bold, fearless originality, and to that novelty which invariably characterizes true genius. The first dawnings of talent are instantly hailed and warmly welcomed, as soon as ~~some~~ singularity unequivocally attests its existence amongst nations where hypocrisy and intolerance are less absolute.

If all men were required to name the greatest disappointment they had respectively experienced, the catalogue would be very vari-



ous; accordingly as the expectations of each had been elevated respecting the pleasure that would attend the gratification of some favourite wish, would the reality in almost every case have fallen short of the anticipation. The variety would be infinite as to the nature of the first disappointment; but if the same irresistible authority could command that another and another should be added to the list, it is probable that there would be less dissimilarity in the returns of the disappointments which were deemed second and the next in importance to the greatest, and perhaps, in numerous instances, the third would coincide. Many individuals, having exhausted their principal private and peculiar grievances in the first and second examples, would assign the third place to some public and general matter. The youth who has formed his conceptions of the power, effects, and aspect of eloquence from the specimens furnished by the orators of Greece and Rome, receives as rude a shock on his first visit to the House of Commons as can possibly be inflicted on his juvenile expectations, where the subject is entirely unconnected with the interests of the individual. A prodigious number of persons would, doubtless, inscribe nearly at the top of the list of disappointments the deplorable and inconceivable inferiority of the actual to the imaginary debate. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the sensitive, the susceptible, the fastidious Shelley, whose lively fancy was easily wound up to a degree of excitement incomprehensible to calmer and more phlegmatic temperaments, felt keenly a mortification that can wound even the most obtuse intellects, and expressed, with contemptuous acrimony, his dissatisfaction at the cheat which his warm imagination had put upon him. Had he resolved to enter the career of politics, it is possible that habit would have reconciled him to many things which at first seemed to be repugnant to his nature; it is possible that his unwearied industry, his remarkable talents and vast energy would have led him to renown in that line as well as in another; but it is most probable that his parliamentary success would have been but moderate. Opportunities of advancement were offered to him, and he rejected them, in the opinion of some of his friends unwisely and improperly; but perhaps he only refused gifts that were unfit for him: he struck out a path for himself, and, by boldly following his own course, greatly as it deviated from that prescribed to him, he became incomparably more illustrious than he would have been; had he steadily pursued the beaten track. His memory will be green when the herd of every-day politicians are forgotten. Ordinary rules may guide ordinary men, but the orbit of the child of genius is essentially eccentric. Although the mind of Shelley had certainly a strong bias towards democracy, and he embraced with an ardent and youthful fondness the theory of political equality, his feelings and behaviour were in many respects highly aristocratical. The ideal republic, wherein his fancy loved to expatiate, was adorned by all the graces which Plato, Xenophon, and Cicero have thrown around the memory of ancient liberty; the unbleached web of transatlantic freedom, and the inconsiderate vehemence of such of our domestic patriots as would demonstrate their devotion to the good cause, by treating with irreverence whatever is most venerable, were equally repugnant to his sensitive and reverential spirit. As a politician, Shelley was in theory wholly a republican, but in practice, so far only as it is possible to be one with due regard for the sacred rights of a scholar and a

gentleman; and these being in his eyes always more inviolable than any scheme of polity, or civil institution\*, although he was upon paper and in discourse a sturdy commonwealth-man, the living, moving, acting individual, had much of the senatorial and conservative, and was, in the main, eminently patrician.

The rare assiduity of the young poet in the acquisition of general knowledge has been already described; he had, moreover, diligently studied the mechanism of his art before he came to Oxford. He composed Latin verses with singular facility. On visiting him soon after his arrival at the accustomed hour of one, he was writing the usual exercise which we presented, I believe, once a week—a Latin translation of a paper in the *Spectator*. He soon finished it, and as he held it before the fire to dry, I offered to take it from him; he said it was not worth looking at; but as I persisted, through a certain scholastic curiosity to examine the Latinity of my new acquaintance, he gave it to me. The Latin was sufficiently correct, but the version was paraphrastic, which I observed; he assented, and said that it would pass muster, and he felt no interest in such efforts, and no desire to excel in them. I also noticed many portions of heroic verses, and even several entire verses, and these I pointed out as defects in a prose composition. He smiled archly, and asked, in his piercing whisper—"Do you think they will observe them?" I inserted them intentionally to try their ears! I once shewed up a theme at Eaton to old Keate, in which there were a great many verses; but he observed them, scanned them, and asked why I had introduced them? I answered, that I did not know they were there: this was partly true and partly false; but he believed me, and immediately applied to me the line, in which Ovid says of himself—

*Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat."*

Shelley then spoke of the facility with which he could compose Latin verses; and, taking the paper out of my hand, he began to put the entire translation into verse. He would sometimes open at hazard a prose writer, as Livy, or Sallust, and by changing the position of the words, and occasionally substituting others, he would transmute several sentences from prose to verse—to heroic, or more commonly elegiac, verse, for he was peculiarly charmed with the graceful and easy flow of the latter—with surprising rapidity and readiness. He was fond of displaying this accomplishment during his residence at Oxford, but he forgot to bring it away with him when he quitted the University; or perhaps he left it behind him designedly, as being suitable to academic groves only and to the banks of the Isis. In Ovid the facility of versification in his native tongue was possibly, in some measure, innate, although the extensive and various learning of that poet demonstrate that the power of application was not wanting in him; but such a command over a dead language can only be acquired through severe study. There is much in the poetry of Shelley that seems to encourage the belief, that the inspiration of the Muses was seldom duly hailed by the pious diligence of the recipient. It is true, that his compositions were too often unfinished, but his example cannot encourage indolence in the youthful

\* After all, we fear, from this passage, that our poet must have had very confused notions of the true scope and end of "Schemes of Polity" and "Civil Institutions."—ED.

writer, for his carelessness is usually apparent only; he had really applied himself as strenuously to conquer all the other difficulties of his art, as he patiently laboured to penetrate the mysteries of metre in the state wherein it exists entire and can alone be attained—in one of the classical languages.

The poet takes his name from the highest effort of his art—creation; and being himself a maker, he must, of necessity, feel a strong sympathy with the exercise of the creative energies. Shelley was exceedingly deficient in mechanical ingenuity; and he was also wanting in spontaneous curiosity respecting the operations of artificers. The wonderful dexterity of well-practised hands, the long tradition of innumerable ages, and the vast accumulation of technical wisdom that are manifested in the various handicrafts, have always been interesting to me, and I have ever loved to watch the artist at his work. I have often induced Shelley to take part in such observations, and although he never threw himself in the way of professors of the manual erudition of the workshop, his vivid delight in witnessing the marvels of the plastic hand, whenever they were brought before his eyes, was very striking; and the rude workman was often gratified to find that his merit in one narrow field was at once and intuitively so fully appreciated by the young scholar. The instances are innumerable that would attest an unusual sympathy with the arts of construction even in their most simple stages. I led him one summer's evening into a brick-field; it had never occurred to him to ask himself how a brick is formed; the secret was revealed in a moment; he was charmed with the simple contrivance, and astonished at the rapidity, facility, and exactness with which it was put in use by so many busy hands. An ordinary observer would have smiled and passed on, but the son of fancy confessed his delight with an energy which roused the attention even of the ragged throng, that seemed to exist only that they might pass successive lumps of clay through a wooden frame.

I was surprised at the contrast between the general indifference of Shelley for the mechanical arts, and his intense admiration of a particular application of one of them the first time I noticed the latter peculiarity. During our residence at Oxford, I repaired to his rooms one morning at the accustomed hour, and I found a tailor with him. He had expected to receive a new coat on the preceding evening; it was not sent home, and he was mortified, I know not why, for he was commonly altogether indifferent about dress, and scarcely appeared to distinguish one coat from another. He was now standing erect in the middle of the room in his new blue coat, with all its glittering buttons, and to atone for the delay, the tailor was loudly extolling the beauty of the cloth and the felicity of the fit; his eloquence had not been thrown away upon his customer, for never was man more easily persuaded than the master of persuasion. The man of thimbles applied to me to vouch his eulogies; I briefly assented to them. He withdrew, after some bows, and Shelley, snatching his hat, cried, with shrill impatience, "Let us go!" "Do you mean to walk in the fields in your new coat?" I asked. "Yes, certainly," he answered; and we sallied forth. We sauntered for a moderate space through lanes and bye-ways, until we reached a spot near to a farm-house, where the frequent trampling of much cattle had rendered the road almost impassable, and deep with

black mud ; but by crossing the corner of a stack-yard, from one gate to another, we could tread upon clean straw, and could wholly avoid the impure and impracticable slough. We had nearly effected the brief and commodious transit, I was stretching forth my hand to open the gate that led us back into the lane, when a lean, brindled, and most ill-favoured mastiff, that had stolen upon us softly over the straw unheard, and without barking, seized Shelley suddenly by the skirts. I instantly kicked the animal in the ribs with so much force, that I felt for some days after the influence of his gaunt bones on my toe. The blow caused him to flinch towards the left, and Shelley, turning round quickly, planted a kick in his throat, which sent him away sprawling, and made him retire hastily among the stacks, and we then entered the lane. The fury of the mastiff, and the rapid turn, had torn the skirts of the new blue coat across the back, just about that part of the human loins which our tailors, for some wise, but inscrutable purpose, are wont to adorn with two buttons. They were entirely severed from the body, except a narrow strip of cloth on the left side, and this Shelley presently rent asunder. I never saw him so angry either before or since ; he vowed that he would bring his pistols and shoot the dog, and that he would proceed at law against the owner. The fidelity of the dog towards his master is very beautiful in theory, and there is much to admire and to revere in this ancient and venerable alliance ; but, in practice, the most unexceptionable dog is a nuisance to all mankind except his master at all times, and very often to him also, and a fierce surly dog is the enemy of the whole human race. The farm-yards, in many parts of England, are happily free from a pest that is formidable to every body but thieves by profession ; in other districts savage dogs abound, and in none so much, according to my experience, as in the vicinity of Oxford. The neighbourhood of a still more famous city, of Rome, is likewise infested by dogs, more lowering, more ferocious, and incomparably more powerful. Shelley was proceeding homeward with rapid strides, bearing the skirts of his new coat on his left arm, to procure his pistols, that he might wreak his vengeance upon the offending dog. I disliked the race, but I did not desire to take an ignoble revenge upon the miserable individual. " Let us try to fancy, Shelley," I said to him, as he was posting away in indignant silence, " that we have been at Oxford, and have come back again, and that you have just laid the beast low—and what then ?" He was silent for some time, but I soon perceived, from the relaxation of his pace, that his anger had relaxed also. At last he stopped short, and taking the skirts from his arm, spread them upon the hedge, stood gazing at them with a mournful aspect, sighed deeply, and after a few moments, continued his march. " Would it not be better to take the skirts with us ?" I inquired. " No," he answered despondingly, " let them remain as a spectacle for men and gods !" We returned to Oxford, and made our way by back streets to our College. As we entered the gates, the officious scout remarked with astonishment Shelley's strange spenser, and asked for the skirts, that he might instantly carry the wreck to the tailor. Shelley answered, with his peculiarly pensive air, " They are upon the hedge." The scout looked up at the clock, at Shelley, and through the gate into the street as it were at the same moment and with one eager glance, and would have run blindly in quest of them, but I drew the skirts from my pocket, and un-

folded them, and he followed us to Shelley's rooms. We were sitting there in the evening, at tea, when the tailor who had praised the coat so warmly in the morning, brought it back as fresh as ever, and apparently uninjured. It had been fine-drawn; he shewed how skilfully the wound had been healed, and he commended, at some length, the artist who had effected the cure. Shelley was astonished and delighted: had the tailor consumed the new blue coat in one of his crucibles, and suddenly raised it, by magical incantation, a fresh and purple Phoenix from the ashes, his admiration could hardly have been more vivid. It might be, in this instance, that his joy at the unexpected restoration of a coat, for which, although he was utterly indifferent to dress, he had, through some unaccountable caprice, conceived a fondness, gave force to his sympathy with art; but I have remarked, in innumerable cases, where no personal motive could exist, that he was animated by all the ardour of a maker in witnessing the display of the creative energies.

Nor was the young poet less interested by imitation, especially the imitation of action, than by the creative arts. Our theatrical representations have long been degraded by a most pernicious monopoly, by vast abuses, and enormous corruptions, and by the prevalence of bad taste; far from feeling a desire to visit the theatres, Shelley would have esteemed it a cruel infliction to have been compelled to witness performances that less fastidious critics have deemed intolerable. He found delight, however, in reading the best of our English dramas, particularly the masterpieces of Shakspeare, and he was never weary of studying the more perfect compositions of the Attic tragedians. The lineaments of individual character may frequently be traced more certainly, and more distinctly in trifles than in more important affairs; for in the former the deportment, even of the boldest and most ingenuous, is more entirely emancipated from every restraint. I recollect many minute traits that display the inborn sympathy of a brother practitioner in the mimetic arts: one silly tale, because, in truth, it is the most trivial of all, will best illustrate the conformation of his mind; its childishness, therefore, will be pardoned.

A young man of studious habits, and of considerable talent, occasionally derived a whimsical amusement, during his residence at Cambridge, from entering the public-houses in the neighbouring villages, whilst the fen-farmers and other rustics were smoking and drinking, and from repeating a short passage of a play, or a portion of an oration, which described the death of a distinguished person, the fatal result of a mighty battle, or other important event, in a forcible manner. He selected a passage of which the language was nearly on a level with vulgar comprehension, or he adapted one by somewhat mitigating its elevation; and although his appearance did not bespeak histrionic gifts, he was able to utter it impressively, and what was most effective, not theatrically, but simply, and with the air of a man who was in earnest; and if he were interrupted or questioned, he could slightly modify the discourse, without materially changing the sense, to give it a further appearance of reality; and so staid and sober was the gravity of his demeanour as to render it impossible for the clowns to solve the wonder by supposing that he was mad. During his declamation the orator feasted inwardly on the stupid astonishment of his petrified audience, and he further regaled himself afterwards by imagining the strange conjectures that would commence at his departure.

Shelley was much interested by the account I gave him of this curious fact, from the relation of two persons, who had witnessed the performance. He asked innumerable questions, which I was in general quite unable to answer; and he spoke of it as something altogether miraculous, that any one should be able to recite extraordinary events in such a manner as to gain credence. As he insisted much upon the difficulty of the exploit, I told him that I thought he greatly over-estimated it. I was disposed to believe that it was in truth easy; that faith and a certain gravity were alone needed. I had been struck by the story, when I first heard it; and I had often thought of the practicability of imitating the deception, and although I had never proceeded so far myself, I had once or twice found it convenient to attempt something similar. At these words Shelley drew his chair close to mine, and listened with profound silence and intense curiosity.

I was walking one afternoon, in the summer, on the western side of that short street leading from Long Acre to Covent Garden, wherein the passenger is earnestly invited, as a personal favour to the demandant, to proceed straightway to Highgate or to Kentish Town, and which is called, I think, James Street; I was about to enter Covent Garden, when an Irish labourer, whom I met, bearing an empty hod, accosted me somewhat roughly, and asked why I had run against him; I told him briefly that he was mistaken. Whether somebody had actually pushed the man, or he sought only to quarrel, and although he doubtless attended a weekly row regularly, and the week was already drawing to a close, he was unable to wait until Sunday for a broken head, I know not, but he discoursed for some time with the vehemence of a man who considers himself injured or insulted, and he concluded, being emboldened by my long silence, with a cordial invitation just to push him again. Several persons not very unlike in costume had gathered round him, and appeared to regard him with sympathy. When he paused, I addressed to him slowly and quietly, and it should seem with great gravity, these words, as nearly as I can recollect them. "I have put my hand into the hamper; I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum! I have drunk and was well pleased: I have said, *καὶ ἔσται*, and it 'is finished!'" "Have you, Sir?" inquired the astonished Irishman, and his ragged friends instantly pressed round him with "Where is the hamper, Paddy?"—"What barley?" and the like. And ladies from his own country, that is to say, the basket-women, suddenly began to interrogate him, "Now, I say, Pat, where have you been drinking? What have you had?" I turned therefore to the right, leaving the astounded neophyte, whom I had thus planted, to expound the mystic words of initiation, as he could, to his inquisitive companions. As I walked slowly under the piazzas, and through the streets and courts, towards the west, I marvelled at the ingenuity of Orpheus—if he were indeed the inventor of the Eleusinian mysteries—that he was able to devise words that, imperfectly as I had repeated them, and in the tattered fragment that has reached us, were able to soothe people so savage and barbarous as those to whom I had addressed them, and which, as the apologists for those venerable rites affirm, were manifestly well adapted to incite persons, who hear them for the first time, however rude they may be, to ask questions. Words, that can awaken curiosity, even

in the sluggish intellect of a wild man, and can thus open the inlet of knowledge!

"*Koux ompax*; and it is finished!" exclaimed Shelley, crowing with enthusiastic delight at my whimsical adventure. A thousand times as he strode about the house, and in his rambles out of doors, would he stop and repeat aloud the mystic words of initiation, but always with an energy of manner, and a vehemence of tone and of gesture, that would have prevented the ready acceptance, which a calm, passionless delivery had once procured for them. How often would he throw down his book, clasp his hands, and starting from his seat, cry suddenly, with a thrilling voice, "I have said *Koux ompax*; and it is finished!"

(*To be continued.*)

#### LIFE'S BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"A Palace and a Prison on each hand."—BYRON.

PALMYRA's palaces, where be they now?  
Sidonia, Tyre, produce *one* gallant prow!  
Greece, Rome—how splendid once, and now how sunk!  
Thus strangers rule, and that a drivelling monk!

The godlike form, the look of high command,  
The patriots true who fulmined o'er the land,  
Maidens surpassing aught Apelles drew,  
And heroes worthy e'en such maids to woo—  
Oh for Rome's triumph now! that glorious sight,  
That nerved the soldier in the doubtful fight,  
Gave rapture to the struggle, and consoled  
E'en those whose eyes might ne'er that sight behold;  
Yes! as life's current fainter ebb'd and flow'd  
Along those veins where late it madly glow'd,  
As maim'd in limb, and sick, though stern at heart,  
Wai's patriot victim saw the day depart,  
And felt around him night's chill damps arise,  
And heard afar the ravening jackall's cries,  
And knew, Oh God! how horrid is that hour!  
The death-pang's fell and soul-depressing power;  
Yes! e'en to him, who might not share its pride,  
Thoughts of that scene gave comfort as he died.

Ah! ye who ponder o'er the classic page,  
And scorn, yet pity our degenerate age,  
Remember! all's comparative below,  
Rome had her Triumphs—we've the Lord Mayor's Show!

Oh Babylon! in vastness and in wealth,  
Fell foe alike to virtue and to health,  
Vile London! how would Juvenal display  
Your vice and meanness, did he bless our day!

Not mine, alas! his fierce and graphic style,  
His smiting boldness, or his withering smile;  
E'en when your crimes arouse my saddened rage,  
A simple bird-note—not from gilded cage,  
A gleam of sunshine on a distant hill,  
Or infant's moan, can bid my rage be still.

Hail to the Sun! all hail the balmy breeze,  
The song of birds, the rustling wail of trees,  
Of hill and dale the beauty, and the scent  
Of each wild floweret for the season lent?  
Hail NATURE! hail! what aching raptures rise  
Within man's breast, when to the sunny skies  
And verdant, incense-breathing hills he lifts  
His eyes, that beam with rapture on thy gifts!  
Oh! were man wise, how beauteous were this world!  
Strife's clamour silenced, War's red banner furled,  
Vice banished, Fashion ceasing to mislead,  
And each intent to aid his fellow's need.  
Enthusiast Fancy! furl thy wanton wing!  
Nature and Wisdom! view the crowded Ring!  
Birds, trees, and incense-wafting zephyrs ne'er  
Found favour with the crowd that loiters there!  
Can birds excruciate Rossini?—trees  
Do well enough to rhyme, in Moore, with bees;  
And though, no doubt, wild flow'rs smell sweet at dusk,  
Delcroix! no flowers are equal to thy musk!

'Tis night! my Lady, from her toilet risen,  
Spurns the dull calm of her domestic prison,  
Steps with a swan-like grace into her chair,  
The chance of cards and Scandal's sneers to dare;  
Ghitter the light-reflecting chrystal drops,  
Prattle the fair, and smile the approving fops.  
Ah! deem ye not that in that glittering crowd  
All hearts are calm, in conscious virtue proud!  
Still less that there the peasant's gem—Content,  
With gaudier gems and prouder joys is blent.  
Oh! could but one impassioned soul be bared,  
Were all the pangs of one proud heart declared,  
Not Indus' wealth, scorned peasant, would allure  
Your breadless child such tortures to endure!  
Ambition baulked, the vulture Envy's rage,  
Love mocked or crossed—can Grandeur these assuage?  
Task the girl-bride of aged Cæsus! ask  
Yon grandam's bridegroom to remove his mask!  
Ask her if wealth locked up can glad the heart?  
Ask him how oft he prays that death *may* part?  
Learn how her fast, young, only love she nurses,  
And how his twenty-stone of age he curses!

Ye who as yet have human feelings left,  
And souls not wholly of life's spring bereft,  
Turn ye from Fashion's glare and Falsehood's grin,  
From formal folly and punctilious sin;  
From fools with heads of mud and hearts of stone,  
Who censure every folly but their own;  
From these, and such as these, divert your gaze,  
To knaves whose vice no flippant bardings praise,



To scenes where Sin undecorated walks,  
 And Penury's ghastly form in fetters stalks !  
 See yon grim walls—and hark, yon stifled wail !  
 Fresh from the revel pause—behold the Gaol !  
 The light is yellow—and the air is foul,  
 And charged with reckless curse and harrowing howl.  
 Hark ! does the hymn of penitence arise ?  
 Do heart-felt prayers float upward to the skies ?  
 Oh no !—" Come, push the bowl and banish sorrow "  
 Sings he whose doom perchance is fixed to-morrow !  
 Prayers mix with blasphemies, and songs with groans,  
 Boyhood's fierce curse with Eld's despairing tones ;  
 And scarcely can the thoughtful hearer say  
 Which ought to send him saddest on his way.  
 Turn where he may, the massive walls deride  
 The captive's fevered soul, except where glide,  
 Faintly, as if unwilling there to shine,  
 The Sun's rare rays, and there the double line  
 Of frowning iron struggles with the sheen,  
 That shows like gems 'mid death's corruption seen.  
 Ye reckless happy ! little do ye deem  
 What horrid mockeries haunt the felon's dream ;  
 Now a fond mother clasps him to her breast,  
 Anon stern judges tell the law's behest,  
 Now boyhood's placid scenes before him float,  
 Now grisly forms and spectral hangman gloat,  
 And, wrestling with ideal foes, he wakes  
 To mental horror, and corporeal aches ;  
 Day brings no change, no hope, no blessing here,  
 And Mirth rings ghastly on the lips of Fear.  
 All the small courtesies are laid aside  
 That serve our nature's viler truth to hide ;  
 And, having no more damning shame to fear,  
 The awful things men *are* they here *appear*.

Things of a Court, fawn, compliment, and lie,  
 As though Omniscience' self ye might defy,  
 Cheat, and be cheated, with polite deceit,  
 Hate, and despise, yet warmly, fondly, greet ;  
 Tell me that these are desperate men ; what then ?  
 I know all that ; and know, too, they *are men* ;  
 Men such as ye might be, had fortune frown'd  
 On you :—be wise, be humble, and look round ;  
 Scan your own bosoms ; and believe it not  
 Beneath your pride to mark the felon's lot ;  
 Nor deem the question worthless of your time  
 How far yourselves have caused the felon's crime !

W. T. H.

## EGYPTIAN THEBES.

THE characteristic of Egyptian architecture is Imagination ; of Grecian architecture, Grace. When the Ptolemies assumed the sceptre of the Pharaohs, they blended the delicate taste of Ionia with the rich invention of the Nile ; and they produced the most splendid creations of architectural power that can now be witnessed. Such is the refined Philæ—such the magnificent Dendera—such the sumptuous Edfou !

All the architectural remains of the most famous nations and the greatest empires,—the amphitheatres, and arches, and columns of the Romans ; the fanes of the Greeks ; the temples of the Syrians and Sicilians ; the Colosseum, the Parthenon, the courts of Baalbec, the pillars of Palmyra and Girgenti,—sink into insignificance when compared with the structures that line the banks of an African river. The mind makes a leap amid their vastness, their variety, and their number. New combinations rise upon our limited invention and contracted taste,—the pyramid, the propylon, the colossus, the catacomb, the obelisk, the sphinx.

Take the map ; trace the windings of the mysterious stream, whose source baffles even this age of enterprise, and which remains unknown even when the Niger is discovered. It flows through a wilderness. On one side are the interminable wastes of Libya ; on the other, a rocky desert, leading to the ocean : yet its banks are fertile as a garden ; and within 150 miles of the sea it divides into two branches, which wind through an immense plain, once the granary of the world.

A Nubian passed me in a state of nudity, armed with a poisoned spear, and guarded by the skin of a hippopotamus, formed into a shield. In this country, the animal called man is fine, although his wants are few,—some rice, a calabash of palm wine, and the fish he himself spears. Are his ancestors the creators of the adjoining temple, covered with beautiful sculptures, and supported by colossal figures fifty feet in height ? It is well to ponder, by the roar of the cataracts of the Nile, over the perfectibility of man.

A light has at length broken into the darkness of Egyptian ages ; and although we cannot discover the source of the Nile, we can at least decipher its hieroglyphics. Those who are ignorant of the study are incredulous as to its fruits : they disbelieve in the sun, because they are dazzled by its beams. A popular miscellany is not the place to enter into a history, or a vindication, of the Phonetic system. I am desirous here only of conveying to the general reader, in an intelligible manner, some idea of the discoveries that are now unfolding themselves to the Egyptian antiquarian, and of wandering with him for a moment amid the marvellous creations of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, with a talisman which shall unfold for his instruction and amusement their mystical and romantic history.

I approach this mighty temple. A goose and globe, encircled in an oval, at once inform me that it was constructed by a “ Son of the Sun,” or a “ Phrah,” or “ Pharaoh.” It is remarkable that the Greeks never once mention this memorable title, and simply because they have always translated it by their celebrated personification, “ Sol,” or “ Apollo.” In the obelisk of Hermapion, given by Ammianus Marcellinus, we

should therefore read, in the third column, instead of "the powerful Apollo," "the powerful Phrah, the all-splendid Son of the Sun." Proceeding with the inscription, I also discover that the temple was constructed by Rameses the Second,—a monarch of whom we have more to hear, and who also raised some of the most wonderful monuments of Thebes.

The first step of the Egyptian student should be to eradicate from his mind all recollection of ancient authors. When he has arrived at his own results, he may open Herodotus with interest, read Diodorus with suspicion; but, above all, he will then learn to estimate the value of the hitherto reviled Manetho, undoubtedly the fragments of the work of a genuine Egyptian writer. The history and theology of ancient Egypt must be studied on the sculptured walls of its palaces and temples, breathing with sacred mysteries and heroic warfare: its manners and customs in its catacombs and sepulchres, where the painter has celebrated the minutest traits of the social life and the domestic economy of the most ancient of nations.

Even in the time of Strabo, Egyptian Thebes was a city of enormous ruins, the origin of which no antiquary could penetrate. We now know by the inscriptions we decypher that these mighty monuments chiefly celebrate the achievements of a great conqueror,—Rameses the Second, or the Great, whom the most rigid critic would be rash to place later than fifteen hundred years before Christ. These great creations, therefore, demonstrate the mature civilization of Egypt far beyond three thousand years back. Rameses and his illustrious predecessors, the Thothmes and the Amunophs, are described as monarchs of the eighteenth dynasty. Thothmes the Fourth, one of these ancestors, cut the great Sphinx of the Pyramids; for the Pyramids themselves, it is now undeniable that they were not raised at the comparatively late period ascribed to them by Herodotus and Diodorus. No monuments in Egypt can be compared in antiquity with these buildings; and the names of the predecessors of Rameses the Great are found in their vicinity, evidently sculptured at a much later epoch. "The Pyramids are at least ten thousand years old," said Champollion to a friend of mine in Egypt, rubbing his hands, with eyes sparkling with all the enthusiasm of triumphant research.

It is highly probable that Rameses the Great was the Sesostris of Herodotus. This name is entirely a Greek invention, and is found on no Egyptian monuments. The splendid tomb, first opened by Belzoni, in the Valley of the Kings, is of the grandfather of this monarch—Rameses the First. It is evident, from the Theban sculptures and inscriptions, that Rameses and his predecessors were engaged in a long war with a most powerful enemy, and that that enemy was an Oriental people, a nation with fair countenances and flowing robes, dwelling in a hilly and well-wooded country. It is probable that this nation was the Assyrians, who, according to ancient writers, invaded Egypt under Ninus and Semiramis. Thothmes the Third and Fourth, Amunoph, and Rameses the First, carried on this war with uncertain success. The successor of Rameses the First, whose phonetic name is doubtful, was not unworthy of the son whom the gods accorded to him as a reward for his valour and magnificence. This anonymous sovereign led the war in person, and probably against degenerate princes. On

the walls of Karnak—a sculptured scroll, more durable than those of his poets and historians—we find him, in his triumphal chariot, leading a host of infantry and chariots, attacking fortified places, defended by lofty walls and surrounded by water. The enemy is seen clearing their country in advance, driving away their cattle, and felling forests to impede the progress of the invader's chariots; but at length the victorious Pharaoh returns to his Nile with crowds of prisoners, bearing every variety of rich and fantastic tribute.

The son of this chieftain was *Rameses the Second, or the Great*. Following the example of his illustrious predecessor, he soon led a numerous and chosen army to extend the Oriental conquests of the Egyptians. He passed along the sea-coast of a country, which is, without doubt, Syria, since the name of *Rameses the Second* is still found on that shore, near the ancient *Berytus* and modern *Beirut*. He continued his march into the interior, where we at length find him opposed on the banks of a great river, probably the *Euphrates*, by a powerful force. On the opposite bank of the river is a vast and strongly-fortified city. The battle is fought and won. The Orientals are defeated, and sue for peace. The city is not represented as taken, yet sieges are often sculptured on these walls, and the Egyptian army is always supplied with scaling ladders and the *testudo*. And what was this city? Was it *Babylon*?—was it *Nineveh*? How wonderful is it, at this remote period, to read, for the first time, the *Gazettes of the Pharaohs*!

It does not appear to have been the object of the Egyptians to make any permanent settlement in these conquered countries. They laid waste lands, they accumulated plunder, they secured peace by the dread of their arms, and, returning home with the same rapidity that they advanced, they enjoyed and commemorated their victories in the embellishment of their majestic cities. The remainder of the long reign of *Rameses the Great* was passed in the cultivation of the arts. A greater number of monuments, statues, and temples, bear the name of this King, than of any other who ruled in Egypt, and there are few remains of any city in that country where it is not met with. To him we are indebted alike for the rock temples of *Nubia*, and the inimitable obelisks of *Luxoor*. He raised that splendid structure on the western side of *Thebes*, supported by colossal statues, and which is foolishly styled the *Memnonium*. He made great additions to *Karnak*; he built the temple of *Osiris* at *Abydos*; he adorned the great temple of *Memphis* with colossal statues, for which he evidently had a passion; and, finally, amid a vast number of other temples, especially in *Nubia*, which it would be tedious to recount, and other remains, he cut the famous *Monticælian* obelisk, now at *Rome*. Whatever may have been the actions recorded of *Sesostris*, one thing is certain, that no Egyptian King ever surpassed or equalled the second *Rameses*. Let us then allow that history has painted in too glowing colours the actions of that hero—too great for the limited power of Europe; and remain persuaded, that, so far from aiming at the conquest of the world, the utmost extent of his march was confined to the countries bordering on *Assyria*, *Arabia*, and part of *Æthiopia*, from which country *Rameses* is represented as receiving tribute.

The conquests of *Rameses the Second* secured a long peace to Egypt.

The reigns of his two successors, however, are celebrated for the creation of the great avenue of sphinxes at Thebes, leading from Luxoor to Karnak, a mile and a quarter in extent, a sumptuous evidence of the prosperity of Egypt and of the genius of the Pharaohs. War, however, broke out again under *Rameses the Third*, but certainly against another power, and it would appear a naval one. Returning victorious, the third *Rameses* added a temple to Karnak, and raised the temple and the palace of *Medeenet Haboo*. Here closes the most interesting period of Egyptian history. A long succession of princes, many of whom bore the name of *Rameses*, followed, but, as far as we can observe, they were distinguished neither in architecture nor war. There are reasons which may induce us to believe that the Trojan war happened during the reign of the third *Rameses*. The poetical *Memnon* is not found in Egyptian records. The name is not Egyptian, although it may be a corruption. It is useless to criticise this invention of the lying Greeks, to whose blended conceit and carelessness we are indebted for the almost total darkness in which the records of antiquity are enveloped. The famous musical statue of *Memnon* is still seated on its throne, dignified and serene, on the plain of Thebes. It is a colossus fifty feet in height, and the base of the figure is covered with inscriptions of the Greek and Roman travellers vouching that they had listened to the wild sunrise melody. The learned and ingenious *Mr. Wilkinson*, who has resided at Thebes upwards of ten years, studying the monuments of Egypt, appears to me to have solved the mystery of this music. He informed me that having ascended the statue, he discovered that some metallic substance had been inserted in its breast, which, when struck, emitted a very melodious sound. From the attitude of the statue, a priest might easily have ascended in the night, and remained completely concealed behind the mighty arms while he struck the breast; or, which is not improbable, there was probably some secret way to ascend now blocked up; for this statue, with its remaining companion, although now isolated in their situation, were once part of an enormous temple, the ruins of which yet remain, and the plan of which may yet be traced. Thanks to the *Phonetic system*, we now know that this musical statue is one of *Amunoph the Second*, who lived many centuries before the Trojan war. The truth is, the Greeks, who have exercised almost as fatal an influence over modern knowledge as they have a beneficial one over modern taste, had no conception of anything more ancient than the Trojan war, except *Chaos*. *Chaos* is a poetic legend, and the Trojan war was the squabble of a few marauding clans. "Where are the records of the great Assyrian monarchy? Where are the books of the *Medes* and *Persians*? Where the learned annals of the Pharaohs?"

Fortunate *Jordan*! Fortunate *Ilissus*! I have waded through the sacred waters; with difficulty I traced the scanty windings of the classic stream. Alas! for the exuberant *Tigris*; alas! for the mighty *Euphrates*; alas! for the mysterious *Nile*!"

It is curious that no allusion whatever to the Jews has yet turned up on any Egyptian monuments. But upon the walls of *Medeenet Haboo* I observed, more than once repeated, the Ark borne in triumph. This is not a fanciful resemblance. It responds in every particular.

I have noticed the history of ancient Egypt, because some knowledge of it is necessary to illustrate Thebes. I quit a subject which, however curious, is probably of too confined an interest for the general reader, and I enter in his company the City of the Hundred Gates.

The Nile winds through the valley of Thebes—a valley formed by ranges of mountains, which on one side defend it from the great Lybian desert, and on the other from the rocky wilderness that leads to the Red Sea. On each side of the stream are two great quarters of ruins. On the side of the Red Sea are Luxoor and Karnak, on the opposite bank the great temple called the Memnonium, and the various piles which, under the general title of Medeenet Haboo, in all probability among other structures comprise the principal palace of the more ancient Pharaohs. On the Lybian side, also, are the cemeteries of the great city—the mummy caves of Gornou, two miles in extent; above them, excavated in the mountains, the tombs of the Queens, and in the adjacent valley of Beban-el-Malook the famous tombs of the Kings. The population of the City of the Hundred Gates now consists of a few Arab families, who form four villages of mud huts clustered round those gigantic columns and mighty obelisks, a single one of which is sought for by the greatest sovereigns of Europe for their palaces and museums as the rarest of curious treasures. Often, indeed, have I seen a whole Arab village rising from the roof of a single Egyptian temple. Dendera is an instance. The population of Gornou, in number between three and four hundred, reside solely in the tombs.

I think that Luxoor, from its situation, first attracts the notice of the traveller. It is close on the river, and is built on a lofty platform. Its enormous columns are the first specimen of that colossal genius of the Pharaohs which the Ptolemies never attempted to rival. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent propylon, that is, a portal flanked by massy pyramidal moles. It is two hundred feet in breadth, and rises nearly sixty feet above the soil. This gate is entirely covered with sculpture, commemorating the triumph of Rameses the Great over the supposed Assyrians. On each side of the portal are two colossal statues of red granite, buried in the sand up to their shoulders, but measuring thence, to the top of their crowns, upwards of twenty feet. On each side of them, a little in advance, rise the two most perfect obelisks that remain, also of red granite, and each about eighty feet high. From the propylon you pass into a peristyle court, about two hundred and thirty feet long by one hundred and seventy, the roof of which was once supported by double rows of columns, many of which now remain; and so on through other pyramidal gates, and courts, and porticoes and chambers, which are, in all probability, of a more ancient date than the gates, and obelisks, and colossi, first described, and which last were perhaps added by Rameses, who commemorated his triumph by rendering a celebrated building still more famous.

From Luxoor you proceed to Karnak, the other great division on this side of the river, through an avenue of sphinxes considerably above a mile in extent; and here I should observe that Egyptian sphinxes are either *andro* or *crio* sphinxes, the one formed by the union of the lion with the man, and the other of the lion with the ram. Their mystery is at length penetrated. They are male and never female. They are male and they are monarchs. This great avenue, extending from Luxoor to

Karnak, was raised by the two immediate successors of the great Rameses, and represents their long line of ancestry.

All the marvels of the world sink before the first entrance into Karnak. It may vie with the Alps and the Andes. The obelisks of Luxoor may be unrivalled, the sculptures of Medcenet Haboo more exquisite, the colossus of the Memnonium more gigantic, the paintings of the royal tombs more curious and instructive, but criticism ceases before the multifarious wonders of the halls and courts of Karnak, and the mind is open only to one general impression of colossal variety.

I well remember the morning when I stood before the propylon, or chief entrance of Karnak. The silver stars were still shining in the cold blue heaven, that afforded a beautiful relief to the mighty structure, built of a light yellow stone, and quite unstained by the winds of three thousand years. The front of this colossal entrance is very much broader than the front of our cathedral of St. Paul's, and its height exceeds that of the Trajan column. It is entirely without sculptures, a rare omission, and doubtless intended, that the unity of the effect should not be broken. The great door in the centre is sixty-four feet in height.

Through this you pass into columned courts, which, in any other place, would command undivided attention, until you at length arrive in front of a second propylon. Ascending a flight of steps, you enter the great hall of Karnak. The area of this hall is nearly fifty-eight thousand square feet, and it has recently been calculated, that four such churches as our St. Martins-in-the-Fields might stand side by side in this unrivalled chamber, without occupying the whole space. The roof, formed of single stones, compared with which the masses at Stonehenge would appear almost bricks, has fallen in; but the one hundred and thirty-four colossal columns, which supported it, and which are considerably above thirty feet in circumference, still remain, and, with the walls and propyla, are completely covered with sculptured forms. I shall not attempt to describe any other part of Karnak. The memory aches with the effort; there are many buildings attached to it, larger than most temples; there are an infinite number of gates, and obelisks, and colossi; but the imagination cannot refrain from calling up some sacred or heroic procession, moving from Luxoor to Karnak, in melodious pomp, through the great avenue of sphinxes, and ranging themselves in glorious groups around the gigantic columns of this sublime structure. What feudal splendour, and what Gothic ceremonies, what tilts and tournaments, and what ecclesiastic festivals, could rival the vast, the beautiful, and solemn magnificence of the old Egyptians?

Crossing the river to Western Thebes, we arrive at the two seated colossi, one of which I have already noticed as the musical Memnon. These doubtless once guarded the entrance of some temple more ancient than any remaining, for they were raised by Amunoph the Second, a predecessor, by some generations, of the great Rameses. They were, doubtless, once seated on each side of a propylon, as at Luxoor, and in all probability were flanked by obelisks. Whether the temple were destroyed for materials for more recent structures, or whether it has sunk under the accumulations of the slimy soil, may be decided by the future excavator.

We arrive at the Memnonium. This temple was raised by Rameses the Great. In the colossal caryatides we recognize the same genius that excavated the rocks of Ipsambul, and supported a cavern temple

upon the heads of giants. From the Memnonium came the statue that is now in the British Museum. But this figure, though a fine specimen of Egyptian sculpture, sinks, as far as magnitude is concerned, into insignificance when compared with the statue of Rameses himself, which, broken off at the waist, now lies prostrate in the precincts of the sanctuary. This is probably the most huge colossus that the Egyptians ever constructed. The fragment is of red granite, and of admirable workmanship. Unfortunately the face is entirely obliterated. It lies upon its back, and in its fall has destroyed all the temple within reach. It measures more than sixty feet round the shoulders, the breadth of the instep is nearly seven feet, and the hieroglyphical figures engraven on the arm are large enough for a man to walk in.

Perhaps the most interesting group of ruins at Thebes is the quarter of Medcenet Haboo. Most of the buildings are of the time of Rameses the Third. The sculptured walls of the great temples, covered with battles, chariots, captives, and slaves, have been worthily described by the vivid pen of Mr. Hamilton. They celebrate the victorious campaigns of the monarch. Here also the third Rameses raised his palace. And it is curious, among other domestic subjects, that we find represented on the walls, in a very admirable style, Rameses playing chess with his Queen. Chess is, probably, a most ancient Oriental game. Rameses the Third lived before the Trojan war, to which the Greeks, as usual, ascribe the invention of chess.

The sepulchres of Thebes still remain to be described, a theme more fertile in interest and instruction, than even its palaces and temples. The arts of the Egyptians must be studied in their tombs, and to learn how this remarkable people lived, we must even go where they were buried. To cite no other instances in a paper which is already too long, it is from a painting in a tomb near Beni-hassan that we learn how the Egyptians procured from the distant quarries of Nubia those masses of stone and granite with which they raised the columns of Karnak and the obelisks of Luxoor.

But we must conclude. We have touched a virgin subject rich with delightful knowledge, and if our readers be not wearied with wandering on the banks of the Nile, we may perhaps again introduce them to the company of the Pharaohs.

MARCO POLO, JUNIOR.

SONNET.

COME to my soul—to me—be not remiss,  
 Like Hope, to visit my most great distress;  
 For I will greet thee with a kind caress,  
 As true and pure as Love's most holy kiss:  
 What are the ills of other worlds, or this,  
 Which Love may not forgive—may not redress;  
 And surely, on this earth, the power to bless  
 Is the great mystery of human bliss.  
 Come, then, Affection,—shed such influence  
 As morning bears upon her dewy wing,—  
 Beams, such as brighten the dull common sense,  
 And tears to weep on ev'ry earthly thing.  
 Bring Peace—the holy meed of Innocence,  
 And with thee, thine own consolation bring.



## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR LITERATURE.

*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,—Is it not remarkable that at a period when LITERATURE flutters throughout the land on a million of leaves, and creeps into all corners in the guise of the most popular forms,—for, like an Egyptian plague, the frogs, the lice, and the flies cover our tables,—at so flourishing a period, I say, is it not remarkable that some of your contemporary editors are so querulous on the decline of Literature itself? It has been repeatedly announced from very respectable quarters that our Literature is not in a sound and healthy state. What a fearful paradox!—A multiplicity of publications, and no Literature!—an incalculable number of books, and not a single work!—unwearied writers, and we cannot discover one great author! Has the republic of letters with us degenerated into a most shameless parish, where all its inhabitants are a spurious brood, and not a single legitimate heir to literary fame is to be found?

Surely we have had novelties; but I know not how it happens, novelty seems to extinguish itself, and, at length, if you have nothing but novelty, you appear to have something quite obsolete. Have you not had several ingenious writers, who have provided you with a title, and written without a subject? Have they not discovered a new art of writing?—the Art of writing on Nothing! Delightful art! unincumbered by knowledge, and never delayed by the pause of meditation! How unreasonable the complaint that our metropolitan authors, under the guise of Literature, have long ceased to be literary! Why should you look for any literature in productions where authors do not pretend to be men of letters, but simply prosperous artists in their new-found Art, who are eloquent when arguing in jest,—original from their elevating absurdity,—and, with such chimerical excellencies, display their adroitness in doing things the wrong way, like walking backwards, or dancing topsy-turvy?

We have had “Family” and “National” Libraries. These form an epoch in the history of our Literature; though, like defaced mile-stones, we can now hardly count by them to measure our way. Were not these Literature? Was it not a magnificent conception in persons who themselves were not literary, to provide us with books upon all subjects, just as if no subject had hitherto been treated on in any book? Our old libraries were to be considered as empty shelves; and a new race of *Improvisatore Classics*, who, with no previous studies, and with volant pens, were without thinking, to mature our thoughts, without knowledge to increase our stores. All subjects were to be recomposed by the handicraft of mechanical assiduity; the transcriptions of a morning were to exhaust the learning which had cost some of them their whole lives; and the most inferior writers in the nation were to render nugatory the finished labours of the most excellent writers of England. One is astounded that this “cheap and commodious” scheme of books should cease to be considered domestic by “families,” and “national” by the nation.

How unjust, how cruel, then, are these murmurs which the public raise

against the wretched taste of the publishers, and the ineptitude of the writers! But, with great respect be it said, the public at times judge wrongly. The publishers have no tastes, nor are the writers inept: this we shall demonstrate.

Johnson once declared that the booksellers were the true patrons of Literature; but this was probably the effusion of a moment, when his gratitude exceeded his sagacity. Booksellers should neither be calumniated nor lauded. They are neutralised beings in the literary community: they patronise only what is vendible; and their hostility to learning or genius is only an act of self-defence.

In Johnson's day the public were not satiated with literature, and it was the interest of the purveyors of new books to furnish those excellent works which have kept their station as the Classics of England. But no bibliopolist patronises an unpopular work of recondite research or racy novelty; for no bookseller has yet aspired to the honours of martyrdom. The profound learning of Lightfoot could never procure a publisher in his day; but a century afterwards, when that learning was appreciated, the booksellers speculated on the erudite tomes.

The truth is, neither the publisher nor the author by profession can avoid their compliance with the reigning mode, whatever that may be. They set up their booths in the market-place; the wares are those in demand; and the quality of the manufacture is inevitably reduced by expedition and quantity. New kinds of readers put into requisition new classes of writers. The publishers are mere agents of the public taste, after which they are incessantly inquiring; and their popular authors contrive to float down the stream, where to fathom depths would be an obstruction cautiously to be avoided. When Johnson noticed this patronage of Literature from booksellers, he only indicated a secondary cause—the first and final one is the public taste.

But public taste is mutable, like other earthly vanities. The folly of the public may turn to wisdom, as their better sense and purer taste have sometimes taken an adverse direction. We have our revolutions in literature as well as in politics. The chain of human events no mortal hand can break; but we may sometimes detect the cause without which no revolution proceeds.

The first age of taste and novelty in our popular Literature, or with what we have since called "the Reading Public," may be traced from the primitive days of the Spectators. The popular effects produced by these papers at the time were unequalled in the history of Literature. By their happy invention Addison rescued periodical composition from the dregs of politics and polemics, in giving a more elevated direction to the national taste, by morals and literature. Even the wits and men of letters caught a new manner of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before, by this "new manner of writing," as it was then called. Twenty thousand of the Spectators have been sold in one day, which is far more, considering the number of readers of those times, than even the hundred thousand of the present more excited period. The Spectators penetrated even to the Highlands, and were read with the news of the week by the grave politicians who congregated after church on Sundays. They did more; for they were soon imitated, and their very titles copied, throughout Europe.

With Johnson arose another age of reflection and criticism, and his genius was of that order which stamps its own character on the public mind. Literature flowed over the land. The Wartons disclosed the stores of research, and a new province, that of literary history, enlarged our intellectual dominion. A school of inquirers, investigators, and literary antiquaries, the Tyrwhits, the Ritsons, the Malones, the Steevenses, the Farmers, and the Percys crowded together, and these gave our country a literature of which we had hitherto been unconscious of the possession. The art of writing accomplished its last charm, and criticism closed its last code. History opportunely struck at a new vein, and philosophy was touching its meridian. We have outlived even this later period.

The succeeding generation, of which we form a part, no longer called for instruction which they possessed by no wisdom of their own, and no longer were novices in the arts of composition, which they successfully practised by the skill of their predecessors. Prodigal heirs of large inheritances, our Sybarites wantoned in the literature of amusement, until we see them at length adopt this more modern art of writing—on Nothing!

A revolution in the literary republic had indeed been fast approaching. Literature had become monotonous with mimetic elegance. The studies of LITERATURE had hitherto never been allied with the studies of SCIENCE. Thirty years have scarcely elapsed since literary men professed themselves unacquainted with sciences which they regarded as foreign to the pursuits of Literature. The finest writers, and of the most original genius in our language, have not been men of science.

From an exhausted world of Literature the public flew to another, in which Darwin first invoked the marvels of imagination, and Davy displayed the marvels of reality. The ROYAL INSTITUTION easily seduced the public affection from a decayed Literature, and all classes resorted to that novel scene with the curiosity of children gathering shells on the shores of the ocean. The professors of science, descending from their chairs, converted the lecture into a drawing room, and the "reading public" became a public of auditors and spectators. A royal road to science, so long despaired of, seemed open to the fashionable world. The terms of passage were the easiest. Of their votaries they required no expenditure of the higher faculties; neither the sensibilities of taste, nor the investigation of judicial opinions; nothing of the finer toil of the intellect. A receptive memory, a listening ear, and a delighted eye sufficed for the experiment performed on the green cloth, or the diagram chalked on the black board. The lounge of a morning's science furnished the prate of the evening *conversazione*. It put into regular business, at fixed hours, all the nothing-to-do gentry, ladies and gentlemen; and the retail and detail of the discovery of the day, for all at first seemed discovery, gave importance to the trifle, was learning for the illiterate, and broke even the obdurate silence of the dull. No researches were now valued but which tended to the manufacturing interest, or vanished in a new gas. The history of the strata of the earth was found more interesting than that of what was acted on it. No principles seemed important to mankind but truisms, or paradoxes for the political economists. All history was deemed fabulous, all Li-

terature futile. The sole test of all things was pronounced to be "Utility," and nothing was allowed to be useful but what the Utilitarians liked best. "Things, but not words!" was the cry; yet never was there a time when "confusion was more confounded" by an indefinable nomenclature, a barbarous neologism, and vague "first principles." System encountered system, till Time blew into air the bubbles of Science, as that old lord and master equally weeded from the soil those parasitical plants of Literature which could not endure the change of seasons.

In Literature, substances may have their shadows, for good works may be feebly imitated; but with the Art of writing on Nothing, now successfully practised, it is living amongst shadows where it would be hopeless to look for anything tangible and permanent. The public may be amused until the hour comes when every one resorts to his own secret judgment, and the private test decides on the real value of the novelties which had so long passed current. While we allow for the mutations of Time in the coinage of new tastes and the objects of new pursuits, yet, in the end, whatever form the precious metal assumes, be it the ancient Angel or the modern Sovereign, it must be weighed by the Pix, and tremble in the goldsmith's scale. The intrinsic value can receive no increase, and suffer no diminution by its fashion.

ATTICUS.

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SONNET.

AND is it thus—and must it ever be—  
That all we love the most must pass away,—  
That all we have loved, shall be as the day,  
Forgotten, when no more the Sun we see!  
The giant oak bends unto Time's decree—  
The tender blossom withers from the spray—  
The green of summer turns to winter grey,—  
And oh, ye joys of spring-tide, where are ye!  
Gone, and for ever gone:—and so shall die  
All that the mind delights in or reveres,  
In the cold dust of Memory they shall lie  
To be awaked no more by sighs or tears.  
Alas! thou canst not live, most beauteous Love,  
On the rude earth, or—die in heaven above.

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## JEANIE STEVENSON. A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

To have been a born gentleman, and carefully educated in the ambitions of genteelity, never did me any good that I can see; for my wanderings through life have generally been on foot, like a pedlar; my taste has always inclined to grovel towards nature and simplicity; and so, whatever circumstances I have met with that interested my heart, have generally happened among the poorer and the less fortunate sort of people. In these circumstances, humble as I have ever demeaned myself, I have sometimes been called in to assist in many grave and solemn deliberations; and though the fate of empires certainly did not depend on the result, these consultations often had much to do with the fortunes and feelings of interesting beings, whose happiness in their own lowly circle was as dear to them as that of kings on their thrones; and whose simple sorrows, from whatever they might arise, had certainly much less chance of the sympathy of the world.

It was when I was gone forth on one of my summer-day travellings that I bethought me, as I plodded along, concerning the likely fate of one in whom I had always taken a special interest. She was a lassie-bairn when I knew her first; for I remembered her from an infant, and a bonnie baby she was, and now she was a grown woman; and the last time I was in this part of the country I had an inkling of something concerning her sent in at the corner of my ear, that now, as I thought on it, stirred up the prophesyings of my mind. Why a wandering old fool as I was should thus concern myself, as I journeyed by the wayside, about a pretty blossom like Jeanie Stevenson, was certainly most unaccountable: but human nature is a mystery; and thus it hath always happened to me, that, whilst the flowers of womankind have for many years bloomed and faded around me, and various joys and griefs of others have interested me to witness, to me these have ever been matters of exterior contemplation, circumstances having still interposed between me and this branch of experimental philosophy. When, therefore, I got into the little sea-port which now lay before me, and drew near to the house where Jeanie's parents dwelt, all the beauty of the Firth, which the town overlooked, could not abstract me from my own uneasy thoughts, or prevent an involuntary train of sombre anticipation regarding the fate of one who was worthy to occupy the benevolent musings of an old man.

When I came to the door, which I knew it was expected I should seek as soon as I arrived, I saw, by the very dimness of the brass knocker, that things within did not wear their usual brightness; and yet inside everything appeared as formerly, and I was received with even more than the usual cordiality. Still I thought an air of solemnity appeared in the countenances of my host and his wife: it seemed strange that I should find them thus seated in conclave at that hour of the day;—in short, I seemed to have disturbed them in the midst of some serious discussion; and when Jeanie re-entered, for she had retired on first hearing me, I saw by her face that she had been crying.

"What's this that's among you, sirs," said I, as they all remained

‘ silent ; “ I hope no evil dispensation has been sent to disturb the comfort of this happy house ? ”

“ Every house that ever I kenned,” said the old man, “ has at times a waft of unhappiness passing through it, as every heart that lives has its occasional pang. But take a seat, and speak to us, sir—Jeanie, there, is our subject ; she was aye a great favourite of yours, and you are well come to give her and us a word of counsel.”

“ What can this be now ? ” I thought, as Jeanie again rose, and was about to retire. Her father, however, commanded her to tarry ; and as I looked in the sad countenance of the pretty young thing, and the knit brows and stern thoughtfulness evinced by her mother, the whole matter flashed at once on me ; for I had heard of the crosses and troubles that her father had encountered ; I knew that he had no excellence in worldly craft ; and I saw that the two parents, in the dread and desperation of approaching poverty, had made up their minds to make merchandise of their only daughter.

Postponing, however, any reply as long as I could, I only said, “ Ye’ll excuse me, Mr. Stevenson, but its higher wisdom than mine that you would need to apply to, if ye speak of counsel on family affairs.”

“ It’s needless to be modest about it, Mr. Balgownie,” said the old man ; “ for there’s the lassie’s eye fixed upon your face already, as if she expected you to take her part against her own flesh and blood, in favour of the wilful fancies and wayward inclinations of youth. It’s a solemn concern for my daughter there, Sir ; no less than a maidenly liking to be disposed, and a sober marriage to be composed ; and whether the old and experienced, or the young and the romantic, are likely to form the wisest judgment upon such matters, I leave you this moment to pronounce.”

“ They are likely to judge very differently, at least,” I replied quietly ; and I had no sooner spoken the words, than happening to glance on the instant in Jeanie’s face, the gleam of hope that shot through the tears from her eye almost took me by the heart to witness it. “ It’s not for me to speak,” I continued, “ upon so delicate a matter as this sweet lassie’s happiness ; but if you *will* have my opinion, ye’ll be pleased to be more circumstantial anent the whole business.”

“ I’ll tell you it all in three words,” said Jeanie’s mother, now striking in, “ and it can be no new tale to a man of observation like you. Since the weary sea became the grave of our first-born, and Willie, my next, was laid, in his eighteenth year, in a drier and a nearer bed, and so the black door of death closed upon much of all that was dear to us in life, it was not to be expected but that our thoughts and our hopes should be deeply set upon this bonnie lassie bairn ; and that, how she should come to be mated and matched, and protected from the vicissitudes of a cold-hearted world, gave us, as you may think, no little concern. It was not to be supposed either, that a face like her’s—although I say it, that’s her own mother—could be often seen in Brideport kirk, without lads and lovers to covet such as Jeanie. To young William Ptolomy, the bravest and brawest of all that came about her, it could not be said that for a time her father and I had any particular objection ; although we knew that the poor lad had more hopes than havings, and more spunk and spice and pleasant manners, than any real present convertible substance. But as the proverb says, ‘ every stick has its nick, and every hank has its reel,’

and so Willie was dependant on his father, and the seams and stitches of the old man's affairs have begun to be o'er-clearly seen, it's feared that he'll soon have to come to his hunkers, which will send the young lad to try further what his wits can do for him, which ye know, Dominic, is but a lean reversion for the keeping of a puir man's wife ; and so times having changed to the unfortunate youth, as well as to ourselves, it behoves us to be mindfu' of our daughter's hap ; for it never does for twa misfortunates to clook their wants together, or if they do, nill they will they, the progeny may come one day to the string and the wallet, and that would ill go down wi' the genty feelings of my daughter.

"Now, there might be no occasion for haste in my Jeanie turning the back o' her hand on puir Willie Ptolomy, but an offer has come to her from another airt, which should in no case be hastily turned from our door. The Laird o' Greendykes is a green and gash man,—forty-seven or thereabout will measure the tale of his years, and a thousand pund Scots, or thereabouts, maun be the least sum of the produce o' his rigs. It's no doubt a naturality that a young woman should like a young man to daut her and dandle her to kirk and fair ; but it's few lasses that just gets the lad that rins most in their mind—especially in thae uncanny times ; and if my daughter, Jeanie, would just take the proffer of the Laird o' Greendykes, she would aye be sure of meal in the ginel, and cheese in the chissit, a full awmry, and a plenished purse, and that's mair substantial than toom love to a tocherless lass. Noo, take care, Dominic, what ye'll answer to that."

Involuntarily, as I considered what I should say, I turned my eyes again to Jeanie's face, and I declare as I scanned her anxious look, the very power of speech was for a time taken from me. "Far be it from me to interfere between parent and child, in a case like this," I said at length ; "inasmuch as no man can answer for the effects of the counsel that might be given this day. Your daughter that sits weeping there, is the real lamb of the sacrifice, that, being caught by the horns of the world's evil, now waiteth to be made an offering to Mammon, the root of much unrighteousness. To plunge the knife of sacrifice into a young heart,—to cut asunder the twining tendrils of green affection, and that in the moment of another's misfortune, is doubtless a sore evil, but one," I added, catching the eye of her father, "to which it were perhaps wisest for Jeanie patiently to submit, if her parents think it best for their and her happiness, as obedience to them is unquestionably her duty. To herself, however, I would refer the matter, for she alone can answer for the state of her own feelings, and the strength she can bring to meet the occasion. But is it really necessary, Mr. Stevenson, to be so instantaneous and categorical?"

"It is, Mr. Baggownie," he said, "for this is no newly mooted matter ; and the Laird o' Greendykes is getting to a preemptory in it, as it is the nature of a wealthy man to be, when he would have his own will ; and more than that, I have heard this very afternoon that old Mr. Ptolomy has already gotten into some lawyer's grip, and that Willie, his son, is likely to be off to Heligoland, or some other place abroad, and where would my puir daughter be then, wi' a ruined man and a land-louper ? What say ye to that ?"

"These are good worldly reasons, no doubt," I said, "for the world is aye ready to punish a man for his misfortunes ; but your daughter"—

"Mr. Balgownie," interrupted he, "I expected you to come more to the point. It's far from expedient, Sir, for a man of your sense to talk sentimental tropes before a young lassie, on an occasion like this, just to put evil thoughts into her head. It's hurtful, Sir! very hurtful."

"If the happiness of life, Mr. Stevenson," I replied, "consisted only in full girdles of meal, and chissets of cheese, I would at once confess myself in the wrong; but though I acknowledge the value of these substantial comforts, I have not forgotten that I once was young, and I have seen enough to know that there are some hearts who cannot be satisfied with common husks, be they ever so plenty. Far be it from me, however, to argue against you; but this poor young thing has her own thoughts, though she does not speak, and a maiden's tears are but a weak advocate against a father's will."

The very tone of my reasoning afforded the old man a hint, or rather a key to unlock the breast, and so gain his point with his daughter. Appealing to her feelings by a moving representation of his own declined circumstances, and the obligations he had been under to the Laird of Greendykes; whenever he put her proposed marriage on the footing of a salvation to himself and his wife in their present situation, and a happy prospect for their old age, the colour gradually returned to her cheek, her eyes were dried, and began to glisten with a noble resolution, and rising and kneeling before her father and mother, she gave her hand to each, in token of her consent to become on the following week the wife of Gilmour, widower of Greendykes.

I witnessed the scene with a sort of painful admiration, and the excitement of it was hardly over when a low and dubious knock at the door again sent a paleness over Jeanie's cheek, and seemed to startle her parents with an uneasy feeling. "This is unlucky," said her father, "but he must be admitted and plainly dealt with," for they all knew the knock to be that of William Ptolomy.

Jeanie attempted not to rise; they all seemed transfixed for the moment; and William, with the freedom of a lover and an old friend of the family, walked in. The moment I cast a look over his handsome manly figure, and observed the anxious intelligence of his eyes, as he cast them first at his sweetheart and then towards her parents and me, I wished myself far enough off; for I had always that weakness about me that I never could bear to be a witness of any sort of cruelty.

The youth took a seat, crossed his long handsome limbs over each other, and cast his eyes again around him with a look of stern and suddenly-awakened suspicion.

"Surely," said he, with mildness yet with pride, "ill news must travel fast when they get first to the doors of our dearest friends; and misfortune must be as bad as it is called, when it so soon turns their looks into shrinking chillness."

Mrs. Stevenson hemmed twice to break the uneasy silence; the old man pursed up his mouth for the utterance of a hard saying; as for Jeanie I was sitting next her, and I could hear the laboured beating of her heart, plainer than the ticking of my own watch.

"If there's anything unpleasant to be said, sirs," said the youth again, "let me hear it at once. I can hear any consequence of my father's troubles if it does not come from Jeanie's own mouth. But she may as well speak me fair as long as I am in Bridport, whatever may



happen when I am away; for I have just come to take farewell of her before I go to Heligoland."

"In that case, Mr. Ptolomy," said the old man, "ye'll have many years to spend, maybe, and many plans to work out for the making of your fortune; and seas will be to cross, and things to happen to us all that we cannot now foresee; and if, when you are gone, a change *should* take place to our daughter Jeanie, it will only be what is naturally to be looked for in the course of things; and I just wish, Mr. Ptolomy, to speak to you candidly on sic a presumption, and to prepare your mind."

The young man made no reply, but he looked as if a candid cutting off of a man's right hand, or plucking out of his right eye, was not so pleasant an operation to the sufferer as the honest operator might imagine. The old lady now struck in, and in the kindest terms appealed to the young man's own considerate good sense, to say whether, in the present state of his prospects, it would not be much better for him to relinquish any present idea of her daughter; and whether, if an advantageous offer *should* come to Jeanie while he was gone, it would not be much better for her to take it, than to be waiting on a far-away uncertainty and a wantworth?

I saw the cold sweat break upon his brow as the youth gave a civil response to these fair speeches. "And now," said the old man, jocosely, "as the matter is settled so comfortably and with a good understanding, and William Ptolomy will be going over the sea, maybe to make a great fortune, far bigger than our puir Jeanie ought to think of, and no doubt to marry some great lady far abroad some other day; as Jeanie and him hae been auld acquaintances, and lad and lass as I may say, we better leave them for twa minutes to take their farewell. Young folk *will* be young folk, and it'll be all right by-and-bye."

The old lady did not immediately relish this proposal, yet she made no opposition, and we all rose to leave the room. Mechanically I moved on, being the last; but, just as I got to the door I found my arm tremulously grasped from behind, and Jeanie, shutting the door hastily before me, begged me, as a friend of the family who had known her from an infant, to return and see her through this hour of trial. What should I do in a scene like this?—yet I could not refuse; and the distressed girl led me back to my seat.

The young man cast his arms round him once or twice, and wiped his face repeatedly as he again sat contemplating Jeanie, like one who was gradually awakening himself from a dream. "This is, indeed, a change," he at length said, bitterly; "but before I go, I should just like to know, Jeanie, what hand you have had in this affair?"

"I think, William—I think"—she tried to say, but her mouth was parched—"that you might know me better by this time than to ask me such a question. You heard what my father and mother said; but you do not know half, nor you cannot know."

"Your father has a clear and a ready sight into the tendency of the world's mishaps," said the youth, "but it cuts deep—deep, Jeanie, that this should come upon me at no other time but the day of adversity, and that you should be the first to do an unkind act, and the last to say a kind word to me in the hour of misfortune. But I see it is all settled; so farewell, Jeanie, and let us part in kindness."

I led her up to the young man, and she put her hand into his, but

seemed unable to speak. I again offered to retire, but she held me firm by the arm.

"Do you mean, then, Jeanie," he said, "that this is to be the end of all our long walks by the Bride's Pass, and all our pleasant purposes for future days, and all the golden and blessed dreams, and the more blessed words that have passed between you and me?"

"They were o'erpleasant for this uncertain world, William; and my heart told me, in strange foreboding, even then, that they were o'erhappy to come to pass. Do not blame me, William, but think of me with pity when you are far away, for I am but a thing in the power of Providence and not in my own—happiness and my own choice in the world is not for me. Oh! Mr. Balgownie," she almost screamed, "will you not speak for me to William, for I can no more;" and, laying her head on my arm, she took the woman's resource, and cried like a bairn.

I explained to the young man, as well as I could, how that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, with the anxiety of parents and the foresight of experience, had seen and represented to their daughter, in my hearing, the danger of indulging affections where circumstances did not warrant the looking forward to an union provided for by the usual indispensables of life; except in a contingent way, and such as involved great uncertainty both as to time and manner, of which no one could or ought to speak with any predication. That, therefore, hard as it might appear, it was the duty of the young to submit as they might to the judgment of the old, and particularly to the will of considerate parents; for that I had seen in my time that it was the nature of the circumstances of this life often to crush and stifle the desires of the heart. These things I spoke, not without some misgivings as to their just application, when I looked at the distressed young couple before me, and thought of the motives of Jeanie's father and of the Laird of Greendykes, of whom I knew nothing. But I had no sooner concluded, than Mr. Ptolomy took my hand, and pressing it warmly, thanked me for my explanation, and for the manner in which I had strengthened him to resign an interesting being, of whom he had never thought himself really worthy, and to give up one for ever whom he should rather die than ever be the means of bringing into the degrading hardships that might attend his own uncertain fortune.

By this time Jeanie had also recovered strength; and when they again stood up to say their last word, and to take their ultimate farewell, they looked so sadly, yet so proudly resolute, and their resolution seemed to cut so deeply into each of their hearts, that I was unable to stand to look at them, and, tearing myself away, walked to the opposite window. Here, hiding myself behind the curtain, I heard the bitter whisper of parting regret,—the half-expressed hope that they would sometimes think of each other when far asunder,—the half-admitted embrace, repeated till it alarmed themselves,—and the last choking sob of suppressed agony!

I heard him rush towards the door; I heard it close behind him. The father and mother were both again in the room ere I was aware. Jeanie stood where William had left her, like a pale statue; but I saw by her countenance that the cord had been too much tightened. At length she

seemed to awaken suddenly, and rushing towards her mother, she buried her head in her lap, and burst into a torrent of tears.

I could not remain longer in the house. The same evening, however, I sought the old man again, and tried to convince him of the cruelty, if not danger, of his insisting on this match; but he was deaf to my reasoning. Poverty, like riches, often aggravates unnaturally the selfish principle, and hardens the heart. I went and lodged in the inn; and shortly after daylight on the following morning, I was already on my way from the town of Brideport. \* \* \*

The winter had come and gone after this, and the long days of summer of the following year were passed by me in a different part of the country, so that it was full the harvest of the second twelvemonth before my wanderings led me again to the seaward heights of Brideport. The afternoon was grey and drowsy, a spitting of rain held a threatening parley with my evening resolves, and although I was aware that a drenching was a dispensation that seldom proved mortal, I begun to wish exceedingly that I was safe and dryly seated at John Stevenson's chimney check.

I had not got thus far without thinking seriously, and not without sadness of old recollections and former scenes; and as I wended along, I began to wonder exceedingly in what condition I should now find those, if alive, for whom my heart was much interested. My dull cogitations were slightly disturbed by the quick pattering of a pair of bare feet by my side, and, lifting up my eyes upon an old-fashioned country mailing and policy which I found myself passing, I asked the bare-footed urchin who kept running beside me to whom it might belong.

"It'll belang, I'm thinking," said the boy, "to ane Mr. Gilmour. Ye'll maybe have heard of the Laird of Greendykes, that owns the ship ca'd the Bonnie Jeanie. He's an aulder man than my father, yet the tither year he was married to the bonniest young lady in a' Brideport, and she sits in a seat just forment the minister, in the auld kirk at the town-end."

"And is the lady's father and mother still alive and well?" I enquired of the gabbing boy.

"Oo, gaun about, weel and hearty," said the boy. "Now, here's the laird's gate, made out o' the jaw-bones o' a whaal: odsake, sir, but a whaal maun be a big fish to hae jaws like that."

"True enough, my man," said I, giving a white sixpence to the clattering callant; "but that'll buy something to set thy ain chafts a wagging." The bit boy gave a grin at the sight of the siller, and, taking to his heels with as much gratitude as could be expected of mankind, I proceeded thankfully up the laird's avenue.

I knew Jeanie's neatness by the appearance of the door-step, and still more by the trig comfort of the old-fashioned parlour into which I was ushered. When she came to me, there was more than surprise and cordiality in the look with which I was recognised. She had been little more than two years married, and yet her air was staid and matronly, like a woman of forty, and her pretty countenance wore almost the shade of melancholy. That melancholy deepened, and became more decided as we proceeded to converse.

"The chief purpose of my marriage was certainly obtained," said

she, "for my father and mother live in comfort and without anxiety. As for myself, as far as the world's goods go, I have everything I can wish for, and I have a husband whom I also regard as a father, who is to me the kindest of men, and would lay the hair of his head amongst my feet. But in this world something always appears to be wanting, and if I could only have heard that *he* was happy, and had obtained some measure of prosperity, then I might—but why should I still think of him, when I know it is almost sinful—you know who I mean—?"

I saw her lip beginning to tremble as she spoke of William Ptolomy, but after allowing her a few moments repose for her feelings, I said, "Pray go on, Jeanie, I mean Mrs. Gilmour; pray proceed, and let me know what has become of him."

"That is just what I am uncertain of myself," she went on—"and anxious I am to hear concerning him this night, for I expect news from Heligoland; but I had best tell you from the beginning, as far as I know."

"It was a dreadful interval to me from the time you left Brideport till the day fixed for my marriage with Mr. Gilmour. Had William got away immediately after that sad interview, and been out of the town, and beyond the chance of my seeing him for years, I might have been more composed to the change I was fated to undergo. But something happened in the meantime to his father's affairs; he was too honourable to allow the old man to bear alone the scath and the scorn of the world, or to desert his parent in the day of calamity; and so the ship had to sail without him, and he was left to linger in Brideport, to witness the last prop of his hopes pulled up by the roots, and to get over as he could the day of sore evil. It was a bitter, bitter draught William Ptolomy had to drink,—to see his worthy father a broken man in his old age, himself reduced to the state of a fortuneless adventurer, who could not even be suffered to try the world in a foreign land; and me, the dearest hope of his heart, turning my back on him in the day of trouble, and about to be married to a braw rich laird, and a creditor of his desponding father. On the day of my marriage, as he told a friend from whom I afterwards heard it, he took his solitary seat on a hill overlooking the town, and thought, as he watched, that he saw the green world, and all that it contained for him, buried before his eyes. If his heart did not altogether break that day, it received a rent in its tenderest parts that,—it will be happy, happy for my peace, if it does not carry him to an unripe grave."

I allowed Mrs. Gilmour time for the natural sorrow that here broke out, after which she went on, though with a trembling voice.

"My wedding day was a heavy day to me; but Mr. Gilmour, my husband that's now, was kind and considerate, and so were my father and mother, and that helped me better o'er the day of trial. But what vexed me next, was my fear that William would not be supported to take it as one of the ordinary sacrifices that the heart has often to make to the evil circumstances of this sinful world. He never absented himself from his father's counting-house, but he began to go about Brideport with a heartless and listless look, while at times a strange restless wildness was observed in his eye, and he was seen often to look, with a sad and ominous despondency, towards the sea that tumbled under the rocks where he was wont to walk. To me, all this was unspeakably distress-

ing; for on Sunday in the kirk, from which he never absented himself while sitting hearing the word beside my husband, I dared not look up towards the minister for fear I should catch his eye, which was sure to be fixed on me; and then, God help me, I often watched him myself,—for we then lived in Brideport, and he seemed to take a pleasure in lingering near the house, or in wandering up the burn-side, where, in our happy days, we used to walk in the summer evenings. His friends tried to rouse him, but all was in vain; for his father's affairs would not admit of him engaging to any extent in the pursuits of ambition. Indeed, everything went wrong with the family; and, to sum up all, his poor father began to take refuge in a drop of drink, and William at length seemed to have become the prey of shame and despair.

“At last he got off to Heligoland, and thence, I believe, to somewhere in Germany; and pleasant accounts came home of his returned activity, and his success in retrieving his father's affairs. But later news from him were more sad and sombre; for, with all his activity to do his best, the decline of his health is too evident, and I am unable to repress my inward apprehensions. I dare not think of what I fear, nor do I ever mind dreams; but I have dreamed of him three several times these last three nights, and I cannot get it out of my head all day, that I am to hear some hasty news.”

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when, starting at a sound which did not appear to me to be very loud, she cried—“Bless me, what a heavy knock at the door!”

So much had the apprehension of evil taken hold of her, that she was unable to open the letter that was now put into her hand. I opened it for her. My countenance betrayed the truth—William Ptolomy was no more!—and he was even buried in a foreign land.

Consolation is not easily effected in the first moments of sorrow. In this case, my attempts were more than usually vain; for I could not divest the pretty young wife of the idea, that, whether she had acted right or not, she had been the unhappy instrument of breaking William Ptolomy's heart. Her reflections on the supposed event,—had she, instead of doing as she did, united her fate with his, supported his mind in the time of his calamity, and encouraged him, by her love, in the vigour of his days,—were as bitterly sorrowful as they were now unavailing.

But time, after all, under the continuance of health, gradually skins over the sorest wounds of the heart. A dozen years passed away, and I found Mrs. Gilnour afterwards a matronly, a fruitful, and, upon the whole, a contented wife. Her parents were still living, happy in their old age, in the comforts of the world, and the hopeful admiration of her and her family; and, as for herself, conscious of having acted throughout from a principle of duty, she only reverted to past trying events, as many have to recall in their mature years, occasionally with thoughts of moralizing regret, the unexpected haps of their own fortune, and the painful heart-woundings which they suffered in their youth.

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## OF DOMESTIC NOVELTIES AT FIRST CONDEMNED.

It is amusing enough to discover that things now considered among the most useful and even agreeable acquisitions of domestic life, on their first introduction, ran great risk of being rejected by the ridicule or the invective which they encountered. The repulsive effect produced on mankind by the mere strangeness of a thing, which at length we find established among our indispensable conveniences, or by a practice which has now become one of our habits, must be ascribed sometimes to a proud perversity in our nature—sometimes to the crossing of our interests, and to that repugnance to alter what is known, for that which has not been sanctioned by our experience. This feeling has, however, within the latter half century, considerably abated; but it proves, as in higher matters, that some philosophical reflection is required to determine on the usefulness, or the practical ability, of every object which comes in the shape of novelty or innovation. Could we conceive that man had never discovered the practice of washing his hands, but cleansed them as animals do their paws, he would for certain have ridiculed and protested against the inventor of soap, and as tardily, as in other matters, have adopted the invention. A reader, unaccustomed to minute researches, might be surprised, had he laid before him the history of some of the most familiar domestic articles which in their origin incurred the ridicule of the wits, and had to pass through no short ordeal of time in the strenuous opposition of the zealots against supernumerary luxuries and other domestic novelties. Our subject is a humble one, and deserves no grave investigation; I shall, therefore, only notice a few of universal use. They will sufficiently demonstrate that however obstinately man moves in “the March of Intellect,” he must be overtaken by that greatest of innovators—Time itself; and that by his eager adoption of what he had once rejected, and by the universal use of what he once deemed useless, he will forget, or smile at the difficulties of a former generation, who were baffled in their attempts to do what we all are now doing.

Forks are an Italian invention; and in England were so perfect a novelty in the days of Queen Bess, that Fynes Moryson, in his curious “Itinerary,” relating a bargain with the patron of a vessel which was to convey him from Venice to Constantinople, stipulated to be fed at his table, and to have “his glass or cup to drink in peculiar to himself, with his knife, spoon, and *fork*.” This thing was so strange, that he found it necessary to describe it. It is an instrument “to hold the meat while he cuts it, for they hold it ill-manners that one should touch the meat with his hands.”\* At the close of the sixteenth century were our ancestors eating as the Turkish noblesse at present do, with only the free use of their fingers, steadying their meat and conveying it to their mouths by their mere manual dexterity. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden “voiding knife,” by which he scraped

\* Moryson's Itinerary, part i., p. 208.

the fragments from the table into a basket, called "a voider." Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing,

"They sweep the table with a wooden dagger."

Fabling Paganism had probably raised into a deity the little man who first taught us, as Ben Jonson describes its excellence—

"——— the laudable use of forks,  
To the sparing of napkins."

This personage is well known to have been that odd compound, Coryat the traveller, the perpetual butt of the wits. He positively claims this immortality. "I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this FORKED *cutting of meat*, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home." Here the use of forks was, however, long ridiculed; it was reprobated in Germany, where some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom "as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers." It is a curious fact, that forks were long interdicted in the Congregation de St. Maur, and were only used after a protracted struggle between the old members, zealous for their traditions, and the young reformers, for their fingers.\* The allusions to the use of the fork, which we find in all the dramatic writers through the reigns of James the First and Charles the First, shew that it was still considered as a strange affectation and novelty. The fork does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration! On the introduction of forks there appears to have been some difficulty in the manner they were to be held and used. In "The Fox," Sir Politic Would-be counselling Peregrine at Venice, observes—

"——— Then you must learn the use  
And handling of your silver fork at meals."

Whatever this art may be, either we have yet to learn it, or there is more than one way in which it may be practised. D'Archenholtz, in his "Tableau de l'Angleterre," asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; and a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a tooth-pick." Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterized by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table.

TOOTH-PICKS seem to have come in with Forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venetians. This implement of cleanliness was, however, doomed to the same anathema as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. How would the writers who caught "the manners as they rise" have been astonished that no decorous person would be unaccompanied by what Massinger in contempt calls

"Thy case of tooth-picks and thy silver fork!"

UMBRELLAS, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to

\* I find this circumstance concerning forks mentioned in the "Dictionnaire de Trevoux."

display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower—but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, “the young gentleman belonging to the custom-house who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Wilks’ Coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid’s pattens.” An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used “a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not with any comfort to himself use it; the people calling out ‘Frenchman! why don’t you get a coach!’” The fact was that the hackney-coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. This footman, in 1778, gives us further information. “At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen’s and gentlemen’s houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and their carriage.” His sister was compelled to quit her carriage one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, that “he persisted for three months till they took no farther notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use their’s, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London.” This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now in some degree be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.

COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation, as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don John of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used “carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court,” notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation; “to such a height was this *internatrice* got, which has done so much injury to Castile.” In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted on Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning’s ride. The same circumstances occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found “their occupation gone!” Ladies would no longer ride on pillions behind their footmen, nor would take the air, where the air was purest, on the river. Judges and counsellors from their inns would no longer be conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on with all their gravity on a poor palfrey. Considerable bodies of men were thrown out of their habitual employments, the watermen, the hackneyemen, and the saddlers. Families were now jolted in a heavy wooden machine, into splendour and ruin. The disturbance and opposition these coaches created we should hardly now have known, had not Taylor, the water-



poet and man, sent down to us an invective against coaches, in 1629, dedicated to all who are grieved with "the world running on wheels."

Taylor, a humourist and satirist, as well as waterman, conveys some information in this rare tract of the period when coaches began to be more generally used. "Within our memories our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot gallantly attended with fourscore brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. Then the name of a *coach* was heathen Greek. Whoever saw but upon extraordinary occasions, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Drake, &c.? They made small use of coaches; there were but few in those times, and they were deadly foes to sloth and effeminacy. It is in the memory of many, when in the whole kingdom there was not one! It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought *tobacco* into England in a *coach*, for both appeared at the same time." It appears that families for the sake of their exterior show miserably contracted their domestic establishment; for Taylor, the water poet, complains that when they used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving-men, they now made the best shift, and for the sake of their coach and horses had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses," or prisons. Of one of the evil effects of this new fashion of coach-riding, this satirist of the town wittily observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not on any account be seen but in a coach. As hitherto our females had been accustomed to robust exercise, on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substitute a domestic artificial exercise in sawing billets, swinging, or rolling the great roller in the alleys of their garden. In the change of this new fashion they found out the inconvenience of a sedentary life passed in their coaches.

Even at this early period of the introduction of coaches, they were not only costly in the ornaments,—in velvets, damasks, taffetas, silver and gold lace, fringes of all sorts, but their greatest pains were in pairing their coach-horses. "They must be all of a colour, longitude, latitude, cressitude, height, length, thickness, breadth—(I muse they do not weigh them in a pair of balances); and when once matched with a great deal of care, if one of them chance to die, then is the coach maimed till a meet mate be found, whose corresponding may be as equivalent to the surviving palfrey, in all respects, as like as a broom to a besom, barm to yeast, or codlings to boiled apples." This is good natural humour, for the things mentioned under different appellations are not similar, but identical. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." A great fashion, in its novelty, is often extravagant; true elegance and utility are never at first combined; good sense and experience correct its caprices. They appear to have exhausted more cost and curiosity in their equipages, on their first introduction, than since they have become objects of ordinary use. Notwithstanding this humorous invective on the calamity of coaches, and that "house-keeping never decayed till coaches came into England; and that a ten-pound rent now was scarce twenty shillings then, till the witchcraft of

the coach quickly mounted the price of all things." The Water-poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches. These complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers, as the gainfullest about the town. They are apparelled in sattins and velvets, are masters of the parish, vestrymen, and fare like the Emperor Heliogabalus and Sardanapalus,—seldom without their mackeroones, Parmisants, (macaroni, with Parmesan cheese I suppose,) jellies and kickshaws, with baked swans, pastries hot or cold, red-deer pyes, which they have from their debtors, worships in the country!" Such was the sudden luxurious state of our first great coachmakers!—to the deadly mortification of all watermen, hackneymen, and other conveyancers of our loungers, thrown out of employ!

**TOBACCO.**—It was thought, at the time of its introduction, that the nation would be ruined by the use of Tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly-imported leaf maddened all ranks among us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," said a writer of that day, lamenting over this "new trade of tobacco, in which he feared that there were more than seven thousand tobacco houses." James the First, in his memorable "Counter-blast to Tobacco," only echoed from the throne the popular cry; but the blast was too weak against the smoke, and vainly his paternal Majesty attempted to terrify his liege children that "they were making a sooty kitchen in their inward parts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-eaters, that after their death were opened." The information was perhaps a pious fraud. This tract, which has incurred so much ridicule, was, in truth, a meritorious effort to allay the extravagance of the moment. But such popular excesses end themselves; and the royal author might have left the subject to the town-satirists of the day, who found the theme inexhaustible for ridicule or invective.

**COAL.**—The established use of our ordinary fuel, Coal, may be ascribed to the scarcity of wood in the environs of the metropolis. Its recommendation was its cheapness, however it destroys everything about us. It has formed an artificial atmosphere which envelopes the great capital, and it is acknowledged that a purer air has often proved fatal to him who, from early life, has only breathed in sulphur and smoke. Charles Fox once said to a friend,—“I cannot live in the country; my constitution is not strong enough.” Evelyn poured out an entertaining invective against “London smoke.” “Imagine,” he cries, “a solid tentorium or canopy over London, what a mass of smoke would then stick to it! This filiginous crust now comes down every night on the streets, on our houses, the waters, and is taken into our bodies. On the water it leaves a thin web or pellicle of dust dancing upon the surface of it, as those who bathe in the Thames discern, and bring home on their bodies.” Evelyn has detailed the gradual destruction it effects on every article of ornament and price; and “he heard in France, that those parts lying south-west of England, complain of being infected with smoke from our coasts, which injured their vines in flower.” I have myself observed at

Paris, that the books exposed to sale on stalls, however old they might be, retained their freshness, and were in no instance like our own, corroded and blackened, which our coal-smoke never fails to produce. Coal-fires have now been in general use here three centuries. There was a proclamation, so far back as Edward the First, forbidding the use of sea-coal in the suburbs, on a complaint of the nobility and gentry, that they could not go to London on account of the noisome smell and thick air. About 1550, Hollingshed foresaw the general use of sea-coal from the neglect of cultivating timber. In the country they persevered in using wood and peat, and still in many places continue this practice. Those who were accustomed to this sweeter smell, declared that they always knew a Londoner by the smell of his clothes, to have come from coal-fires. It must be acknowledged that our custom of using coal for our fuel has prevailed over good reasons why we ought not to have preferred it. But man accommodates himself even to an offensive thing, whenever his interest predominates.

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious names of Vesalius on the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection; of Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which led to so protracted a controversy, that it was hardly admitted even in the latter days of the old man; of Lady Wortley Montague in her introduction of the practice of inoculation; and, more recently, that of vaccination, and the ridicule of the invention of gas-light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned. Posterity smiles at the ineptitude of the preceding age, while it becomes familiar with those objects which that age had so eagerly rejected. Time is a tardy patron of true knowledge.

A nobler theme is connected with the principle we have here but touched on—it is the gradual changes in public opinion—the utter annihilation of false notions, like those of witchcraft, astrology, spectres, and many other superstitions of no remote date; the hideous progeny of imposture got on ignorance, and audacity on fear. But one impostor reigns paramount—that plausible opposition to novel doctrines subversive of some ancient ones; doctrines which probably shall one day be as generally established as at present they are utterly decried; and which the interests of corporate bodies oppose with all their cumbrous machinery—but artificial machinery becomes perplexed in its movements when worn out by the friction of ages.

VARRO.

## PRIVATE HINTS TO A JUVENILE PHYSICIAN.

What is Physic ?  
 How is practice to be obtained ?  
 How kept ?

TEN years ago, my dear Tyro, any learned Theban who could have solved the above questions would have been to me the great Apollo of Medicine—would have saved me two lustrums of disappointment, and spared me the inconvenience of breaking up as many establishments as there are years in the above-named period. I set out with the notion that the profession of Physic was the noblest in the world; and that solacing the sufferings of humanity was the most pleasing as well as the most profitable avocation in the state. I believed that skilful and disinterested professors of their art were certain of attaining its highest honours; that it was, in short, the only profession to which a high-minded gentleman could condescend to belong, with the exception of the military *medicus enim vir, multis æquiparandus aliis*. I put as much faith in that axiom of Homer as in an aphorism of Hippocrates; but I was a fool; I have lived to be convinced that “life is short and art is long;” but I am not persuaded that Machaon, in our days, without a baronetcy, would have become a fashionable physician.

Physic, my dear Tyro, abhors humility as much as nature abhors a vacuum.

Figure to yourself a Greco-Gothic structure, gorgeously arrayed without, all gloom within—a Pantheon in Pall-mall with a portico by Nash—the temple of all the theorists, with an altar to the unknown divinity of human nature,—*voilà votre art*—behold the College of Physicians!

The basis of this building is common sense, assurance is the cornerstone, solemnity the roof, and experience the frame-work which connects the whole. On the plinth of every pillar the word “humbug” is written in hieroglyphics of the phonetic kind; while three words are encircled in a catouche over the door in the hieratic character, which may thus be rendered in the vernacular tongue—“TACT! TACT! TACT!” Oh, Tyro! what a world of learning is comprehended in this small word! yet how few scholars understand its meaning! The avenues to this temple (Theban like) are lined on either hand by a long row of venerable figures in sable garments. The file of living sphinxes on the right are the practical physicians, the high priests of Hippocrates gravely occupied in writing nostrums with their fingers on the sand; while those on the left are the theoretical votaries of Esculapius busily engaged in blowing bubbles from tobacco-pipes, which take the form of systems without substance, and eventually burst, or subside into other shapes, and become syllogisms without sense. The shrine of Esculapius is placed in the interior of a Monolithic chapel of narrow dimensions, ill-ventilated and worse lighted, and, like all ancient buildings, bats and owls have rendered its precincts rank and noisome. But when “the spider weaves his web in the palace of the Cæsars,” why should not “the owl keep his watch in the ruined towers” of Warwick-lane, or hover over the architectural horrors of Pall-mall in quest of congenial gloom? The approach to the penetralia is by a steep ascent, which, like the steps of the altar of our Lady of Loretto, the votary is expected

to crawl up on all-fours, and woe betide any juvenile devotee who presumes to mount the eminence in an upright posture. I have now brought you to the adyta of the temple—to proceed farther would be to hunt my metaphor to death. In plain English, physic is a science which requires other qualities for its successful practice besides learning, skill, and integrity; these are only useful adjuncts to other more important qualifications, to wit, gravity, servility, plodding perseverance, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the human heart.

I am now to inform you how you are to get practice; and to this end have laid down rules for your especial guidance, which you will do well to write “within the book and volume of your brain unmixed with baser matter.”

1st. The great tests of medical ability are solemnity of mien and mysteriousness of manner. Gravity is to the face of a physician what platina is to base metal—a cheap covering which gives currency to a thing of little value. The philosophy of Democritus is not for doctors; no medical man is expected to have a perception of the ridiculous; therefore seldom smile, or if you do, let it be in Cassius's sort; dullness is pardonable in a physician, but mirth is a misprision of light and low behaviour.

2nd. The coat and not the college makes the doctor; a customary suit of solemn black is indispensable to an M.D.; it is for general practitioners to wear brown coats and buff waistcoats. Be not seduced by the example of surgeons into party-coloured raiment, neither invest your ancles, like Mr. Brodie, in web gaiters, nor your nether man, like Mr. Guthrie, in white trowsers. Eschew, moreover, a shabby castor; Sir Anthony Carlisle's is a bad hat, neither was Sir Everard Home happy in his beaver, and that of Robert Keate has seen much service; but these are only surgeons, and have little notion how much the dignity of science is associated with a decent wardrobe. No coat is so fatal to a physician as a blue one, except an old one which once was black, for to this every passenger is sure to say—“*hic niger*” *erat* “*hunc tu Romane caveto.*”

3rd. It is of little moment where you fix yourself, provided you have these three grand essentials for practice, namely, impudence, patronage, and patrimony; or, in common language, confidence, connexion, and a genteel income. In every case the first is indispensable, and the possession of the third will always enable you to purchase the second. But without these resources, dream not of making a practice. Buy one if you can, at the customary valuation of a two years' purchase. In this sort of traffic there is no inconvenience, for sick men are as regularly bought and sold in London as sheep in Smithfield, and as easily transferred from one proprietor to another.

4th. You cannot have “a local habitation and a name” in a fitter situation than in the immediate vicinity of the house of some eminent physician. In course of time your name will become associated with his in people's minds; and, when he dies, the aura of his reputation may reach and hang about your threshold.

5th. Do not be persuaded by foolish friends to plant yourself in any new quarter of the town, whether to try unoccupied ground in the vicinity of Belgrave-square, or the unpeopled solitudes of the Regent's Park. All new colonies are fatal to early enterprise, the first settlers

only clear the way for those who follow, and are regularly ruined for the benefit of posterity.

6th. When you have taken a house, and put your brass-plate on the door, you cannot do better than go abroad for seven years. At your return you will probably find that no one has enquired for you, which must be very consolatory to your feelings, inasmuch as it will shew you have lost nothing by your absence, and have yet given the world time to begin to ascertain that there is such a person in existence as yourself.

7th. Having familiarized people with your name, it behoves you then to give it notoriety; therefore lose no time in getting into print. You cannot lay out six guineas to better advantage than publishing a pamphlet on any popular medical subject.

✶ A treatise on indigestion has gained many a physician a sumptuous dinner. Johnson, Paris, and Wilson Phillip furnish excellent examples of that sort of alchemy which transmutes a grievous dyspepsia to a groaning table. "So many dishes," says Seneca, "so many disorders;" but *vice versâ* with the doctors,—so many disorders so many dishes. There are many other subjects equally profitable; in short, any prevailing topic of the day connected with medical jurisprudence is sure to take. The king's librarian owes his office to the insanity of a grocer: the physician of the Irish Viceroy is indebted for his livelihood to a little book on gout. When a Prime Minister happens to die of anxiety, a work on angina pectoris is sure to sell; when a malefactor of any notoriety is hanged, an essay on strangulation is a very seasonable topic. Whatever you write, be sure to dedicate it to a person of distinction, and let the subject be suited to the feelings, fancies, or infirmities of your patron. If you treat of the physiology of the brute creation, you need not, like the late Sir Everard Home, inscribe your volume to the King; or on human disorders, should you touch on the disturbance of important functions, it is not incumbent on you to dedicate your treatise to the Queen. Poor Wadd ought certainly to have addressed his comments on corpulency to the Duke of Buckingham. If you write on elephantiasis, you may address your disquisition with great propriety to Lord Ellenborough, or if on mania furibunda, to my Lord Winchelsea;—if on abstinence, to Mr. Perceval; on ossification of the heart, to the Duke of Wellington; on repletion, to Lord Sefton; on the King's evil, to the Baron Lyndhurst; on splenic disease, to Mr. Croker; on fistula lacrymalis, to Lord Eldon; on phrenitis, to the Marquis of Londonderry; on red gum, to Scarlet; on the action of alteratives, to Lord John Russell; on bilious expectoration, to Mr. Goulburn; or to any Tory, on the falling sickness. In short, suit the matter to the man, and put your trust in Providence; but above all things—puff your book.

8th. The great majority of mankind are fools—that large portion you are to live by; therefore mystify your patients. When you talk to them, let it be in King Cambyzes' vein. The ears of the million are easily captivated; when once their senses are confounded, they have naturally a religious veneration for everything they do not understand. In brief, in all your dealings with men, remember you have to do with folks who are *semel et simul insanibiles omnes*.

9th. Never give a direct answer to a patient's question, neither commit yourself by entering into explanation with the friends. To the sick man

you cannot put too few questions ; to the relatives you can never give too few replies.

10th. Beware of that folly of a young physician, the tendency to give an unfavourable prognosis ; an unlucky shake of the head in a sick chamber, a solemn look, or a lugubrious tone, has frightened many a patient to death, and in the drawing-room the declaration of danger or approaching dissolution, albeit justified by the event, has lost many a practitioner the confidence of a family. Most men like to be deceived, and when sick, few, if any, can stomach candour. Gil Blas was an ass to believe Sangrado, that it behove him as a physician always to prognosticate the patient's death, so that in case of a recovery the merit of the cure might be thereby enhanced, or in the event of death the accuracy of the prognostic might receive its due applause. The counsel betrays an ignorance of human nature. It becomes the doctor to talk only of the perils of the case when the patient is recovered.

11th. The great art of a physician is to gain the confidence of his patient ; and for that purpose his first object should be to inspire him with hope. It is not a hesitating manner or a melancholy mien which is calculated to raise the drooping spirits of the sick ; it is not a hangman's look or a mute's demeanour that is likely to lend the physiognomy of the physician the character of a messenger of glad tidings, who comes with healing on his wings, and the gift of health in his right hand ; it is not the timid eye, the irresolute tread, the frivolous tongue, the fearful voice, or the foolish simper of servile acquiescence, with the opinions of the friends, or the prejudices of the attendants of the sick, which are at all favourable to the production of that faith which can remove diseases which have been mountains to mere medicine. To work miracles in chronic maladies, it is only needful that the patient should put faith in the physician. If a bedridden nun in Ireland take up her bed and walk at the bidding of a fanatic in Germany, why should not a gouty man hobble home without a crutch at the command of a physician ? Half the maladies incidental to humanity arise from the diminution of nervous energy, and any violent exercise of the faculties of volition is attended at least by a temporary increase of that impaired power, a sudden renovation of the *vis medicatrix nature*.

12th. Never refuse a fee from any person who is able to give one, in order that you may never have occasion to take one from a man who is too poor to well afford one. It matters not how mercenary you may be accounted by the rich, so long as you are merciful to the poor. If you cannot get fees without depriving them of bread, it were better you had never been a doctor. Your friends nor your familiars have any claim on your skill, whatever they may have on your affection. If they are entitled to your gratuitous attendance a large connexion would be a great evil to a physician. Were you a merchant they would not ask your goods without an equivalent, and surely, because you are a man of science, they cannot expect the still more precious chattels of the mind, without any compensation. Addison was right in his official capacity, when he accepted the customary fees from all his friends, without distinction ; he said they could afford it, and individually to each the amount was small, but to him as a whole the sum was of considerable importance.

13th. Every physician is expected to be a gentleman, and every gentleman is expected to be a Christian : the evidence of his being

such is easily published by a regular attendance at a fashionable church. The device of being called out in the middle of service has unfortunately become too stale; but still you may carry a world of care and occupation on your brow, and, by a thousand little delicate deceptions, “assume a practice when you have it not.”

14th. As to your politics, be all things to all men. In the vicinity of Grosvenor Square it behoves you to be a Tory, but east of Temple-bar you are bound to be a Whig. You must be everything occasionally, except a Radical. The Radicals employ general practitioners, and none but the generals adopt their principles.

15th. To obtain practice be sure to enlist the services on your side of the parsons of all denominations in the parish, and pay your court assiduously to the influential women in the neighbourhood, but above all, if in the country, to the one or two charitable ladies, *par excellence*, who are to be found in every town, devoting a life of single blessedness, and all the leisure of neglected beauty and imperishable celibacy, to the service of religion and humanity, whose interests they promote by the superintendence of a charity-school, and the supervision of every poor man's cottage in the parish. Be sure that you buy golden opinions of these good women; for, with all their active benevolence, they have a large portion of their leisure to bestow on the privacy of their friends and neighbours; and heaven defend the reputation of that poor wretch who, at the terrible Areopagus of their tea-table, is consigned to the tender mercies of their envenomed tongues. “Had his character twenty lives, their great” malignity would have “a stomach for them all.” Beware how you offend them, Tyro; for the reputation of a physician is a more delicate commodity than the chastity of a virgin, and is at the mercy of every village murderess who has a wily tongue and a wicked heart, who either goes about from house to house with a sanctimonious air, whispering away the character of a man whose only wealth is his good name, or, with vulgar audacity, who publicly decries the ability of a practitioner who belongs not to her coterie, in order to build on the ruins of his fame the reputation of some servile protégé, who, even in his profession, dares not to acknowledge an opinion of his own, and, camelcon-like in all things, who borrows even the complexion of his sentiments from the colour of another's thoughts;—a slave, Tyro, who, if he hears the moon be made of green cheese, is bound to hold it very possible that the planets are formed of caseous matter.

16th. Avoid the society of your patients. Physicians should have no familiars; to be thoroughly respected, they must stand aloof from the gaze of society. A prophet has no honour in his own country, neither has a physician in his own circle. The well-applied gloom of a Gothic church (as Horace Walpole calls it) is not more favourable to religious feelings than the inscrutable solemnity of a mysterious carriage is essential to the dignity of a physician.

17th. Without skill it is possible to become a flourishing physician, but without good manners, all the skill of all the Harveys, Hunters, and Heberdens will not avail you in a large capital. A good address is everything to a doctor. The public are incapable of judging of a medical man's real knowledge: the only way they have of forming an opinion thereof is by analogy, by scrutinizing those superficial qualities, and the



outward and visible signs of them, which come immediately within the narrow sphere of their comprehension.

If his manners be good, they give his mind credit for the advantage; if he talk sensibly on any ordinary topic, it is an argument with them that he cannot be deficient in what concerns his profession; the question of his skill is possibly decided by the mode of his entering an apartment, and one who cannot cut a figure in the drawing-room is accounted an unlikely man to shine in the sick chamber. In a word, Tyro, suavity is the first cardinal virtue of a physician. Abernethy, it is true, was an uncouth man, and yet he flourished; but Abernethy was an exception to the rule, and his eccentricity redeemed his rudeness. Nature intended him not for society,—accident threw him into it, and having devoted his ferocious energies to physic, he became a skilful savage, but it would be a folly to affect his savageness, however useful it might be to imitate his skill.

18th. Blessed is the physician who expects the least gratitude from the sick when once they become sound, and wise is the practitioner who lays to his account a career of interminable annoyances, and brave he is who endures them at all times like a philosopher, and patiently puts up with the capriciousness of the sick, the officiousness of strangers, the cruel kindness of friends, the cross purposes of attendants, the jealousy of apothecaries, and the unreasonableness of all.

19th. In your intercourse with the world, I have said you are not to expect gratitude, neither are you to look for justice; nevertheless I would have you live like one who felt himself entitled to both, and held the world at its proper value. "How is one to ensure success in his profession?" inquired Dr. Mead. "I love you," replied Dr. Radcliffe, "and will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune—*use all mankind ill!*" Now this was *un peu fort* for the Queen's physician, but it serves to show that the greatest and best men in the profession have had their moments of disappointment and disgust. It was in such a moment, probably, that Sydenham told Sir Richard Blackmore how he was to qualify himself for practice. "What books must I read, my dear Doctor?" said Sir Richard. "My friend," replied Sydenham, "read 'Don Quixote'; it is a very good book—I consult it still."

20th. This, Tyro, is the last but the greatest precept of all. Never violate, in thought, word, or deed, the sanctity of the sick chamber!!! He is a villain, Tyro, who reveals the secrets of that prison-house where poor humanity lies bare and helpless; he is a traitor, Tyro, to his profession, who gossips about the infirmities he is called to relieve; he is unworthy, Tyro, of the name of a physician, who, abusing the confidence which is reposed in his humanity and his honour, has no sooner turned from the bed-side of the patient than the infirmities he has witnessed become the subject of a ribald jest. Such bold bad men are rare in the profession, Tyro, but I have met with them in high places, and sometimes even with hoary locks and honourable titles. Avoid them, Tyro, as you would the pestilence.

M.

## THE RECENT POLITICAL TRIALS IN FRANCE.

ST. SIMON—THE NATIONAL. A GRAPHIC SKETCH.

THE old French bar and bench, included under the honourable denomination of *Parlement*, was a judiciary institution, formed precisely after Montesquieu's idea, that honour was to be the highest and the prevalent motive with all classes in a monarchy. Everything was accordingly sacrificed to make the legists right *honourable*. They held their offices by a kind of hereditary right, a fine always securing the reversion of a magistrate's place to his son. Such fine or purchase rendered a certain degree of wealth requisite, and the mode of acquisition inspired independence at least, if not integrity. Then the judicial order formed a noblesse, each lawyer being a *chevalier ez lettres*. The first nobles of the state were their assessors. They were the original *Court*, around the monarch, from whence is derived the name of his especial society and household. When the early kings of France had an hour of leisure or ennui, they descended to the law-courts, and amused themselves by listening to and interfering in the administration of justice to their subjects. And long after the period when the monarchs of France had abandoned this intimate connexion with their lawyers, and separated the palace of the king from the palace of justice, the people still continued to throng to the latter, as the centre of all interest, and life, and variety and news.

The *Palais de Justice*, or building dedicated to judicial purposes—originally, like that of Westminster, a royal abode—occupies a considerable portion of the island in which Paris was first included. It is a grand and interesting pile, displaying even in its exterior the architecture of all ages, from the round tower and conical roof of the fourteenth century, to the porticoed and pedimented front of the great age of the monarchy. The prison of the *Conciergerie* occupies the antique part of the building, and its dungeons extend underneath the whole. These sink tier under tier beneath the soil, like the circles of Dante's *Inferno*; the lowest of all, into which the river oozes, forming those dire *oubliettes*, now happily the objects of curiosity, not use.

The *Palais de Justice* I had of course, like every stranger, visited—that is, peeped into its courts, and paced up and down its great hall, or, as it is well denominated, the *Salle des Pas Perdus*. But I never had been tempted to form an intimate acquaintance with it, to penetrate into its *mysteres*, interest myself in its debates, trials, legists, or sit out its *interminables procès*. I had the wish, indeed, but not the courage; and stood, in truth, some fortnight since, on the adjoining bridge, contemplating the *tourelles* of the *Conciergerie*, and endeavouring to persuade myself how much more advantageous would be a day spent in the study of mankind and criminal law, in the courts yonder, to wasting the same, as was my preference and intention, amongst the heights and chestnut groves of Fontenay and Sceaux.

The internal debate was decided against my rural longings by the advance of a noisy crowd and procession, which at the moment traversed the *Place du Châtelet*, and approached the bridge. The procession consisted of some singularly-habited persons, who struck me to be Greeks at first, so many wore the little cap of that nation. But I had soon leisure to scrutinize them. Their leader, or chief, walked some paces in advance of his followers. Each wore white pantaloons, a kind of tunic, and a vest underneath. They resembled the youthful figures of Raphael's time and canvas, that is, in dress; for in countenance, the greater part were an ignoble crowd. He in front had inscribed on his breast the words, *Le Père*. And I instantly recognized M. *Enfantin*, the *Père Suprême*, or Chief of the Saint Simonians.

It was the day of their trial. My curiosity excited me to follow them up—the gallery of the *Palais*; but a *garde municipal* politely barred all entry into the court, which he alleged was full. To seek out and find a *togued* friend amongst the *avocats* was the affair of a few minutes, and through his interest, backed by some solicitation and crushing, I obtained a place *behind the court*, as the space reserved behind the French bench is called.

The accused were fully in view. Enfantin had two advocates by his side, in the shape of two dames of slender attractions, an observation that held good of all the Saint Simonian proselytes amongst the fair sex who attended, and there was a host of them. Enfantin himself is handsome—an important point in their creed—the highest gift in his opinion being a *beau corps*, in other words a fine person, endowed with the power of fascination. We have read of many passions taking the garb of religious fanaticism, and being absorbed in it; but never till now did the personal vanity of a dandy think of assuming such a cloak. Some of the French journals have not inaptly likened Enfantin to Zucchelli in the *Italiana* in Algeri. He has the same unmeaning, handsome countenance, voluptuous and dull. I cannot think him even an honest fanatic, that is with faith in himself, or in the character which he usurps, of being the *loi vivante*. He wants the bold assurance of genuine enthusiasm. He is tongue-tied, embarrassed in his speech; and it was amusing to remark his absurd endeavour to hide his embarrassment, and snatch up a few ideas, under pretence of gazing, and fascinating the audience by his silent regard.

Two of his acolytes, Duveyrier and Barrault, made up for all these imperfections of their chief by a hardihood of speech, and even at times of eloquence, that wanted merely common sense in order to be powerful; but the absurd predominated. The chief aim of their arguments was to prove the eminently corrupt state of society, and the necessity of its regeneration. "Which of ye present," cried Barrault, looking towards the bench, "have not had *bonnes-fortunes* (intrigues) in his day?" Methought the chief judge, Naudin, a severe man, winced under the pointed interrogatory, whilst one of his colleagues, Silvestre, a queer being of a Jansenist, struck his pen against the desk in horror and annoyance.

The court was a long and spacious room or *chambre*, the roof, however, being all that remained intact of its ancient state. It was ornamented with frescos of Louis the Fourteenth's day, in which goddesses innumerable sported in all the beauty of nudity and blue drapery. "Look there," exclaimed Duveyrier, pointing up, "look what is placed before the eyes of our judges and tribunals, in order no doubt to soften their severity. *Oui, Messieurs, la chair est bonne*;" and off went the Saint Simonist orator into a wild eulogium of *la chair*, being no less, gentle reader, than *the flesh*,—with an unction that rivalled, and would have certainly shocked, Bossuet.

Mons. Duveyrier had far better have held this part of the argument to himself. Both jury and public were prepared, as I evidently saw, to respect the independence, the folly, and even extravagance of those fanatics; but the development of voluptuousness, as a creed, caused such disgust, that condemnation, on any possible pretext, became evidently the feeling of the jury. The refusal of the witnesses to take oath, or indeed to say a word, except at the bidding, and with the permission of Enfantin, also created repugnance. The word *Jesuite* passed from mouth to mouth,—as a comment on this subserviency of the many to the one. And it is true that there is some resemblance betwixt the ancient society formed by Ignatius, and that which has sprung up in the name of St. Simon. The same cloistral obedience, the same worldly or political aims under the cloak of religion, the same anxiety for wealth and heritages, without seeming to use crooked means to obtain them; and joined with these, the more honourable one of striving to be useful to mankind by extending knowledge, developing theory, and amassing experiments.

I was so entertained with the *Cour d'Assises* and its incidents, that I continued to attend it, and found the trial which succeeded to that of the Saint Simonians, one of still greater interest. It was that of the conductor of the *National*, a strong opposition paper, for divers articles reflecting on the king, and on the government, with the intention, it was alleged, of overthrowing all. Great stress was laid upon his trial; the *Procureur-Général* himself conducted the accusation, and the crowd of deputies and public men announced the general interest. This was greatly increased by the circumstance of its being a trial for high treason—the punishment demanded being *death*.

It commenced by a dispute, whether witnesses should be allowed to be heard in favour of the accused, who demanded that at least two should be interrogated, General Pajol and Lafayette. The *Procureur-Général* opposed the concession, as merely leading to scandal. The Court retired to deliberate. And here an arrangement struck me as most objectionable. The *Procureur-Général*, or public accuser, sits on a line with the judges, behind the semicircular desk. He forms part of the *Cour*. When it retired to deliberate, he retired also at the same time, and by the same door. In his language, also, the *Procureur* used the term *we*, when speaking of the Court,—such as, “We will have the hall evacuated, if the public applaud or condemn.” This fellowship between the public accuser and the judges, instead of the former taking his seat or stand with the other advocates, seems most repugnant to an Englishman’s feelings. The judges, however, decided in this case in favour of the accused, that witnesses were to be heard.

When Lafayette appeared, the feeling of respect evinced by jury and audience was evident, though expressed in countenance more than murmur. The presiding judge did not appear to share this feeling. A long head, of disproportionate size for his person, characterises Lafayette, together with a most peculiar voice. It is singularly sepulchral, and may well be so. “Your name?” “Lafayette.” “Your calling?” “*Cultivateur et député.*” He would not say *propriétaire*—it would have been too aristocratic. The judge took care that his evidence should be insignificant.

Persil, the *Procureur-Général*, then rose, and, from a written *plaidoirie*, began to heap coals of fire on the head of the accused. Persil, previous to the revolution of July, was the first civil lawyer,—a man who made of his profession 100,000 francs, 4000*l.* a-year,—enormous for France. As a criminal lawyer, or as *procureur*, he has shown an equal want of talent as of judgment. Nothing could be more disgusting or wretched than his speech in this affair. It was atrociously vindictive in its aim: demanding the head of a writer for a violent, certainly, but vague paragraph. Persil hinted to the jury that a verdict, with *attenuating circumstances*, would satisfy him, that is to say, twenty years’ hard labour at the galleys in lieu of death,—an aggravation of pain, rather than the contrary, for a person in the rank of the accused. What Persil laid most stress on was an attack upon Louis Philippe for having shared in Dumourier’s desertion. He showed himself much more chary of the dynasty of Orleans than of the public peace. He pleaded like a courtier; and forgot that there had ever been such an epoch as July.

During a momentary suspense of the sitting, I mentioned my disgust and objections to a king’s advocate, expressing how ill-judged and absurd it was in the attorney-general of a citizen-king to use the same language and tone, and show the same spirit which had disgusted the public even in an attorney-general of the days of legitimacy. “*Mais que voulez-vous ?*” replied he: “Are not the laws the same? What can we do but execute them? Yesterday the Saint-Simoniens were accused of contravening a law of the restoration, which forbids any persons above the number of twenty to meet for religious or political purposes. The law is atrociously severe; but is it our fault if the Chambers have allowed it to remain law? At this moment the editor of the ‘National’ is accused of writing articles of a *tendency* to bring the government and the king into contempt. This is equally atrocious: for with so arbitrary a term as *tendency*, guilt or innocence may be extracted from almost any political writing. But do not throw the blame upon us, the fault lies with the legislature, that has left the government of the revolution to administer with the laws of the restoration.” He spoke much further in this sense. The reply was obvious—that surely the government itself might have come forward to alter and amend these laws.

“But the government is too *bête* to see the contradiction—a defect, and were it otherwise, the said government is too much under the yoke of the party of the *centres* to attempt to repeal the laws of the restoration.”

“Then, why have brought about the said revolution?”

“I’ll answer you as Talleyrand answers those who question him as to

how the present political imbroglio will terminate, viz. '*Ca finira par hasard*;' in other words, the thing originated, as it will terminate, *by chance*."

So much for a French lawyer's opinion of public affairs in the month of August, 1832.

The defence was conducted by M. Comte, well-known in England as the son-in-law of Say, as the author of a very excellent work upon jurisprudence, and of several articles in the "Edinburgh Review." He was one of the editors of the *Censeur Européen*, the first fruit of the freedom of the French press in 1814. He was afterwards banished for a severe reflection upon Louis XVIII.—spent his exile in Lausanne and in London, and returned to France under Charles X., after whose expulsion he was appointed *Procureur-général*. Here he was superseded for over-liberality; the electors of the department of the Sarthe choosing him their deputy to the Chamber to recompense his patriotism.

Comte has a wretched delivery. He makes himself understood with difficulty, and not without pain to his hearers. In short, there could not have been worse specimens of French eloquence than he and Persil, though both rivals and both eminent. His defence, too, though necessarily a reply, was chiefly written; and though deficient neither in argument nor strength, was certainly tedious. Yet there were good passages.

The second advocate for the accused, M. Benoit, little known except to the bar of Versailles, though a man of far less talent than Comte, had three times the effect. He was eminently French, with a correct, neat, petulant pronunciation, and a voice that rung like a sound con. The words that he uttered would seem nothing upon paper, but they fell with power upon the ear. The only sentence I remember was that exculpating the "National" for its attack upon the king. The advocate said, that the attack was provoked by the "Journal des Débats," which accused Lafayette of having deserted his army. "Now, Lafayette," cried Benoit, "is the patron of the 'National,' as he has been the patron of higher establishments and personages." The allusion was palpable and strong, and all the *quasi*-loyalty of the *Procureur-général* was seen to writhe, whilst the jury looked upon the accused with a new feeling of respect, for Lafayette was there, amongst the writers of the said paper, corroborating the assertion by his presence. Benoit summed up with effect, displayed the petty amount of crime made up of scraps of sentences from different numbers of the paper—asked "Was it in France—was it after the revolution of July—and was it of a French jury that a writer's head was demanded for the mere petulancies of the pen?"

The jury retired about nine o'clock, the court also, and the audience remained alone. The hall or chamber now presented a curious and interesting scene. Every one descended to the floor, and all formed into groups, amongst which the two prisoners, their friends and enemies, were confounded. It was scarcely possible to believe that the accused were then awaiting a verdict of death or the galleys, for there was no dock, no durance, scarcely a guard, and the hall itself resembled a *soirée*.

In about half an hour the bell of the jury-room resounded; the court re-entered, then the jury, and all was silence and anxiety. The *Procureur-général*, Persil, looked most confident of triumph, and indeed he had reason to be so, since the jury before him was the same which, but two days previous, had condemned the "Tribune," the "Corsaire," and other journals. What, then, was his astonishment, and indeed that of the audience, when the foreman of the jury pronounced, *Non coupable sur tous les points*—not guilty!

Persil's countenance fell: the presiding judge himself was stricken out of his presence of mind; for when the lawyers of the acquitted reclaimed the seized numbers of the journal, which filled two sacks, then lying on the table before the court, he was about to disallow the claim, when the *Procureur-général* reminded him that it could not be resisted.—Subdued, but heart lent were the plaudits.

A LACHRYMA—TORY; OR A LAMENT  
FOR THE TORIES.

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Fuimus !

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Vote-selling, ministerial fools !  
Apt pupils in Corruption's schools,  
Who used, erewhile, to fatten  
On public plunder.—Borough wights !  
Who deemed our wrongs your vested rights,  
In Sarum or in Gatton.

Ultra conservatives ! who made  
Our waste your common—O decayed,  
Disbanded band of Tories !  
Where are your jobs, your lucky hits,  
Your pickings and your perquisites,  
Your stigmas and your glories ?

Had ye an ante-nuptial son,  
A wit-born dunce, an angry dun,  
Poor friends, or ruined cousins,  
Bartering your conscience for supplies,  
Church, Army, Navy, Colonies,  
Received the rogues by dozens.

Oh, well may each unblushing check,  
At our expense made plump and sleek,  
By tears be ploughed in furrows ;  
The fox or rabbit, when pursued,  
Takes earth, but you, Whig hunted brood !  
Are barred from all your boroughs,

Reform has seized your baggage train :—  
Stopped, scorned, defeated, you complain,  
As I call aloud for pity ;—  
But what compassion should it wake,  
When officers of justice take  
Then plunder from banditti ?

Still your past errors I forgive ;—  
I knew, if by your wits ye live,  
Body and Soul must sever ;  
Then to some honest calling turn,—  
Acquire new arts,—your old unlearn,—  
'Tis better late, than never.

Choose not church,—physic,—law ; for all  
Rising against you, will recall  
Your former indiscretions.  
Law—physic down our throats ye thrust,  
Your God was gold ;—we cannot trust  
Again to your professions.

In trades ye may new fortunes raise ;  
Accustomed, from your earliest days,  
To deal in loaves and fishes,  
As bakers or fishmongers live ;  
Feed Whigs, and thus, though dished, contrive  
To give your dishers dishes.

But, hold! your bakers might be bent  
 To poison still our Parliament  
 With most corrupt ingredients;  
 Or grind our bones to make their bread,  
 The most approved and warranted  
 Of Toryish expedients.

While as fishmongers they might still  
 Impose their spawn on us at will,  
 Renewing former grievance;  
 Or, knaves at last as well as first,  
 Might sell their soles for plaice, as erst  
 They practised at St. Stephen's.

No—I have found a better trade,  
 At which these Tories should be made  
 To work while they are able.  
 Be it henceforth their fitting doom  
 To sweep and cleanse, beneath Lord Brougham,  
 The State Augean Stable.

Methinks the stoutest Ultras must  
 Confess the sentence strictly just  
 When once they hear it stated,  
 That bids them labour to reduce  
 The filth, the rubbish, and abuse  
 Their idleness created.

#### MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

~~The Gallopade—The Marriage of Brother and Sister in Law—The Royal Wanderers—Club Schools—Gipsies—The St. Leger.~~

THE GALLOPADE.—The newspapers occupy the position in society that the priests formerly did: people advise with them, confess to them, and look up to them for protection. They give information on all subjects; they moralize, legislate, censure, and direct. With them we begin the day—with them we end it. We talk out of them, think of them, and, when they are delayed, hunger for them. The press is all pervading: it begins with supplying us with a house or a servant; it goes on to teach us how to live and make laws; it brings intelligence from every quarter of the globe; and appears to know more of what is passing under our very noses than we ourselves do. Does any great man do wrong; is his offence beyond the reach of law, let him beware, not of the remorse of conscience, as in former times, but of the more terrible power of public opinion; let him apprehend exposure—publication! This is the torture of civilization; no transaction is too private not to be whispered in the ear of the press; no personage is too high not to be visited with its terrors. The Press is the modern Inquisition; it is the great secret tribunal at which heresy in social matters, whether in the lowly or the lofty, is instantly brought to trial. It has this superiority over the institution of Loyola, that though its decisions are taken in private, they are publicly declared, and, if erroneous, are liable to be

proved so; not, however, without an infliction of some injury. An *auto da-fé* on the part of the press is a fearful thing. A man may be rescued at the stake, it is true, but the public is careless of its associations, and often confounds in its memory the criminal and the prosecutor. Publicity, according to present notions, is itself an evil; and the press has this power of infliction by its very nature.

Some young ladies, the other day, as they were walking between Hammersmith and Barnes, were alarmed by the near approach of a horseman, who, instead of apologizing for his rudeness, turned round and grinned. The culprit was said to be a prince of the blood; but the offence is one not cognizable by law. Straightway the apparitors of the modern Inquisition drag him before their court; he is condemned; and for some days doomed to be reviled in thousands—nay, millions of family circles, as the insulter of female delicacy—the outrager of public decorum. This sentence is facetiously termed a *gallopade*; and is now, after passing through many metropolitan papers, being re-echoed by every provincial journal in the kingdom on what is called the liberal side of politics. In the meantime, it appears that the Inquisition has laid hold of the wrong person. Another offender has confessed to the crime.

Sir George Quentin, finding that the Duke of Cumberland had been mistaken for him by the alarmed ladies, thus pleads at the bar of the press:—

“*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*”

“SIR,—My attention having been called to certain statements in the public prints, respecting an alarm occasioned to some young ladies this day week, on the road between Hammersmith and Barnes, I deem it right to inform you that it was not his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, but myself, who, on that day, returning home on horseback from London by that road, unintentionally excited for a moment an alarm in their minds, in consequence of my horse shying when passing the young ladies in question. I was not conscious that they were alarmed, or I should have immediately apologized.”

“On calling on Mr. Perfect to-day for this purpose, Miss Perfect immediately recognized me as the person whom she and her companions had mistaken for the Duke of Cumberland.”

“It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter in the “*Globe*,” signed “A Friend to the Ladies,” is full of exaggeration and misstatements.”

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“*Kew, Sept. 22.*”

“G. QUENTIN, Major-General.”

But the Inquisition is infallible. This is held to be generous devotion on the part of the Equerry who thus volunteers to screen his Knight from blame. The doubt we cannot show. We have too much faith in the manliness and independence of an English gentleman and officer, albeit of German parentage, to believe that he could come forward with a deliberate falsehood, either to oblige or flatter any personage, however high. There is one circumstance which is not, however, altogether satisfactorily explained. Did Sir George's horse shy at the young ladies or upon them? If he was frightened by their parasols and sleeves, he would shy from them and not on them. Be this as it may, we think that far too much has been made of the *gallopade*; and that in this instance the Inquisition has visited a trifling offence with a severe



punishment on the wrong person, simply because the supposed criminal was down in the list of old offenders.

Publicity is the grand instrument of torture by which the press inflicts its severest punishments. Englishmen cannot bear to be talked of and ridiculed, or gossiped about from one end of the kingdom to the other. Either because they hate it, or they are unused to it, we must say, when dragged to light, they most frequently act very absurd figures. The father of these young ladies, for instance, finding that the conduct of the supposed Duke of Cumberland had got into the papers, thus addresses the "Times:"—

*"To the Editor of the Times."*

"SIR,—I beg leave to disclaim, on the part of myself and every member of my family, and also on the part of the young ladies at Barnes, any knowledge of, or participation in, the letter which was addressed to the editor of the 'Globe' on the 17th instant, respecting an illustrious personage, and afterwards copied into your paper, and regret that the officious zeal of some unknown and very injudicious friend *should have involved two families in the vortex of popular discussion and angry political dissertation*: particularly as I am convinced that His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was quite *unconscious of the particular position of the young ladies*, and that the momentary alarm occasioned to them was quite unintentional on his part, and that His Royal Highness *did not laugh nor discover any levity upon the occasion whatever*.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"Hammersmith Terrace, Sept. 20."

"T. W. C. PERFECT."

If the Duke did not laugh, nor discover any levity, all the rest of the world will. Mr. Perfect, with all his horror of the vortex of discussion, had better have let the matter rest, when the "particular position" of his young ladies would have been much less dissertated upon than they are likely to be at present.

**THE INTERMARRIAGE OF BROTHER AND SISTER IN LAW.**—A question of Ecclesiastical Law has been discussed in the newspapers, and the "Times," after the manner of the arbiters who now regulate every thing, has told the world why a man may not marry a second sister, being the widower of the first. Such is the ecclesiastical regulation, and the reason is said to be that, by the union, a consanguinity actually is caused to exist. Since man and wife become flesh of the same flesh, and bone of the same bone, it is contended that thereby the sister becomes absolutely related in blood to her brother-in-law. Logic of this description certainly evinces a strong determination to find whatever is right, and, at the same time, very considerable ignorance of the foundation of moral obligations. The legislators who ordained that persons within a certain degree of consanguinity should not intermarry had in view—1. To guard against that degeneracy produced by such intercourse—and 2. To avoid immorality likely to follow upon the intimacy and confidence existing between children brought up under the same roof—be it tent or tile. The first of these reasons is by no means applicable to the case of intermarriage between brothers and sisters-in-law. The second is—it is most desirable that among the members of the same family the utmost affection and intimacy should subsist, and yet that such a barrier should be placed between them as may prevent such feelings from degenerating into passion. This is the foundation of the

law: an insurmountable obstacle is placed between any legal union between such parties at any time and under any change, the which regulation, as far as law can interfere, contributes to the end desired. There are few things more mischievous than delusory and imaginative expositions of the reason of moral and legal obligations.

THE ROYAL WANDERERS.—Charles X., Louis XIX., and Henry V. have all taken their departure from Edinburgh in one steam-boat. What a freight of legitimacy! The Scotch papers are full of the charity and the benevolence of the Royal Exiles. Dr. Bourgon gave advice to the poor gratis. When Charles X. heard of it, he said—"By all means; let them have medicine also." *Quantum mutatus ab illo*. At St. Cloud, he cried—"Give those people balls enough;" he now offers pills. At Paris, the petitions of the people, the representations of their friends, were despised and reviled: now, the unfortunate monarch is affected by the address of Baillie Small; and tells him—"He shall ever keep it and guard it near his heart." How sweet are the uses of adversity! on the other hand, how dangerous is prosperity! La Fayette was captivated by the sight of the family of Louis Philippe sitting round a table at work, and with the Citizen King, when he saw him walk about Paris with an umbrella in his hand. "Who, then," says M. Sarrans, "would have predicted the resurrection of that swarm of gentlemen of honour, ladies in waiting, aides-de-camp, household officers,—of courtiers, of cup-bearers, of chamberlains, and that crowd of valets which now separate the King from the people!" This is the counterpart of the old story of the Pope, who, previous to his election, bore all the appearance of decrepitude, and who seemed bent double with age and care; but, on assuming the tiara, was seen to walk as erect as a youth. He was asked how he had so quickly regained his upright gait. "I was looking," he answered, "for the keys of St. Peter, and I found them." Louis Philippe has, we apprehend, assumed the royal part a little too soon. It is strange how Lethean seems the effect of a crown. No one was thought to know the French nation better than the Citizen King, and he has acted as if he had descended on the throne from the moon. We shall have him in the vacant apartments of the Scottish palace soon; and the infant of Holyrood will reign in his stead: it is a pity that the arrangement had not been sooner adopted. The only circumstances likely to obstruct the way of such an event are royalist and foreign attempts in the favour of the child. The Duchess of Berri must be kept away, and the Russians and Prussians stay at home, or the throne of the citizen-king will be rivetted by the pride and patriotism of the people. There is yet time for the citizen-king to turn from the error of his ways: let him tear off the royal hoodwinks, and he will see how he has been playing at blindman's buff with his "subjects." Subjects, forsooth—as the time is passed for erecting dragons of wood, and then falling down to worship them. We remember a celebrated French naturalist showing us, in his study, a washing tub, rife with frogs, swimming about, which, for the sake of some experiment, he had rebevelled of the upper part of their skulls—"Voilà mes sujets!" cried he: and when a man can take his subjects, and thus treat them, he has a full right to say, "*Voilà mes sujets*," as they swim about in his washing-tub.

CLUB SCHOOLS.—It is said we were harsh on schoolmasters last month. Not so: human nature is frail, and we only showed one phase of it. The schoolmaster, as he is now established, combines the tyranny of the slave-driver with the grasping greediness of the bankrupt tradesman. There is a plan by which many of the evils of the present system of boarding-schools may be avoided. To keep a boarding-school implies the union of two distinct qualifications—the ability of teaching knowledge, and next the capital necessary to the keeping up a large establishment. Both are indispensable, and yet how seldom are they united! Sometimes it is the needy man of scholastic attainments who starts a school on credit, and soon gets into the hands of the unwholesome butcher and grocer, skilful in the art of amalgamating sugar and sand. Sometimes it is the ignorant capitalist who *grazes* his school, but not on Leicestershire principles. The farmer of the flesh of young boys only looks to how lean he may keep his cattle without fear of mange: his object is *per centage*, and provided the youngsters turn out profitable, they may turn out anything else, in other respects, that bad feed, brutal ushers and corrupt associations are apt in their baneful combination to produce. It is on this principle that the well-known Yorkshire schools are conducted, as well as numbers nearer the capital; but the system in Yorkshire is deprived of much of its mischievousness by the excessive low rate at which the boys are taken. For twenty and even sixteen pounds a year, boys are ‘taken in’ to school,\* and not only fed but clothed for that sum. So that a father, with however large a male family, if he chose, might dispose of the whole of them by drafts of twenty pounds each at Christmas. The result would be that, in the course of time, he would be the parent of as fine a batch of raw-bone savages as a recruiting sergeant could desire. Here the very rudeness of the life takes away much of the evil of idle and corrupt communication. To be sure little is learnt in the way of books, beyond the rudiments of Latin, and Wakinghame’s Arithmetic, but then in the arts and shifts of life the gains are many. There lads light their own fires, and for fuel seek the breezy moor in the early morning; we are not sure that they do not milk their own kine and drive their own sheep to the slaughter-house: assuredly they brush their own shoes, make their own beds, and chiefly wait upon themselves. Why not? Many of them are not born to command, and it is better to brush your own boots than those of your master, as at Eton and Westminster. A large agricultural, pastoral, and literary school on a moderate scale, partly on the plan of the Yorkshire schools, would be no bad scheme, but it is not the one generally adapted to the wants, or the supposed wants of the community. Nevertheless it is surprising that England has not her Hofwyl: it only illustrates the idea with which we set out, and on which we proceed, namely, that capital and the ability and ambition to teach are not often combined in the same person.

Our school plan is a simple one—it has been already applied to taverns and news-rooms with success—it is in short no other than the CLUB plan. A thousand men combine to build a house in which they may read the newspapers: why not unite to build or take one in which their

“Boys taken in to Bate.” Irish Schoolmaster’s sign.

children may be educated? A combination of fathers of families might thus secure each, in their sphere, an education of the best kind; they have the power of selecting the teachers from the whole learned world, according to their means, and the efforts of these men will necessarily be efficient, not only because they are well-selected, but that they are well looked after, and, more than all, because they are exempt from the horrid anxieties of tradesmen duns, bad debts, diminution of pupils, and all the other miseries of a hazardous speculation, with imperfect means. Enjoying an easy salary, an honourable post, the retention of which was dependent on efficiency, the whole energies of the schoolmaster would be applied to the great work of tuition. A matron or housekeeper would manage her department on similar terms: so that he would retire to his wife and his house, not as at present, to another scene of struggle and strife, but to a family living for himself. A schoolmaster's wife is now a more wretched drudge than himself: she has her own brats to tend, and the concerns of a large establishment to look after, besides being mentally harassed by her knowledge of her husband's anxieties and bodily infirmities, and in time, by the visits and complaints of discontented relatives.

Some calculations have been entered into on this subject, and estimates taken from data of an authentic description, and it appears that a thorough good education may be communicated in the neighbourhood of London, in such a Club School as we have imagined, at the rate of forty pounds a year each boy, combining sustenance with tuition, and probably clothing. Details are, however, no part of our object, which is, seeing the daily abuse of schools, the daily spectacle of purchased ignorance, and the constant exposure in the newspapers of the vicious characters of schoolmasters, to suggest a scheme whereby these evils may be altogether obviated, and great good substituted.

If a hundred medical men, a hundred lawyers, and two hundred merchants and traders would combine to educate their children together, we would secure them a race of successors that would do honour to their respective names.

**Gipsies.**—Gipsies in times of yore were the scape-goats of the peasantry: if "cock" were "purloined," or any other rural mischief done by night, it was immediately fathered upon a neighbouring tent of "the dark race." No further evidence was required than the pot boiling on stick transverse: no one hesitated to conclude that the said pot contained the *corpus delicti*: that the individual missing cock was there parboiling, and that the swarthy race lolling around the fire, or peeping from beneath the canvas roof, were resting from the unholy labours of the night. Crime, however, has made such rapid marches that it has long been seen that the gipsies could not perpetrate the whole of it: and now it is pretty clear they are, and probably have always been, innocent of the whole of it. It is an event of extreme rarity to see a gipsy in a court of justice, and we have reason to believe that it has come to pass that farmers entertain a belief that the tent of the wanderer, with its nightly blaze and its dark shadows flitting about it, is a protection to their property. There is every probability in favour of the justice of this character. The life of the gipsy is not un lucrative: his wants are few and coarse, and the calls upon him are scarcely any.

He pays no rent: he is exempt from taxes: he spends nothing in the luxury of attire: no man can bring him in a bill. Being himself a mender and universal repairer, he is under the necessity of demanding no man's aid. His horse or his ass feeds on Nature's common, the hedge-side, the waste corner, the forest thicket, well known and long haunted by him and his tribe. Gipsies are subject to few diseases: they seldom ask the doctor's assistance but for one friendly office, and that serves a man his lifetime. The open air, the inconstancy of their labour, the sufficiency of their food, and the quantity of healthy exercise, necessarily render these Arabs of civilization the healthiest part of the people. As the monks of old always managed to select a happy site for their establishments, so does the gipsy always contrive to fix upon a pleasant and healthy spot for the pitching of his tent. It is sure to be near a brook for the supply of fresh water for the pot, and a washing-place for the family rags: it generally lies under the shelter of some umbrageous tree, it will always be found to have a view of the road, and invariably placed on the edge of some nice short and sweet morsel of grass for the recreation of the quadrupeds of the party.

The character of the gipsy has not been well understood. It is altogether oriental: he is quiet, patient, sober, long suffering, pleasant in speech, indolent but handy, far from speculative, and yet good at succedaneum: when his anger is kindled, it descends like lightning: unlike his dog, his wrath gives no notice by grumbling: he blazes up like one of his own fires of dried fern. Quarrels do not often take place among them, but when they do, they are dreadful. The laws of the country in which they sojourn have so far banished the use of knives from among them that they only grind them, otherwise these conflicts would always be fatal. They fight like tigers with tooth and nail, and knee and toe, and seem animated only with the spirit of dæmonism. Luckily the worst weapon they use is a stick, and, if the devil tempts, a hedge-stake.

We have been put in mind to say something of the gipsies by having witnessed the consequences of one of these affrays, which has brought us still better acquainted with these singular people. A quarrel originating in jealousy had produced ~~results of the most serious nature~~. A blow on the head with a tent-pole had evidently produced concussion of the brain if not fracture, and the victim was lying on his straw bed in a state of profound coma. The tent was tripartite, being formed of three main tops meeting in a centre: one was sacred to the women—the gynæceion of the Greeks, the anderoon of the Persians: in the others were collected the whole of the faction of the dying man. Nine or ten swarthy but handsome countenances were anxiously watching the struggling breath of their unhappy comrade—some sobbing, some grief-stricken, some sombre, none savage. An old crone was administering ineffectual milk, perhaps the very woman who had found the same fluid so nutritious some thirty years ago. Before, or rather, under her lay as noble a form as nature ever moulded, with a fine dark, but thoroughly Indian face, covered with the clammy sweat of apoplectic death. There was no want of light, the fire at the mouth every now and then sent in a volume of illumination, and when the medical men arrived there was scarcely a hand that did not contain a candle in the hope of aiding their investigation. The man died on the fourth day: the surgeons were compelled to mangle him in their search for a frac-

private property. They belong to the public, who maintain them, and the public can, and will, do with them as seemeth best to promote the sole ends for which they are intended—the relief of the suffering poor, and the improvement of medical science.

It cannot be doubted that the practice of shutting out students from these seminaries of medical learning is an enormous evil, the magnitude of which can only be properly estimated by those who entertain a due sense of the importance of that species of knowledge which can only be acquired by a strict attendance on them, of which, too, a large majority of those who commence practice are entirely ignorant. Hence arise the mistakes and accidents committed by young practitioners; but this part of the subject has been so admirably discussed elsewhere, that I advert to it only to declare it is a disgrace to the legislature to permit such a custom to continue. There is, however, if possible, a still more abominable abuse, that of selling for large sums of money the offices of dressers in our hospitals (the duties of which are not less responsible than those of the physicians and surgeons), to raw boys and apprentices without the least regard to their abilities or attainments, it being quite sufficient that they can pay the fifty or hundred pounds demanded by the surgeons, and they then obtain, for six or twelve months, full permission to kill and slay the miserable inmates of these establishments.

Let us picture to ourselves a lad who has passed all his days in an apothecary's shop in the country (for, be it remembered, he cannot enter the provincial hospital), trusted in a London hospital with the examination of a fractured limb, or attempting the reduction of a dislocated joint, we may form some idea of the sufferings of the unhappy patients,—in fact, numbers meet an untimely end from the existence of this abominable custom of selling these offices without regard to the abilities of the purchasers, for it is notorious that those students who have most money are not only the least diligent, but are in general the greatest fools.

Permitting such youths to see what is done in these institutions is widely different from entrusting them with the performance of those transactions by which the patients' lives are placed in jeopardy. In no other country does such a shameful custom obtain. In Germany and France these offices are the reward of merit, are conferred only on those who, in a public examination, are found deserving. Hence the hope of obtaining them operates as a continual stimulus to the exertions of the students. In England, to the everlasting disgrace of the country, they are sold to the highest bidder. Another gross abuse deserving mention is the annoyance occasioned to the patients by the wards of these institutions being infested with the juvenile apprentices of the medical officers (each having five or six), who, from their extreme youth, are unable to derive any benefit from seeing the patients, tease them with idle and silly questions, and occupy the place which may be filled by others, who, being more advanced in their studies, would derive great benefit from this privilege, were they not prevented by the enormous fees demanded from them.

It is incontrovertible, that while the patients sustain much injury from the importunities of idle boys, they are gratified with the attentions of a sedate and intelligent student, not to mention the check afforded by the presence of the latter on the physicians and surgeons, inciting them to a more punctual discharge of their duties.

The medical men attached to our hospitals, in descanting on the necessity of students attending them, do not appear to be influenced by any love for science, but rather by a desire to gratify their lust for money, as a tradesman enhances the value of the goods he is offering for sale, for the purpose of obtaining a high price for them. Why else do they close these institutions to all except those who can pay their exorbitant demands? Indeed, the process of "walking the hospitals" is in this country a perfect farce.

Thus much of the students. Let us now speak of the physicians and sur-

geons; and the first circumstance deserving notice is, the underhand manner in which the election of these officers is carried on. The question, on such occasion, is not whether the candidate possesses the knowledge necessary for the proper performance of the important duties which will devolve on him, but whether he has the good luck to be related to the leading physician or surgeon of the particular hospital in which the vacancy has occurred; for, however talented he may be, unless he can put in a claim of this sort, he will not have the least chance of being elected.

But allowing the candidates to be on a par as regards ability, this principle of electing by relationship is pregnant with mischief, both to the profession and the public, throws all these valuable appointments into the hands of a few families, deprives the community of the services of a great number of able men, puts a stop to competition and emulation among the members of the faculty (which are the grand agents of improvement in every department of science); and, above all, is the cause of the proverbial slothfulness with which the medical officers of these institutions discharge their duties to the patients and the students. It is quite obvious, too, that the custom of conferring these offices for life, is by no means calculated to secure to the public an adequate number of skilful practitioners. Let the physicians and surgeons go out every two years, and make room for others: the patients would be better attended to, and medical science cultivated with greater zeal. Individuals unacquainted with the subject under discussion would be surprised, on inquiry, to find that the number of medical men attached to a large hospital is not greater than the number attending on a small one; he would naturally imagine that an hospital containing four hundred in-patients would demand a larger complement of medical attendants than one having only a hundred beds; yet it is a fact, that, with the exception of a single assistant-physician or surgeon, the ordinary staff consists of six medical officers, whether the hospital be a large or small one. It is obvious, that if three physicians and three surgeons be scarcely sufficient to attend properly to one hundred patients, four times that number must be required to discharge the duties of an hospital containing four hundred patients. Such an addition, however, although plainly necessary, would by no means suit the family system just adverted to: hence the majority of the patients are neglected, or, what is worse, fall under the care of the before-mentioned dressers. There is not a single London hospital which has an adequate number of medical officers attached to it, and of these, several reside at so great a distance, that it is physically impossible they can do their duty, however anxious they may be to perform it. Unless the governors of these institutions set about to remedy this abuse, they will be conniving at a practice, by which the lives of hundreds of human beings are annually sacrificed. They must not only increase the number of physicians and surgeons in attendance, but must compel them to reside within a reasonable distance of the hospital to which they are attached.

Enough has been urged, to show the necessity of an inquiry into the management of our hospitals, and that much good may be expected to result from it. The subject will, no doubt, receive that attention from a reformed Parliament, which its deep importance demands.

The Shade of "JOHN HUNTER."

*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—"Gentlemen,—The correspondents of the newspapers have a peculiar knack of making the most of a bit of intelligence, however insignificant, and when put under the head of *Private Correspondence*, the merest matter of fact seems invested with a mystery which none but a professed paragraph-maker could possibly succeed in imparting to it. The following extract from a letter in the *Courier* is a case in point:—

"Dover, September 9, twelve o'clock.—Departed in the greatest haste, the *Five-Fly* steam-boat, for Calais, with three King's messengers, viz. Mr.

Moore, Mr. Kay, and Mr. Waring. The Fire-Fly has been waiting several hours for two of the above gentlemen, who have come down under orders to travel by night and by day with the greatest speed until they succeed in overtaking Lord Minto before he reaches his place of destination; their orders were to have as little contact as possible with anybody on their journey; and to step out of their carriage and four at once on board the packet, which they did; and it was rather a novel sight to see them drive at full speed with four horses (*white as snow and trembling like wires*) to the packet station at the pier. 'This is all I know; you may guess what you please.'

"The above is certainly a paragraph of great apparent import; three messengers being hurried off in the Fire-Fly after Lord Minto seems vastly momentous, no doubt, though it naturally occurs to one, that 'if too many cooks spoil the broth,' an express may be delayed by too many messengers. Where could have been the necessity for despatching Messrs. Moore, Kay, and Waring on the self-same business, and what could have been the object of the order, that the *three* messengers should step out of their carriage and four *at once* on board the packet? It must indeed have been a novel sight to have observed the simultaneous egress of the trio from the vehicle which brought them, though it appears an odd whim of the Government to have enforced the execution of the singular manœuvre. The correspondent of the *Courier* is all very well in matter of fact,—he is there equal to his subject; but when he soars into the regions of poetry, his deficiency is painfully manifest. Such a sorry comparison as that of *horses at full speed to wires* never was hit upon by the most unsuccessful courtier of the muses. The words, 'you may guess what you please' are particularly appropriate as a conclusion to so unimaginative a paragraph. Fancy is evidently quite out of the writer's line, and he therefore judiciously leaves the task of guessing to his reader. I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant."

NEW POLICY OF THE POLICE.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine*.—"Gentlemen,—Mr. Meyers, the riding-master to the King, who resides at the Castle Inn, Windsor, sustained a serious loss about the middle of last week, from being robbed of 150*l.*, which he had locked up in a drawer in his apartment. A Bow-street officer has been there since the robbery, but has been able to obtain no clue to the robber."—*Globe*.

"According to the above extract, a loss has been sustained by the riding-master to the King, *who* (meaning his Majesty) resides at the Castle Inn, Windsor. This is a piece of intelligence which the *Court Circular* had failed to make us acquainted with, but the *Globe* has kindly supplied the omission of his contemporary. There is also more information to be gleaned from the above short extract, for we find from it that to *pursue* a thief is not the only plan that is adopted for catching one. In this case the Bow-street officer has been *upon the spot*, and *yet* can trace no clue to the robber. How excessively strange that the property stolen does not come back of its own accord, or that the thief does not make his appearance for the purpose of restoring it! The vigilance of the officer in remaining on the spot watching the empty drawer from which 150*l.* has been stolen is an act of indisputable patience, but very questionable sagacity, inasmuch as the folly of guarding the stable-door when the steed is stolen is proverbial. I am, Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,"

*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine*.—"Gentlemen,—On the 1st of August a case was heard before Messrs. Broughton and Twyford, at Worship-street police-office, which the newspapers headed, in a sneering way, 'March of Intellect;' but whether the sneer was meant for the magistrate, or for the culprits, it is hard to say. It seems, two young women, who conceived that their mother did not dress them sufficiently well, out of her hard earnings as a vender of vegetables, were charged by their parent with ill-treating her, and menacing her life; whereon Mr. Broughton immediately



asked the complainant 'if her daughter could read and write?' The complainant replied in the affirmative, and that they were both educated at the National school. At this the worthy magistrate was highly indignant, and remarked, 'I believe it to be a fact in many families now, that the daughters, when grown up, treat their mothers with the greatest contempt, because they have the advantages of education. So much for the March of Intellect!'

"At this superb speech of his worship, the complainant felt instantly enlightened as to the cause of all her troubles, and taking her cue from the justice, exclaimed, 'That is the reason why I was used so cruelly!'

"It afterwards came out in evidence, that the father of the girls had been a dissipated worthless drunkard, who had therefore neglected his children; but this was considered wholly irrelevant to the case.

"Here, then, is a precedent for all poor people who do not presume to think for themselves, but hold the dictum of a magistrate to be both law and reason, to keep their children free of all instruction to be attained through reading and writing, as it will assuredly cause them to despise their parents.

" 'A Daniel come to judgment—yea, a Daniel!'

"It was said of old, that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands. I presume that some such reasoning must have guided those who appointed Mr. Broughton to sit in the seat of justice, in the hope that the yearly stipend, and the possession of authority, would be in themselves sufficient to bring forth the necessary quantity of intellect, whoever might chance to be the incumbent. Verily they have been disappointed. To reason upon Mr. Broughton's principles, annual stipends and chairs of justice are most mischievous things, for they have a direct tendency to produce aberrations from sound judgment, and a terrible jumbling up of causes and effects. Were not the worthy magistrate's faculties obtuscated by the infliction of place which he labours under, I would ask him whether poor people alone ill-treat their parents, and whether those who can neither read nor write are more immaculate in that particular than those who possess such amazing sciences of evil power? Reading and writing are almost unknown to the Irish peasantry, and the absence of such black arts must of course account for the keenness of their moral perceptions. Pedro and Miguel Braganza can both read and write. Ergo, reading and writing have been the cause of their turning out bad sons and bad brothers. Robert, the son of William the Conqueror, raised his hand against his father in battle, and afterwards asked his pardon for it. Had he been able to read and write, doubtless an accession of atrocity would have induced him to slay him outright. Reading and writing, no doubt, induced Thutell to destroy Weare, and Cook to murder Mr. Paas; and moreover, the well-known fact, how much better our uneducated agricultural labourers understand and practice their moral obligations to society than the reading and writing members of political unions do must be quite conclusive. As education increases, crimes multiply in a like proportion. So rules Mr. Broughton. Can he read and write himself? His matchless intelligence leads us to conclude he cannot.

"But to be serious. It is a solemn subject, and should be solemnly treated. How much have they to answer for, who, either from ignorance or corrupt motives, place such men in authority as the dispensers of justice! A magistrate holds a situation, if anything, more important than that of a judge. The office of the judge is specifically defined by law; he travels on a beaten track; but a police magistrate holds a situation somewhat of a patriarchal kind. He deals with incipient crime; and it is in his power to exercise timely lenity, and save a fellow-creature from utter ruin, or, by ill-timed harshness, to convert a simple delinquent into a hardened felon. Great acuteness, added to strong feelings of benevolence, are essential requisites in the character of a man who would aspire to fill such an office. But have men possessed of such qualities been sought for, by those entrusted with the power of appointing them? We look around, and shudder at the

contrast. For one beneficent magistrate, we find ten whose only qualities are compounded from those of the tyrant and sycophant, and who are utterly devoid of the power of reason, even if their evil passions would permit its exercise. One declares, in the seat of judgment, that he will commit a breach of the laws, by breaking every bone in a man's skin for pasting papers on his garden wall. Another fines poor people for working on a Sunday, after first setting them the example, by gathering in his own hay on that holy day. A third cheats his brethren of the bench out of their signatures, for undue purposes; and, strange to say, these men are all retained in their employments, as if they were appointed to rule only for their own benefit, and not that of the community. And, in truth, so it is; and the poor people, knowing it to be the case, hate and despise, instead of respecting them. Why was the late Sir R. Birnie appointed magistrate for Bow-street? Because he made undeniable saddles, and knew how to sycophantise a Prince-regent, after the ancient Scottish fashion. "The first gentleman of Europe" wished to recompense this, and his puffy purse being previously occupied, the sycophant was saddled on the county to oppress poor people *ad libitum*, and recompense himself for his sycophancy to those above him, by his tyranny to those beneath him. The tyranny was bad enough, but the mischievous effects of his ignorance were an hundred fold. Of Mr. Broughton, personally, I know nothing. In his public capacity only do I regard him; and, in that capacity, I find him giving evidence of the grossest ignorance of all the principles of just legislation, and utterly devoid of the intellect necessary for the comprehension even of the commonest terms. He seriously declares that *education* is reading and writing; and that reading and writing are the synonyms of evil passions. The commonest mechanic would tell him that saws, hammers, and axes were not carpenters' work, though carpenters make use of them to work with: and even thus, had he possessed the power of reflection, he might have known that reading and writing were merely a portion of the means wherewith education might be acquired, and were not education itself. Miss Bagster was declared mad for defining marriage to be 'cake, favours, and church.' What shall be done unto the magistrate who displays such gross ignorance as to mistake reading and writing for mental training, which can alone be understood as the correct definition of the word *education*? He shall be dismissed from the seat of judgment! replies the voice of reason. When? When responsibility waits as a handmaid upon government. Meantime, he is, probably, the nominee of some man high in office, and will be therein maintained to work mischief which nothing can undo, but that very education of which he talks in scorn, without understanding it.

"What an obliquity of vision must it have been which could not understand the case without abusing the harmless and useful arts of reading and writing. The girls behaved ill to their parent, not because they had been educated, but because they had *not* been educated; and the perverse and mischievous assertion of Mr. Broughton will not alter the case. The love of fine clothing exists to the greatest extent amongst savages, and it is by educating the mind, and teaching it more useful aspirations, that this propensity is best kept down. Had the girls really been educated—not merely taught to read, but taught to read and to understand reasoning books—they would have known that the ill-treatment of a parent was a most disgusting offence, which would inevitably turn all reflecting people's hearts against them, and they would, therefore, have abstained from the commission of it; independently of the humanizing effect which the acquisition of moral knowledge usually produces on the human heart. But though the girls had not received that mental training requisite to render them good members of society, they had received an indirect education for evil, in the example set them by their drunken and worthless father, who had been accustomed to find no gratification except in the pleasures of sense. The almost necessary results of this, the magistrate attributes to the capability of reading and

writing. Such a dictum, if followed out to the full extent, would go to the creation of castes; two orders of society: The laborious classes would become Helots, born only to obey the commands of their superiors; a species of white slaves, devoid of all moral knowledge. The saturnalia of the French, when they burst their bonds at the first revolution, is an ample warning to all thinking minds, even where they are devoid of benevolence, not again to hazard so fearful an experiment. Had the father of the two girls been mentally trained in early youth, he would, probably, have preferred books to alcohol, as a more pleasurable species of excitement; and his children would imperceptibly have acquired the same likings. In such a case, good feelings would not have been outraged with so disgusting an exhibition. Supposing the magistrate correct, in attributing evil results to the circumstance of the rising generation possessing more knowledge than the one which went before it, it would be proper forthwith to stop all improvements, and become a nation of Chinese. It would certainly save much trouble to those at present possessing the reins of power, who will ultimately be pushed from their stools by the increasing knowledge of others—and of which the worthy magistrate seems to feel an instinctive fear; but before this matter can be accomplished, it will be necessary to establish a government similar to that of the Chinese,—not a very practicable matter in this age of the world.

“ I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.,

“ JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.”

We have had much pleasure in the communication of MEDICUS.—Praise from one possessing his evident talents cannot but gratify us. We shall bear in mind the subject to which he directs our attention.

Proposals are issued for publishing, by subscription, a Topographical and Genealogical Work, entitled “ *Collectanea Topographica* ;” to appear in quarterly parts. The chief objects of the work will be the publication of important inedited documents illustrative of Local History and Genealogy, and the preservation of notices or fragments of a topographical nature, too brief to appear in a separate form.

A London bookseller is said to be in possession of nearly two hundred original autograph letters and poems of Robert Burns, many of which have never been published, and are full of genius and eccentricity. The whole were evidently unknown to Dr. Currie, Mr. Cromek, Mr. Lockhart, or any of the biographers or editors of the works of Burns.

A copy of Cicero, with large margins, has been found in a library at Orleans, with more than 4000 MS. Emendations, by the celebrated Henry Stephens, and by another Philologist, whose hand-writing cannot be identified.

Hayn, the bookseller, of Berlin, is said to have engaged thirty-seven of the most distinguished authors residing in the City, to compose a work on the capital, similar to the *Cent-et-Un* of Paris.

A Translation of More's *Utopia* has recently appeared at Paris, with the Latin Text opposite.

M. Stanislaus Julien has commenced the publication in London, at the expense of the Oriental Translation Fund, of a Selection, in French, of the best pieces of the Chinese Theatre, from the Repertory of that description in forty quarto volumes, of which there is a Copy in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*.

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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1832.

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### TO OUR FRIENDS,

#### ON PRESERVING THE ANONYMOUS IN PERIODICALS.

IT is now exactly twelve months since the New Monthly Magazine has been under its present management ; and the commencement of the new Publishing Season with the first of this month gives us the same opportunity of addressing our readers that the first of November presented to us, last year, when we entered on our official capacities. We hope that we have performed some portion of what we then promised. We trust

that we have given to the political tone of this Periodical a more decided and consistent tone than that to which it formerly pretended, and that we have pursued a course, however humble, which associates us rather with the cause of the people than that of a party. We know that we have been accused of inclining too much towards the support of Ministers, but at least it is allowed, even by their enemies on *popular* grounds, that we have never inclined towards their errors. We have spoken with the utmost freedom of each of them individually—of all collectively—and their wrong reasonings even to good ends have been pointed out with no less plainness than in the most anti-ministerial publications. We have been guilty of the want of personality, but never, we are convinced, of the want of candour.—There is one circumstance connected with this work respecting which we would say a few words. It was long the only Monthly Publication to which the name of the Editor was publicly affixed. From its commencement to the present time, with only a brief interval, that custom has been continued. At present, however, it is not the *only* one thus characterised; the distinguished Poet whose name formerly graced this work has transferred that honour to another periodical. There are some consequences attendant on this publicity which are more important in periodical Literature than have generally been observed. It has long been the custom to consider the preservation of the Anonymous as desirable to writers in political and literary periodicals, but we believe the grounds of that opinion have never been fairly examined. It is said that writers can thus speak with greater freedom of all works and all men. But is this sort of freedom really such an advantage? Is it not usually turned rather against Truth than for Truth? Is it not from thence that the strongest abuse of the Press arises? Do we not owe to the irresponsibility of the anonymous writer all those gratifications of prejudice or malice which give the enemies of the Press their only reasonable complaint against its liberty. In Criticism it allows a writer to run down this work, or to extol that, without reference to any other criterion than private inclination. It is no disgrace to be unjust when the Author of the injustice is unknown. Look at the generality of Criticisms in the generality of periodical works; how few are fair—how few would a man of high responsibility like publicly to acknowledge! The “*Edinburgh*,” the “*Quarterly*,” were to be the Avatars of pure Criticism. What great writer have they dragged from obscurity,—what bad writer have they silenced? They have cried down particular men; they have succeeded for a long time in steeling the public against particular claims. Who have been these men? Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt: were *their* claims those which the public now think should have been treated with disdain? Look at the Sunday Newspapers—the more secret the authorship of an attack, the more libellous and unworthy it has been. Where is the advantage in this

freedom? We grant that in times of despotic Laws against the Press, the Anonymous had its advantages. We grant that there are, in all times, public men whom it is only safe to attack under a mask; but the first of our concessions does not apply to these times; and the second allows an exception—why make it a rule? The true way, we are convinced, of giving full efficacy to the power of the Press, would be to remove all the legislative shackles on its liberty; the true way to create a safeguard to its abuses would be, to awaken that moral feeling in its writers which should prefer, as a *general* rule, publicity to the anonymous. Let us look to the French Journals. In them an author usually appends his initials, or known signature, to his writings; or, at least, suffers himself to be universally acknowledged as their author: the consequence is, that, to *our* eyes, there is a singular absence of slanderous personality,—of attack upon private character, in the French Journals. The French have not the counterparts of those papers which, with us, live upon lies, and garbage upon scandal. But do they, for that reason, want power against all public abuses and all public men; on the contrary, the power of journalism with the French is proverbial all over Europe—it is even greater than with us. How can it be otherwise? If men are ashamed to be the avowed propagators of private slander, they are equally so to be the avowed advocates of political apostacy;—they are in the glare of day, and dare not be hooted at as dishonest. Thus personal character aids public talent. An honest and able writer becomes as well known to the public as a general or statesman. His merits are not, as with us, sunk and confounded in those of a class. A Journalist is a man of vast influence; with us it is only the Journals that have weight! This is one great reason why their literary men are more before the actual world than ours, and why they obtain from all classes a respect and a homage which, when they are honest, is nothing less than the due of the enlighteners of mankind. Thus to all good purposes avowed authorship suffices—it is to the bad purposes that it offers a salutary control. An irresponsible power is mischievous—anonymous power is irresponsible power.

Upon our honour and our conscience we can boldly say, that it was from the feeling that some moral inclination towards the publicity of an Editor's name, in a periodical, ought to be created, that we affixed our own (humble as it is, and insignificant as the example may *seem*, to this Magazine). But no example *is* insignificant, whether for good or evil! otherwise there would not be a sect in the world. The examples of humble men have been the commencement of all great changes. Far pleasanter it might have been to us to have indulged our private prejudices and our private likings—to have avoided all responsibility, which is ever an odious office—to have attracted to ourself none of the ill-will of rejected Contributors, or disappointed Authors—to have given to the inexhaus-

tible Quiver of Literary Jealousies no palpable front, no visible target. But there are some objects, to the hearts of men, dearer than personal convenience—more powerful than the indulgence of private inclinations. It will be obvious, however, that each good has its counterbalance. If, as we believe, a periodical—however unably conducted—usually gains in honesty, in consistency, in a regard for truth, by the responsibility of an avowed Editor, it certainly loses in what is technically, yet vulgarly, termed “spirit.”—The piquancy of attack—the virulence of satire are often entertaining to the multitude exactly in proportion as they are overcharged. Nobody laughs at a picture as at a caricature. If we pretend to the dignity of truth, we cannot, also, secure the richness of falsehood. This, we candidly own, has often been imputed to us as matter of blame. “You are not severe enough,” says one friend—“You want causticity,” says another—“A little malice would improve you wonderfully,” says a third. If we look to “Blackwood’s Magazine,” we shall certainly find that this “spirit” is more attractive than the genius which the weightier articles often possess. The magnificent criticisms on Homer have one reader where a personal caricature has fifty. The habit, too, of taking delight in unnecessary personalities, which has so long been established in England, and which is, at this moment, so fatal to the interest we ought to derive from the higher branches of literature, is very difficult to contend against, but at least we have made the effort; and, from the increased and increasing support which this Journal receives, we hope not unsuccessfully. Only we say now, once and for ever, to those of our friends who wish us to infuse more of the Devil into our pages, that they must take our faults with our merits—that one is the consequence of the other. They must be contented if they find we can use our weapons of attack without dipping them in venom. There is a consequence in criticism, produced, perhaps, by acknowledged responsibility, which the vulgar may consider evil. It inclines the critic, in general, to blame with less asperity, as with more caution. But this is not an evil. In a former paper † we endeavoured to show that true criticism consists rather in praise than blame; and that there is not a single critic in the world who has obtained a durable reputation, who is not known to us rather by the fame he has vindicated than that which he

\* We remember some time ago that there was a caricature descriptive of many of our public men in Blackwood, ridiculing not their principles but their persons. Nothing could well be more offensive than the language employed, except the idle and gratuitous desire to wound, which could alone have inspired it. The newspapers chuckled at it—copied it out—retailed it through the kingdom—and the same number of the Magazine contained an admirable paper which was wholly unnoticed. True that the newspapers only selected what was most attractive to the public. But is this a craving that should be pampered? Would the Editor of a Paper, with his name on the top of the page, have sanctioned this flattery to a vicious propensity? Is it not the anonymous security which engenders the wantonness of anonymous injury? Are not slander, and avowed acknowledgment of slander, incompatible?

† See the Article on “The true Spirit of Criticism.”

has destroyed. It has been our object rather to find out some Author unjustly neglected than attack the reputation of those who are justly esteemed.

One word upon a feature we have endeavoured to render prominent in this Periodical—Biography. It has always seemed to us that works of this description are peculiarly suited to those short sketches, which either give new or brief views of the characters of celebrated men, or embrace such anecdotes and descriptions, as a more elaborate work, obliged to condense its materials, would omit. It is under this impression that we have given to our readers so many papers of a biographical or anecdotic description; and we think we have done some, and no undignified, service to letters, if we have succeeded in bringing forward a new fact, or a philosophical illustration, in regard to men whose names, whether for good or ill, have possessed such celebrity as those of—Windham, Brougham, Canning, Talleyrand, Byron, Shelley, Ugo Foscolo, and Neckar.

Much, very much, however, of what we hope to effect towards the improvement of this Periodical has as yet been but partially commenced. The stirring politics of the period, in which it has been our own lot to be actively engaged, have not left either to us or to the public that time and inclination which are only found by the *vacui sub umbrâ*, for those literary objects we could desire to enforce, and those moral views we are anxious to illustrate. *Meliora speramus*;—the comparative quiet of the present time has enabled us, even in this number, to give a fuller effect to our wishes in these respects, than would have been suitable to a more busy and agitated period. So many projects, however, so many designs crowd upon us, that we feel, from the much we have left undone, the prudence of not promising what, we would fain hope, it remains for us to do. It has been said by Musæus that the eagle lays three eggs, sits on two, and hatches one. We fear this is the way with the best of us. We only do half what we undertake to do, and one-third of what we ought:—may we ourself succeed even in that moderate proportion of duties and performances!

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## THE POLITICIAN, NO. V.

## THE BALLOT, AND CHURCH REFORM.

THE other evening the Parson of our Parish—*homme digne et sage*—honoured my poor house with his company. I put to him the question I am now about to address to the reader:—"Is there anything remarkable in the circumstances of the time in which the question of the Ballot, that had slept so long, has been so suddenly and so vehemently revived?" I know not what answer the reader may give me; but my good friend, the Parson, who I need scarcely say is a Tory, hastened to instruct me by a Tory answer. I saw his fierce little grey eye twinkle with delight, when I put to him this interrogatory. He evidently thought it an exceedingly imprudent question from my mouth; and, drawing his chair near to mine, he said, with so much emphasis, that if he had not been a rector, with two livings, he would certainly have rapped out an oath,—

"Yes, Sir; it is at the very moment when you have obtained the Reform which your Whig majority declared should be a final measure,—when, I say, you have scarcely wrung out that Reform from the reluctant souls of the Peers of England,—that you clamour for another and a wider Reform. I am glad, Mr. —, you asked me that question."

"My dear Sir, I don't know that any good Reformer ever said this was to be a final measure. On the contrary, when the Tories declared we did, we told them that to talk at all about final measures was nonsense. There is not a single page in legislation to which we can put a full stop. A comma, or a semicolon, is our utmost attempt at punctuation. But I will tell you why I ask you the question: I want you, and I want our legislators, (for I intend, my dear Sir, to print our conversation,) to learn the utter absurdity of a *juste milieu* system."

"Right, Sir," interrupted the Rector, with great enthusiasm; "the *juste milieu* system is the ruin of the country. An honest Radical I admire: he does not do half the injury done by the tampering Whig."

"I agree with you," said I, "and I shall remember to quote your opinion presently; but to return for one instant to the Ballot. It certainly was the notion of the framers of Reform that they had, by so large a measure, got rid of the Ballot. The question which was, just before that measure, agitated through all England, was suspended, as by universal consent: not a word more was said of it; nay, some of the conformers of the majority, seeing this miraculous trance, boasted of the effect of the Reform Bill in sending the Ballot to sleep. The Reform Bill is safe; and lo, the Giant hath awaked and is stronger than ever! The cry now for the Ballot is three times as earnest, if not as loud, as it was before: this ought to be a lesson to Legislators that they cannot appease one cry by satisfying another; they cannot cure a disease in the

head by applying a plaster to a wound in the leg. When the People demand any particular measure (I beg pardon, *boon* is the fashionable word), loudly and generally, the half measure only appeases them for the time—that safe, they demand the other half. There is a time for half measures I allow, but—listen, my dear Sir! I perceive you are going to sleep; take a pinch of snuff; I shall come to something that will interest you presently—but the time for half measures, mark this, is only either when the Philosophers and not the People demand Reform; or when the People, pray attend, demand Reform vaguely, without specifying any particular mode in which it is to be effected, or any particular principle to be incorporated in the general plan. Then half measures have the grace of whole measures; not having insisted on any particular point of redress, the redress they have obtained leaves not one certain and defined craving for other things behind it. They don't look the gift-horse in the mouth because they did not ask for a bridle to guide the horse; they are contented with a vague benefit, because they have not demanded a distinct one. Now this—do you understand—is a lesson which Ministers ought to get thoroughly by heart; and it is alone sufficient to prove the futility of all the maxims of the *juste milieu*. The only period when a *juste milieu* system is advisable is in times of quiet, and the only period in which it is ever dreamt of is in times of agitation. In James the First's time, the *juste milieu* notions of Lord Falkland would have been excellent sense—in the time of Charles the First they were visionary weakness. I intend now, my dear Sir, to apply this maxim, strengthened by the fact relating to the Ballot, to which we have just referred, (and which you yourself, in your just and sensible answer to my question, have put in so instructive a light,) to the question of Church Reform."

I had scarcely mentioned those last words when I perceived a convulsive sort of wriggle, if I may use the expression, agitate the portly frame of my reverend friend. *Mens quatit solida*.

"Church Reform!" quoth he, turning abruptly round—"Church fiddlestick."

"Exactly," said I, bowing respectfully, "your metaphor is made with your usual felicity. Church fiddlestick—viz., a thing simple in itself, but without which the sacred fiddle is a shapeless and uncouth instrument, incapable of giving out a single beautiful sound. I delight in thinking of the art with which some dexterous Paganini will draw the fiddlestick across the strings. I anticipate the first shrill, dolorous, painful squeak which the instrument will emit: then, slowly, you will hear a grumbling bass tone, called up from the inner womb of the machine; and while your ears are yet greeted by these preliminary sounds, the music begins slowly to waken from the discord, and hey presto! we shall strike up into a cheerful tune that will set, I warrant ye, all the peasants dancing; and—

"Sir," said the Rector, "if you were not a gentleman of fortune, with several livings in the gift of your family, I should say that you blaspheme!"

"What! the idea of the peasants dancing displeases you? Ah! I should have recollected that the fiddle has produced hitherto a much more solemn effect. I grant you that. Tithes don't set peasants dancing in general; unless from the same emotions as those by which the tooth-ache is said to produce that saltatory effect. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* You perceive, Sir, that we are informed, with the air of official prediction, by Mr. Pelham—not Henry Pelham, the reprobate in the novel—but the respectable member for Lincolnshire, that a reform in the clerical Establishment is in the Ministerial meditation. Some expressions of Lord John Russell in which (pursuing the *juste milieu* system of answering one grievance by an attack on another) he dismisses the question of the Corn Laws by declaring there must be an alteration in tithes, appear to corroborate the avowal of Mr. Pelham, who, being a nobleman's son, aged twenty-two years, has been very naturally thought the most fitting confidant in the kingdom for the secrets of the Ministerial policy.

"Now, Sir, if this reform be really proposed, what a pity it will be for the Church should the notions of the abominable *juste milieu* be adopted. As you just now properly observed, the honest Radical does not do half the injury done by the tampering Whig. If you please, Sir, therefore, instructed by *political* experience, we will apply your maxim to *clerical* innovation, and we will have a good, hearty, honest, radical reform in those abuses which a Whig probe only irritates instead of healing!"

Having, as I thought, so flatteringly and so felicitously, for I pique myself on my adroitness in these matters, applied to the Rector's probable case the Rector's declared opinions, I was very much surprised and mortified to see him colour with evident indignation, and to hear him say—

"Sir, these are matters too serious for levity."

"I stand justly rebuked," replied I, humbly. "They are matter of very serious complaint indeed; but, to return, suffer me respectfully to ask you, if you do not think it would be better in this instance to get quite rid of all *juste milieu* notions, and take warning by the resurrection of the Ballot at that exact moment when one might have thought one had built it such a handsome monument in the shape of Reform. You see, Sir, that the Established Church, I mean Reform in it, is not a question of yesterday. So long ago as Bacon's time, it was very seriously agitated. True that, somehow or other, it got reformed by the Roundheads between this and then, but Charles II. unreformed it with singular success; perhaps you would like to wait for another Roundhead reform, and take the chance of another Restoration."

"There is no analogy between these times and the past."

"Very well; with all my heart. But excuse me if I recur to the

subject from my wish to impress on you the absurdity of a *moderate* reform. Tithes ought to be abolished; *that* even the Church will agree to—upon the understanding that the tithes are to be replaced by a yet more comfortable income. In short, they, your fellow churchmen, have no objection to robbing Peter, on the assurance that the money is to be paid to Paul. Now this is not the reform that will quite satisfy us. And I will tell you the reform that will: viz., the diminution of the expenses of the establishment to one-half, no payments to be made to any clergymen save of our own sect, and the prohibition of Bishops voting on the affairs of the Laity. Anything short of this would be on the abominable *juste milieu* system, and the acceptance of the first step would only be as a stepping-stone to the rest—just the same as the Reform Bill without the Ballot is merely the hostage for the Reform Bill with it.”

Now, the reader must know that, between the honest Rector and myself, there had been established, in our gay moments, an express understanding to the following effect:—He was, whenever he honoured me with his company to dinner, to have his *Lafitte* from a certain bin—which, though I say it, who should not say it, may not easily be matched,—and I, in return, was to have free liberty to utter all my heretical opinions;—the good Rector thinking probably that not that which goeth into a man—namely, *Lafitte*, when it is of a good flavour—defileth, but that that which goeth out of the mouth—namely, my observations against expensive establishments, defile prodigiously. For the sin of my sentiments the worthy man, therefore, consoles himself with the virtue of my claret. But I plainly perceive that when the bin is finished he will take a pretence to quarrel with me. I mention all this, lest my opinions should seem rudely and unnecessarily urged, instead of being in accordance with a mutual compact—a permission bought and paid for, as much as the right of nomination to any borough in the quondam possession of his Grace of Newcastle. When I had concluded the speech recorded as above, my Rector looked at me very sternly. I pushed the bottle to him. “This is a peculiarly good bottle, Doctor.”

“Sir,” said the Parson, wiping his mouth, “the long and the short of it is this, you want to take away our property.”

“I beg your pardon,” said I, quite shocked; “but was the Church establishment erected for any specific purpose, or merely and solely that Bishops, Deans, and Rectors, should enjoy, without giving any sort of equivalent, certain incomes punctually paid per year?”

“Sir, the question is an affront. Of course it was intended that there should be certain duties to perform; that there was an object, as you call it, in the Establishment.”

“What think you *was* the object?”

“The—the—why—the object, do you say, the object of the Church Establishment? The preservation of religion, to be sure.”

“Among whom?”

"Why, the people."

"Who are to be the judges whether the object has been effected, or whether it may be effected better and cheaper?"

"Pish," said the Rector peevishly; "I see through your artful sophisms; but they shall not entangle me."

"Doubtless not: you can tell me at once, to my confusion, who are the judges? The people, I apprehend; are they not?"

The Rector disdained to reply.

"But if the people are the judges, and I know of no other, they have surely a right to say if the object purely established for their good has been effected, or may otherwise be more beneficially obtained. If this be the case, what becomes of the word *property*? It is a trust during pleasure—no more; and that which you call robbery is the resumption of the trust. I grant that it would be a very tyrannical exercise of our right to make a transfer of the property invested in your bank, as it were, during your lives; and I sincerely hope that the transfer will not be made at the cost of so much individual hardship. That is the utmost, I apprehend, you can reasonably expect."

"Sir, my benefice falls not to my children after my death; therefore, in a selfish point of view, I should be contented to have what I hold, and let Providence take care of posterity. But, Sir, (this with great emphasis,) I am a Christian pastor, and I feel horror and contempt for the spoliators of the church, though neither I nor the present race may be among the sufferers."

"Sir, I am a man well to do in the world, but I feel horror and contempt for the spoliators of the poor, even though I may not be among the sufferers."

"What! do you mean to call the pastors of the church—spoliators?"

"Assuredly—if the people demand back their right, and the churchmen refuse, assuredly they are as much spoliators as a guardian who refuses to surrender the fortune entrusted to him, or the borrower who turns a deaf ear to his creditors. If you come to the literal rights of the case, it is easy to see who may be the spoliator. Wealth has nothing to do with the purely religious view of the uses of a religious establishment. That, I apprehend, you will readily grant?"

"I!—certainly not."

"Were the Apostles religious and efficient preachers of religion?—were the Apostles rich?—Come, I see you cannot answer to your satisfaction. You *must*, I fear, waive that view of the question; and (come, Doctor, another glass) let us talk of the whole thing as *Men of the World*."

"Humph! Why that, Sir, is perhaps the most sensible way! Well, then, as men of the world," continued my worthy friend, "don't you think the monarchy and the church inseparably united? If you touch one, you hurt the other."

"Let me reply by another question. How can a monarchy be injured?—By making the people discontented with monarchy. You allow that?—very well. Now, pray, Doctor, don't you think those atrocious Dissenters are gaining ground prodigiously?"

"They certainly are: the more's the pity!"

"And, I suppose, they constitute (including all the sects) pretty nearly one-half the population?"

"I suppose they do—at the least."

"And there are a good many people, neither dissenters nor churchmen—persons of no religion at all—freethinkers?"

"Doubtless."

"And there are a good many persons—very warm churchmen and honest—but who want a Reform in the Church. The bulk of the town and manufacturing population for instance?"

"Yes; if you call *them* warm churchmen."

"Well, and there are a good many yet warmer churchmen—country gentlemen, curates, farmers, yeomen, and peasants—who have a most unjustifiable aversion to tithes, and who are louder for Church Reform than even the dissenters themselves."

"Owing to the slanders of the malignant press."

"Never mind what it is owing to. But I suppose that all these persons—not dissenters, but churchmen, who wish reform—all the reformists in towns—all the reformists in the agricultural districts—amount to one-half of our own sect—that is of the established religion."

"Perhaps they may; but, Sir, *we* have the *respectable* classes on our side."

"Forgive me—there I differ with you; you have the Tories, whom I think the least respectable class in the world in a moral point of view. Think of the rascally manner they chopped and changed, about the Reform Bill when Lord Grey was out; meaning, in the teeth of all their assertions the day before, to pass the very bill they declared would destroy the country. Think how—for the sake of expelling the Ministers—they wanted to make us refuse the Debt (the Russia Dutch Loan) which they themselves had incurred: a violation of common truth and a breach of common honesty so recent, take away all claim to respectability. Well, to return;—here then you have half the population (*viz.*, the Dissenters) opposed to the present state of the Establishment; you have one-half the Churchmen opposed to it also; so that, without counting the men who have no particular religion at all, you have three parts out of four of the King's subjects discontented—with what? why, with your system!—Your system, which professes to strengthen the monarchy, is thus the cause which weakens it!—It is a discontented people, you yourself allow, which makes a feeble monarchy;\* yet here are you, the loyal, well-

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\* "When the *Majority* are discontented," says Machiavel, "there is no alternative to the cure of the grievance, but the *fall of the Monarchy!*"

affectioned, the monarchical race of persons, who are thus producing the enfeebled monarchy by feeding the popular discontent. O, for shame! my dear Sir; surely, you at least will set an example, not of benevolence to the people, *that* nobody expects from a Rector with two such excellent livings, but of loyalty to the Monarch. For his sake eradicate, I beseech you—yes, radically eradicate—all ground of disaffection among his subjects, whom you now begin to discover are the sole source of his power.”

There certainly never was a man so averse to friendly exhortation as my good Rector. He blustered out a hasty “Too bad, Sir—too bad”—and would have rang for his chariot if I had not suggested the propriety of guarding against the cholera by a *petit verre du chasse caf  *. I did not, however, press the matter farther at that time, seeing that one does not like one’s advice to be thrown away. But mark me, dear reader, I draw two conclusions from our conversations, which I shall humbly submit to the University of Oxford for approval: First, that we have a perfect right to make whatever reductions we please in the Church Establishment. Secondly, that so far from strengthening, the Church Establishment at present only enfeebles, the Monarchy, by giving to the people a most fruitful source of discontent. Those whom a Reform will benefit are exactly the persons by whom the Constitution will be preserved; the manufacturer and the agriculturist—nay, all who pay tithes—alias the whole bulk of the nation. The easier men are under their burthens, the more they cherish existing systems. What is the main and popular objection to a monarchy, provided it be as checked and moderate as that of England? Expense—expense!—whatever diminishes the expense will lessen the temptation to make unfavourable comparisons between kingly and republican institutions. Wherefore, to curtail the Church extortions is, in reality, to strengthen the Throne.

But let us now speak boldly. Now, while the ministerial project is yet unconcluded—now, while we are not forced to accept “nothing but the bill”—now let us, from one corner of the kingdom to the other, in every periodical, in every public meeting—now, let us declare that a Church Reform which merely exchanges tithes for an equal payment to the same amount, which alters the mode of collecting, but leaves the total to be collected of the same number of figures, is not Reform enough. Reform in the Church has this principle of life—*Reduction*. Without reduction it is a mere *caput mortuum*. I insist on this, the more especially, because I apprehend, though not blest with the same lights as Mr. Pelham, that the ministerial project is only to do away with the ugly sound “tithes,” and that the handsome word “dignity” is to be supported by the same extortion and the same injustice as at present. The resuscitation of the Ballot, the favour it receives throughout the whole kingdom, the certainty that it will be carried in the next Parliament, is, I repeat, a warning to all legislators—that they cannot effectually silence one demand by granting another. A mere alteration in the tithe system

will only give additional power to the existent cry for alterations in the *whole* establishment; a little water curbs the fire for a moment, but we all know with what effect. Better put it out at once—I mean the fire—not the Church Establishment! It is a notable fact that the ministers of the Church are now the most odious part of the whole people—they are the oligarchy of the oligarchy—the hated of the hateful. By their teasing, and worrying, and fretting, and bumping about on their bits of blood in election matters—by their imprudent recklessness of that reputation which ought to be so dear to a Christian pastor—the reputation of respect, founded upon love—which has led them to take part with the Newcastle persecutors, and to consider that to have served the people is sufficient crime in a candidate to arouse all their fiercest opposition—by their supporting men of the most worthless private character, solely because their principles are opposed to the popular interest, they have concentrated against them a resentment equally just and universal. The aristocracy will be forgiven easier than the priesthood. An aristocracy was *meant* to be a barrier to the desires of the subordinate classes, but the priesthood of Christ were meant to take part with the poor; their mission was to exterminate the Pharisees—it is the Pharisees they have succeeded. *Mais le bon temps viendra.* The public feeling now effervesces; it is a wholesome liquor, but it will not *keep long*.

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~~THE POLITICIAN, NO. VI.~~

! THE DOCTRINNAIRES IN OFFICE.

“WHAT is a *Doctrinaire*?” cries every one, now that the *Doctrinaires* are in power. We will give the reader some accurate notion of a *Doctrinaire*, by one example. If Mr. Huskisson had been a Frenchman, and honest (which, perhaps, in that case, he might have been,) Mr. Huskisson would have been a *Doctrinaire*. We are astonished at the extraordinary ignorance of French politics manifested by many of the papers, which gravely inform us that the *Doctrinaires* correspond to our *Ultra Tories*. They are much more like what the Whigs would be if the Whigs were philosophers. With us it has happened that all our political philosophers have inclined strongly to the people: the *Doctrinaires* are philosophers whose tendencies are the other way. At one period of the recent French History they were mediators between the Men of the Revolution and the Men of Legitimacy—the men of the Revolution conquered, and they still continue to mediate for the prevention of the battle which has already been fought and won. The River of Events has swept beyond them, and they still stand in the same place, uttering maxims to prove why, by the laws of motion, it should not have gone so far! The clock has struck twelve, and they are proving by astronomy



that it cannot be nine. You beg them to look at the Sun—that would be beneath them;—to listen to the Clock—that any plain man could do—*Doctrinaires* never lower themselves by acting like other people. They are so wise that they have no common sense. These men desire STABILITY above all things; they have no notion that governments should change: “What’s right is right,” they say, “time and place cannot alter it.” Such abstract Politicians would be excellent ones if the art of governing mankind were an isosceles triangle! The Benthamites are accused of being too abstract of thinking, that certain of their opinions are incapable of amelioration even by Time itself—that they can rule and square the World, “an it were a copy-book.” The *Doctrinaires* are exactly what the Benthamites are accused of being—they are emphatically Men of the Closet, and they have been called into office at the very moment when Men of Action are especially wanted. They plunge into the dangerous and ruffled sea with a treatise on swimming in one hand, and an essay on storms in the other.

But the present Men cannot be spoken of without a certain mixture of respect—always excepting Soult, who unites the worst qualities of Lyndhurst with the worst of Wellington. M. Guizot and M. Thiers are men of remarkable talents and of great cultivation. The Speech of the latter on the Hereditary Peerage was worth, in point of knowledge, all the speeches put together (excepting Lord Brougham’s alone) that our House of Lords produced on the Reform Bill, but then it was a mere philosophical knowledge. It was a theme upon Peerages in general, and all the actual, practical, living considerations which made *this* a question about a Peerage in particular were omitted. Guizot, like Cleopatra, is a personage of “infinite variety.” He hath his humour, Sir,” and is as peregrinate and thrasonical as Don Adriano de Armado. He is so persuaded that his own opinions are right, and that the People, if properly instructed, would like to return to an Hereditary Peerage, and to enjoy a *very* limited franchise, that he is about to give them a National Education as an experiment. In this we perceive how little a *Doctrinaire* resembles an *Ultra* Tory. A *Doctrinaire* is especially for the Diffusion of Knowledge, because he considers it is only the Ignorant who can possibly disagree with so logical a gentleman as himself. His conceit makes him honest. M. Guizot is a Protestant, and this circumstance is in his favour. He is likely to preach up toleration to the Catholics, who, in the schools at least, have not yet thoroughly learnt the lesson. Nay, during the last reign, the Priests, not contented with excluding Protestants from the direction of Schools, were anxious also to banish even *Lay* Teachers. A Protestant is now at the head of Public Instruction; and perhaps of all the Ministers, the able and enlightened, but stubborn and dogmatic Guizot is the best suited to his peculiar post.

The Duc de Broglie has succeeded Sebastiani: it is a Pedant suc-

ceeding to a Dunce. The Duc has all the pride of a man who was born among the great, and the pretensions of one who has lived among the clever. He has rubbed his mind against the books of his illustrious connexion, (Madame De Staël,) and rendered the surface smooth, though it was too dull to be rendered bright.

When we look to Soult—without character, talent or popularity—when we see only a Soldier commanding Soldiers, and brought into the Ministry as the incarnate menace of brute force—we fancy that we see Brennus throwing his sword into the scales.

M. Thiers is a very diminutive man, with a voice like pins and needles. He was at first a very unpopular speaker; he has now become an orator of great weight. It is on him, more than any other individual, that the Ministry will depend: it cannot last! for the Press is against it—the Electoral Body is against it—the *juste milieu* is against it—the *mouvement* is against it, and the support of the Legitimates is the unconfiding despair of a thrice-conquered faction: yet these men, if they possessed but knowledge of the world, and recollected that beings of flesh and blood are not "*straight lines drawn to a certain point*," would be the ablest Ministry France has possessed since the Restoration. As it is they are the *least* able, because the most unfitted to cope with the times. They have a great deal of science, but not at the game they are called upon to play. But in fact the King has determined to render *all* science unavailing—his Majesty trusts to chance. Having resolved to play at dice for his crown, Louis Philippe calls in the best whist-players in the kingdom to teach him how to throw deuces!

#### THE "TRUE SUN," ANOTHER ARGUMENT AGAINST THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

It has given us great concern to find that the affairs of this able, honest, and excellent periodical, are not in that state which could alone warrant its continuance. Under these circumstances, the proprietors have acted with wisdom and with spirit; they have stated fairly their difficulties, and thrown themselves on the working classes for support. They have said—"This is the sole Daily Paper which advocates the same opinions as 'The Examiner;' we believe those opinions are calculated to promote the welfare of the majority of the people. We put it to the majority of the people whether this Paper shall cease or not;—whether they will have a Representative of these sentiments in the Press, as *they are now making those very sentiments the criterion to choose or reject their Representatives in Parliament*. By their answer we must stand or fall." Most heartily we trust that this appeal will be

heard in every town in the country. If each operative club in each great town take in a copy, the paper will be preserved, and the people will continue their literary Representative. We never meddle with the quarrels of our neighbours. We believe there has been some severe dispute between "The Sun" and "The True Sun;" with these we interfere not: they are each excellent Journals—"but both's best." If the "True Sun" dies, or, being sold into other hands, changes its politics, the people will lose a sincere, enlightened, and honest teacher; the public will lose a Paper conducted with remarkable talent, and devoted to the purposes of much information not found in the other journals: but that would not be all the evil. If the "True Sun" die, what paper will supply its place with the operatives, by whom it is now favoured? not another sevenpenny paper; but, mark this—*some cheaper* paper—that is, *some illegal* paper, in which the very circumstance of wrestling against the law sharpens animosity into passion, and substitutes for wise opinions—which are never passionate—the heated notions which are never safe. If the "True Sun" dies, it will be a warning to writers, that periodicals, addressed to the poorer classes, cannot exist unless they break the law, which now forbids them to be sold at a lower price than at present, the monopoly of sedition will be confirmed, and safe and temperate daily political instruction given, according to the law, by men of education and wisdom, will be synonymous with ruin to the instructors. For these reasons we trust that not only the working classes, but all classes will unite to save this excellent Journal from a fate which would be attended with many consequences to the healthful growth of opinion, worse than the immediate loss to the proprietors themselves. A few additional hundred subscribers for the next year would float it well off its present sands; and next year, by God's blessing, there will be an end to those monstrous imposts, which at present are heaped upon intelligence. The march of intellect is a very fine thing, but no march is very expeditious when the camp is overloaded with baggage. At present each soldier in the march is expected to carry his own waggon! The "Examiner" justly calls on those "loud in their zeal for the freedom of the press in Germany, to concern themselves for the honesty of the press in England." We were among those loud for the one, and we thus, with equal ardour, concern ourselves for the interests of the other.

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ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AUTHORS AND THE  
IMPRESSION CONVEYED OF THEM BY THEIR WORKS.

THIS is one of those subtle and delicate subjects which Literary Philosophers have not taken the trouble to discuss: it is one which is linked with two popular errors. The first error is in the assertion that *all* Authors are different from the idea of them their writings tend to convey; and the second error is in the expectation that nevertheless all Authors ought to be exactly what their readers choose to imagine them. The world does thus, in regard to Authors, as it does in other matters—expresses its opinions in order to contrast its expectations. But if an Author disappoint the herd of spectators, it does not follow that it is his fault. The mass of men are disappointed with the Elgin Marbles. Why? Because they are like life—because they are natural. Their disappointment in being brought into contact with a man of genius is of the same sort. He is too natural for them,—they expected to see his style in his clothes. Mankind love to be cheated: this rule has been the foundation of all Governments hitherto. Thus the men of genius who have not disappointed the world in their externals, and in what I shall term *the management of self*, have always played a part,—they have kept alive the vulgar wonder by tricks suited to the vulgar understanding,—they have measured out their conduct by device and artifice,—and have walked the paths of life in the garments of the stage. Thus did Pythagoras and Diogenes,—thus did Napoleon and Louis XIV. (the last of whom was a man of genius if only from the delicate beauty of his compliments,)—thus did Bolingbroke and Chatham, (who never spoke except in his best wig, as being the more imposing,)—and above all Englishmen, thus did Lord Byron. These last three are men eminently interesting to the vulgar, not so much from their genius as their *char-tanerie*. It requires a more muscular mind than ordinary to recover the shock of finding a great man simple. There are some wise lines in the *Corsair*, the peculiar merit of which I never recollect that any of the million critics of that Poem discovered:—

“ He bounds—he flies, until his footsteps reach  
The spot where ends the cliff, begins the beach,  
*There checks his speed*; but pauses, less to breathe  
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
*Than there his wonted statelier step renew,*  
*Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view;*  
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd  
By arts that veil and oft preserve the proud:  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien  
That seems to shun the sight, and awes if seen;  
The solemn aspect and the high-born eye,  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.”

In these lines—shrewd and worldly to the very marrow of them—are depicted the tricks which Priests and Chiefs have ever been taught to play, but which Literary Men (Priests and Chiefs of a different order) have not learned at the court or in the temple to perform. Hence their simplicity,—hence the vulgar disappointment. No man was disappointed

with George IV.\*, but many were with Walter Scott; none with Charles X.—many with Paul Courier; none with the late Archbishop of Canterbury—many with Wordsworth; none with Edward Irving—many with the Author of *Undine*, the wilder romance writer of the two. Massillon preserved in the court the impression he had made in the pulpit: he dressed alike his melodious style and his handsome person to the best advantage. Massillon was a good man, but he was a quack; it was his vocation.

This, then, is the difference between the great men of letters and the great men of courts: the former generally disappoint the vulgar—the latter not; because the one are bred up in the arts that hide defects and dazzle the herd, and the other know nothing but knowledge, and are skilled in no arts save those of composition. It follows, then, that the feeling of disappointment is usually a sign of a weak mind in him who experiences it,—a foolish, apprentice-sort of disposition, that judges of everything great by the criterion of a puppet-show, and expects as much out of the common way in a celebrated Author as in the Lord Mayor's coach. I hear, therefore, the common cry, that a great man does not answer expectation, with a certain distrustful scorn of the persons who utter it. What right have they to judge of the matter at all? Send them to see Gog and Magog; they will not be disappointed with *that* sight. Is it not, in fact, a great presumption in the petty herd of idlers to express an opinion of the man, when they can scarcely do so of his works, which are but a part of him? Men who knew not, nor could have known, a line in the *Principia*, thought themselves perfectly at liberty to say that Sir Isaac Newton was quite a different man from what might have been expected. There is scarcely a good critic of books born in an age, and yet every fool thinks himself justified in criticising persons. "There are some people," said Necker, in one of his fragments, "who talk of *our* Pascal—*our* Corneille. I am thunder-struck at their familiarity!"

In real truth, I believe that there is much less difference between the author and his works than is currently supposed: it is usually in the *physical appearance* of the writer,—his manners—his habits—his exterior,—that he falls short of the ideal a reasonable man forms of him—rarely in his mind. A man is usually, I suspect, but a second-rate genius who does not feel that genius immeasurably above his works,—who does not feel within him an inexhaustible affluence of thoughts—feelings—inventions—which he shall never have leisure to embody in print. He will die, and leave only a thousandth part of his wealth to Posterity, which is his Heir. I believe this to be true even of persons, like La Fontaine, who succeed only in a particular line; men seemingly of one idea shining through an atmosphere of simplicity—the Monomaniacs of Genius. But it is doubly true of the mass of great Authors,

\* George IV. was the incarnation of true vulgarity; a mixture of the butler and the bully; but he was incomparable in a Procession—he beat the Beef-eaters hollow. To him might indeed have been applied the Latin distich made on Pius VII.,—equally vain of his wig and his leg:—

"Aspice, Roma Pium, Pius haud est, aspice mimum,  
Luxuriante comâ, luxuriante pede."

who are mostly various, accomplished, and all-attempting: such men never can perfect their own numberless conceptions.

It is then, in the physical or conventual, not the mental qualities, that an Author usually falls short of our ideal: this is a point well worthy to be fixed in the recollection. Any of my readers who have studied the biography of men of letters will allow my assertion is borne out by facts; and, at this moment, I am quite sure that numbers, even of both sexes, have lost a portion of interest for the genius of Byron on reading in "Lady Blessington's Journal" that he wore a nankeen jacket and green spectacles. Of such a nature are such disappointments. No! in the mind of a man there is always a resemblance to his works. His heroes may not be like himself, but they are like certain qualities, which, having long pictured to himself, may be said to belong to him. The sentiments he utters are his at the moment;—if you find them predominate in all his works, they predominate in his mind: if they are advanced in one, but contradicted in another, they still resemble their Author, and betray the want of depth or of resolution in his mind. His works alone make not up a man's character, but they are the index to that living book.

Every one knows how well Voltaire refuted the assertion of J. Baptiste Rousseau that goodness and talent must exist together. The learned Strabo, holding the same error as Baptiste Rousseau, says (lib. i.) that there cannot be "a good poet who is not first a good man." This is a paradox, and yet it is not *far* from the truth: a good poet may not be a good man, but he must have certain good dispositions. Above all, that disposition which sympathises with noble sentiments—with lofty actions—with the Beauty of the Mind as of the Earth. This may not suffice to make him a good man—its influence may be counteracted a hundred ways in life, but it is not counteracted in his compositions. *There* the better portion of his Intellect wakes—there he gives vent to enthusiasm, and enthusiasm to generous and warm emotions. Sterne may have been harsh to his wife, but his heart was tender at the moment he wrote of Maria. Harshness of conduct is not a contradiction of extreme susceptibility to sentiment in writing. The latter may be perfectly sincere, as the former may be perfectly indefensible; in fact, the one may be a consequence, not a contradiction of the other. The craving after the Ideal, which belongs to Sentiment, makes its possessor discontented with the mortals around him, and the very overfiness of nerve that quickens his feelings sharpens also his irritability. For my own part, so far from being surprised to hear that Sterne was a peevish and angry man, I should have presumed it at once from the overwrought fibre of his graver compositions. This contrast between softness in emotion, and callousness in conduct, is not peculiar to Poets. Nero was womanishly affected by the harp; and we are told in Plutarch, that Alexander Pherceus, who was one of the sternest of Tyrants, shed a torrent of tears upon the acting of a play. So that he who had furnished the most matter for tragedies was most affected by the pathos of a tragedy!

But who shall say that *the feelings* which produced such emotions even in such men were not laudable and good? Who that has stood in the dark caverns of the Human Heart, shall dare to scoff at the contrast of act and sentiment, instead of lamenting it? Such men are the Shallows of Wit—

the Cannings of Morality—their very cleverness proves their superficiality \*. There are various dark feelings within us which do not *destroy*, but which, when roused, *overwhelm* for the time the feelings which are good—to which, occupied in literature, or in purely mental emotions, we are sensible alone, and unalloyed. Of our evil feelings, there is one in especial which is the usual characteristic of morbid literary men, though, hitherto, it has escaped notice as such, and which, I suspect, is the cause of many of the worst faults to be found both in the Author and the Tyrant: this feeling is *Suspicion*; and I think I am justified in calling it the characteristic of morbid literary men. Their quick susceptibilities make them over-sensible of injury,—they exaggerate the enmities they have awakened—the slanders they have incurred. They are ever fearful of a trap: nor this in literature alone. Knowing that they are not adepts in the world's common business, they are perpetually afraid of *being taken in*; and, feeling their various peculiarities, they are often equally afraid of being ridiculed. Thus Suspicion, in all ways and all shapes besets them: this makes them now afraid to be generous, and now to be kind; and acting upon a soil that easily receives, but rarely loses an impression—that melancholy vice soon obdurates and enrusts the whole conduct of the *acting* man. But in literary composition it sleeps. The *thinking* man then hath no enemy at his desk,—no hungry trader at his elbow—no grinning spy on his uncouth gestures. His soul is young again—he is what he embodies,—and the feelings, checked in the real world, receive a double vent in the imaginary. It was the *Good Natural*, to borrow a phrase from the French, that spoke in the erring Rousseau, when he dwelt on the loveliness of Virtue. It was the *Good Natural* that stirred in the mind of Alexander Phœreus when he wept at the mimic sorrows subjected to his gaze. When the time for action and for the real world arrived to either, it roused other passions, and Suspicion made the Author no less a wretch than it made the Tyrant.

Thus the tenderest sentiments may be accompanied with cruel actions, and yet the solution of the enigma be easy to the inquirer; and thus, though the *life* of an Author does not correspond with his works, his *nature* may.

But this view is the most partial of all,—and I have, therefore, considered it the first. How few instances there are after all of even that *seeming* discrepitude, which I have just touched upon, between the Author's conduct and his books; in most they chime together—and all the notes from the mighty instrument are in concord! Look at the life of Schiller, how completely his Works assimilate with his restless, questioning, and daring genius: the animation of *Fiesco*—the solemnity of *Wallenstein*—are alike emblematic of his character. His sentiments are the echo to his life. Walter Scott and Cobbett—what a contrast! Could Cobbett's life have been that of Scott—or Scott's character that of Cobbett? You may read the character of the Authors in their several

\* Canning, from the slenderness of his mind, was as ill-judged in his poor jokes as if his heart had been malicious, which it was not. The terrible levity of Voltaire would not have dared the jokes on disease—would not have ventured on the “revered and ruptured Ogden,”—which the wonderfully small genius of Canning could not even perceive to be ill-natured.

Works, as if the works were meant to be autobiographies. Who would not know that the Author of "The Lady of the Lake," and "Ivanhoe," was brave, gentle, honourable, accomplished, and a lover of all things appertaining to the Past? Who does not feel, without having seen him, that all accounts of the Lord of Abbotsford harmonize exactly with his Works? The Newspapers circulate an anecdote that, in travelling through Italy, he cared not to see the classical remains of Rome, the Coliseum, or the Aventine; but that every old feudal monument of Tower or Convent arrested his charmed attention. We feel the anecdote in keeping with the Works of the man,—and what is illustrative of his character instantly reminds you of his Books. In Cobbett—the bold, arrogant, coarse, inconsistent, quarrelsome man, often kindly, often malignant, always powerful—as thoroughly national as Scott himself—is stamped like a portrait on the Register. The page is as a looking-glass to the writer! Warburton!—what an illustration of the proud and bitter Bishop, in his proud and bitter Books! Sir Philip Sidney\* is the Arcadia put into action;—the wise and benevolent Fenelon;—the sententious and fiery Corneille,—the dreaming and scarce intelligible Shelley;—the pompous vigour of Johnson, with his prejudice and his sense—his jealousies and his charity—his habitual magniloquence in nothings—and his gloomy independence of mind, yet low-born veneration for rank;—Johnson is no less visible in the Rambler, the Rasselas, the Lives of the Poets, the Taxation no Tyranny, than in his large chair at Mrs. Thrale's—his lonely chamber in the dark court out of Fleet-street—or his leonine unbendings with the canicular soul of Boswell. How in the playfulness and the depth—the eccentricity and the solid sense—the ubiquitous sympathy with the larger mass of men—the absence of almost all sympathy with their smaller knots and closer ties,—how in those features, which characterize the pages of Bentham, you behold the wise, singular, benevolent, and passionless old man! I might go on enumerating these instances for ever.—Dante, Petrarch, Voltaire, rush on my memory as I write,—but to name them is enough to remind the reader that if he would learn their characters he has only to read their works. I have been much pleased in tracing the life of Paul Louis Courier, the most brilliant, though certainly not the profoundest, political writer France ever possessed—to see how singularly it is in keeping with the character of his writings. Taking the other day at Paris, with some of his friends, they expressed themselves astonished at my accurate notions of his character—"You must have known him," they said. "No;—but I know his works." When he was in the army in Italy, he did not distinguish himself by bravery in his profession of Soldier, but by bravery in his pursuits as an Antiquarian! perfectly careless of danger, he pursued his own independent line of occupation—sympathizing with none of the objects of others—untouched by the vulgar ambition—wandering alone over the remains of old—falling a hundred times into the hands of the *brigands*, and a hundred times extricating himself by his address, and continuing the same pursuits with the same nonchalance. In all this you see the identical character which, in his writings, views with a gay contempt

\* "Poetry put into action" is the fine saying of Campbell in respect to Sidney's life;—true, but the poetry of the Arcadia.



the ambition and schemes of others—which sneers alike at the Bourbon and the Buonaparte—which, careless of subordination, rather than braving persecution, pursues with a gallant indifference its own singular and independent career.

A critic, commenting on writings that have acquired some popularity, observed, that they contained two views of life contradictory of each other,—the one inclining to the Ideal and Lofty—the other to the Worldly and Cynical. The critic remarked, that “this might arise from the Author having two separate characters,—a circumstance less uncommon than the world supposed.” There is great depth in the critic’s observation. An Author usually *has* two characters,—the one belonging to his Imagination—the other to his Experience. From the one come all his higher embodyings: by the help of the one he elevates—he refines;—from the other come his beings of “the earth, earthy,” and his aphorisms of worldly caution. From the one broke—bright yet scarce distinct—the Rebecca of *Ivanhoe*,—from the other rose out, shrewd and selfish, the Andrew Fairservice of *Rob Roy*. The original of the first need never to have existed—her elements belonged to the Ideal; but the latter was purely the creature of Experience, and either copied from one, or moulded unconsciously from several, of the actual denizens of the living world. In Shakspeare the same doubleness of character is remarkably visible. The loftiest Ideal is perpetually linked with the most exact copy of the commoners of life. Shakspeare had never seen *Miranda*—but he had drank his glass with honest *Stephano*. Each character embodies a separate view of life—the one (to return to my proposition) the offspring of Imagination, the other of Experience. This complexity of character—which has often puzzled the inquirer—may I think thus be easily explained—and the seeming contradiction of the tendency of the work traced home to the conflicting principles in the breast of the Writer. The more an imaginative man sees of the world, the more likely to be prominent is the distinction I have noted.

I cannot leave this subject—though the following remark is an episode from the inquiry indicated by my title—without observing that the characters drawn by Experience—usually the worldly, the plain, and the humorous—stand necessarily out from the canvass in broader and more startling colours, than those created by the Imagination. Hence superficial critics have often considered the humorous and coarse characters of an author as his best,—forgetful that the very indistinctness of his ideal characters is not only inseparable from the nature of purely imaginary creations, but a proof of the exaltation and intenseness of the imaginative power. The most shadowy and mist-like of all Scott’s heroes is the Master of *Ravenwood*, and yet it is perhaps the highest character in execution as well as thought. Those strong colours and massive outlines, which strike the vulgar gaze as belonging to the best pictures, belong rather to the lower Schools of Art. Let us take a work—the greatest the world possesses in those Schools, and in which the flesh-and-blood vitality of the characters is especially marked—I mean, *Tom Jones*—and compare it with *Hamlet*. The chief characters in *Tom Jones* are all plain, visible, eating, drinking, and walking beings; those in *Hamlet* are shadowy, solemn, and mysterious—we do not associate them with the ordinary wants and avocations of Earth—they are

“ Lifeless, but lifelike, and awful to sight,  
Like the figures in arras that gloomily glare,  
Stirred by the breath of the midnight air.”

But who shall say that the characters in Tom Jones are better drawn than those in Hamlet—or that there is greater skill necessary in the highest walk of the Actual School, than in that of the Imaginative?—Yet there are some persons who, secretly in their hearts, want Hamlet to be as large in the calves as Tom Jones! These are they who blame Lara for being indistinct—that very indistinctness shedding over the poem the sole interest it was capable of receiving. With such critics, *Mari-tornes* is a more masterly creation than *Undine*.

We may observe in Humorous Authors that the faults they chiefly ridicule have often a likeness in themselves. Cervantes had much of the knight-errant in him;—Sir George Etherege was unconsciously the Popling Flutter of his own satire;—Goldsmith was the same hero on chambermaids, and coward to ladies, that he has immortalized in his charming comedy;—and the antiquarian frivolities of Jonathan Oldbuck had their resemblance in Jonathan Oldbuck's creator. The pleasure or the pain we derive from our own foibles makes enough of our nature to come off somewhere or other in the impression we stamp of ourselves on Books.

There is—as I think it has been somewhere remarked by a French writer—there is that in our character which never can be seen except in our writings. Yes, all that we have formed from the Ideal—all our noble aspirings—our haunting visions—our dreams of virtue,—all the *celata Venus* which dwells in the lonely Ida of the heart—who could pour forth these delicate mysteries to gross and palpable hearers,—who could utterly unveil to an actual and indifferent spectator the cherished and revered images of years—dim regrets and vague hopes?

In fact, if you told your best friend half what you put upon paper, he would yawn in your face, or he would think you a fool. Would it have been possible for Rousseau to have gravely communicated to a living being the tearful egotisms of his *Reveries*?—could Shakspeare have turned his sonnets into an oration?—should we have any notion of the youthful character of Milton—its lustrous but crystallized purity—if the *Comus* had been unwritten? Authors are the only men we ever really do know,—the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood. True, as I have before said, even in an Author if of large and fertile mind, much of his most sacred self is never to be revealed,—but still we know what species of ore the mine would have produced, though we may not have exhausted its treasure.

Thus, then, to sum up what I have said, so far from there being truth in the vulgar notion, that the character of Authors is belied in their works—their works are, to a diligent inquirer, their clearest and fullest illustration—an appendix to their biography far more valuable and explanatory than the text itself. From this fact we may judge of the beauty and grandeur of the materials of the human mind, although those materials are so often perverted, and their harmony so fearfully marred. It also appears that—despite the real likeness between the book and the man—the vulgar will not fail to be disappointed, because they look to externals;—and the man composed not the book with his face nor his dress, nor his manners—but with his mind. Hence, then,

to proclaim yourself disappointed with the Author is usually to condemn your own accuracy of judgment, and your own secret craving after pantomimic effect. Moreover, it would appear, on looking over these remarks, that there often are two characters to an Author,—the one essentially drawn from the Poetry of life—the other from its Experience; and that hence are to be explained many seeming contradictions and inconsistencies in his works. Lastly, that so far from the book belying the author, unless he had written that book, you—(no, even if you are his nearest relation, his dearest connexion,—his wife,—his mother)—would never have known the character of his mind.

‘*Hæ pulcherimæ effigies et mansuæ.*’

All biography proves this remarkable fact! Who so astonished as a man’s relations when he has exhibited his genius, which is the soul and core of his character! Had Alfieri or Rousseau died at thirty, what would all who had known either have told us of them? Would they have given us any, the faintest, notion of their characters? None. A man’s mind is betrayed by his talents as much as his virtues. A councillor of a provincial parliament had a brother a mathematician—“How unworthy in my brother,”—cried the councillor,—“the brother of a councillor of the parliament in Bretagne, to sink into a mathematician!” That mathematician was Descartes! What should we know of the character of Descartes, supposing him to have renounced his science, and his brother (who might fairly be supposed to know his life and character better than any one else) have written his biography?—A reflection that may teach us how biography in general ought to be estimated.

Æ.

#### SONNET.

Oh! wert thou mine, I would forget to sigh,  
 And thou my thorny pathway shouldst illumine;  
 One star to light us through this world of gloom,—  
 The Hesperus of some new destiny.  
 The weeds of fortune then should be flung by,  
 To seek the flower that never shall consume—  
 The rosy bud of pure ethereal bloom—  
 The amaranth of Immortality!  
 Bright Spirit! I would then forget to weep,  
 And love with equal love might well repay:  
 Thy dream should be the vision of my sleep,  
 Thy thought should waken me at early day;  
 And while I tasted thine immortal breath,  
 Unfelt the woes of life—the pangs of death!

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 ASMODEUS AT LARGE.—NO. VII.
 

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*The Cavern Scene with Kosm Kesamim continued—The gigantic Apparition—Its Dialogue with Kosm Kesamim—The Alternative offered me—My Decision—The Invocation to Sleep—The change of Scene—London once more—Comparison between the Gaiety of London and that of Paris—The former vindicated—News—Elections—Theatres—Mr Monck Mason and his Opera—Applauded Mediocrity a sign of the Degradation of the Art in which it is displayed—Excellence and Abuse of it inseparable—A Walk in the Streets—Oratorical Panegyric on London—The Virtues of Oxford Street—Vagrants, Wolves, and Vagabonds compared—Idleness, its good effects in the Established Church—Ministers and the Penny Magazine—Characters Sketched—The Man who has benefited by a Public School—The Generous Actress—The Faithful Lover, and the Wisdom of Faithful Love—My Vindication of the Happiness of the Passion—Asmodeus replies by the Anecdote of the French Marquis—The Susceptibility to Ennui is the true Secret of an Active Mind—Pleasures enumerated, &c.*

THE peculiar nature of my adventures under the auspices of Asmodeus is well adapted to the desultory manner in which their narrative appears, being, like the recital, constantly broken off, and changing from grave to gay,—from mystery to plain-dealing,—from the upper earth to its interior caverns,—with a rapidity which the long intervals in my narrative—gaps from month to month—tend to soften,—fatiguing, may I trust, the reader somewhat less than they do the hero.

It will be remembered that I left off at that part of the Tale of Kosm Kesamim when a voice from Heaven had drawn the moral of Immortality from the terrors of Corruption.

While I was all eager and breathless to hear the remainder of this primeval and weird history, its thread was at this moment suddenly interrupted by a strange Apparition that appeared at the mouth of the cave. It was a female form, or rather likeness of a form, of exceeding height. The face was beautiful—but severe and fearful—and set, as it were, in a profound and death-like calm. It wore a pale, yet luminous diadem on its head, from which the locks, which were dark, parted in a regular and majestic flow. The diadem seemed wrought of light itself, impalpable and tremulous; and as the face—still and motionless in a stony repose—looked upon us, it recalled to me the images of those gigantic Sphinges whose likeness has outlived their worship; but yet the more did it recall to me some vague and inexpressible dreams, as of a countenance I had seen long years before, though not in my present state of existence,—a memory faint and confused, retained by the soul from the wrecks of a former being. And the figure of the female was not of flesh, but transparent and ethereal, so that the moon shone through its mist-like robes as through a shadow. And a voice broke from the lips of the female, though they stirred not the while, and thus it said:—

“ Mightiest of Earth’s Magicians! why revealest thou my secrets

without mine expressed consent? Am I not the keeper of all mysteries?—is not my bosom the storehouse of all dark things? Why draggest thou to day the wrecks that have mouldered for ages in the dread Ocean, without homage done to me, unto whom they belong?"

"O Spirit of the Past!" answered Kosem Kesamim, "whom now I see embodied in this solitary and desert shore, where for forgotten centuries human footstep hath not trod—fit scene for thy echoless wanderings,—O Spirit of the Past! forgive me if I have erred. But thou—uncarthy and passionless—knowest not the blessing felt by a human breast in confiding its memories to another."

"That," answered the Past, "is a poor and unworthy sentiment, meet for the herd who share together their low sorrows and empty joys—but not for the lone and comradeless Lord of Nature—not for the Master of Magicians. But for thee, young Mortal, knowest thou that these secrets are the wages of death? None—save he by thy side—he who hath conquered death—can learn them and live. Wherefore, beware how thou listenest, and drinkest in with thine ears the poison of existence."

Then I looked eagerly on the Wizard, and methought he seemed confused by the words of the Spirit; and, after a moment's pause, he answered—

"The Past speaketh truth. Oh, Mortal! wilt thou be wise and die; or be as thy blinded brotherhood, and live?"

I can assure thee, O pleasant reader! that these words displeased me sorely; and I thought it marvellously unjust that tales which only send others to sleep, should consign me to the embraces of Sleep's less agreeable Sister.

"Kosem Kesamim,"—said I, very plainly—"I am exceedingly glad thou hast given me the option before it was too late for a choice, and great is my obligation to this beautiful Lady for her timely announcement of the consequences of acquiring information. With your good leave, therefore, I will, for the present, decide upon ignorance and a reasonable length of life—and when my youth is fairly gone, and the golden bowl of enjoyment runs low towards the dregs, I shall be very happy to reverse my choice—and exchange the sunless days of old age for the Knowledge thou canst bestow,—at present—Love—Adventure—and Amusement, suffice for thy unambitious Servant."

"Thou hast judged as common men judge"—answered Kesamim, coldly—but a ray of living fire flashed from his shadowy and indistinguishable features. "And thou hast shut against thyself the gates of my Domain." Then—lifting up his arms—he continued in a low and exceedingly soft tone—"O thou mystic and lulling Ether, that pervadest the World of Night—circumsfusing the Earth with a secret and sweet power—from the core of the wearied flowers to the restless hearts of men, thy influence extends,—arresting life only to renew it!—Solemn and Holy Sleep, come hither—and lock within thy dewy and tender arms the soul of thy subject here! For *me*—thou art not. As the stream dashes on night and day—as the fire which the Moon quells not in the breast of the Volcano—thy spirit hath no mastery over mine."

As Kosem thus spoke, and while his last words thrilled like a distant song in my ears, slumber came upon me. The cave, the Magician, faded from my view. I was alone with Sleep.

I woke with a singular sense of feebleness and exhaustion, and turning my dizzy eyes—beheld the walls and furniture of my own chamber in London. Asmodeus was seated by my side reading a Sunday Newspaper—his favourite reading.

“Ah!” said I, stretching myself with so great an earnestness, that I believed at first my stature had been increased by the malice of the Wizard, and that I stretched from one end of the room to the other—“Ah! dear Asmodeus, how pleasant it is to find myself on earth again! After all, these romantic wonders only do for a short time. Nothing like London when one has been absent from it upon a Syntax search after the Picturesque!”

“London is indeed a charming place,”—said the Devil—“all our fraternity are very fond of it—it is the custom for the Parisians to call it dull. What an instance of the vanity of patriotism—there is vice enough in it to make any reasonable man cheerful.”

“Yes; the gaiety of Paris is really a delusion. How poor its shops—how paltry its equipages—how listless its crowds—compared with those of London! If it was only for the pain in walking their accursed stones, sloping down to a river in the middle of the street—all sense of idle enjoyment would be spoilt. But in London—the hum, the stir, the din of Men—the activity and flush of life everywhere—the brilliant shops—the various equipages—the signs of luxury, wealth, restlessness, that meet you on all sides—give a much more healthful and vigorous bound to the spirits, than the indolent loungers of the Tuileries, spelling a thrice-read French Paper which contains nothing, or sitting on chaus by the hour together, unwilling to stir because they have paid a penny for the seat—ever enjoy. O! if London would seem gay after Paris, how much more so after a visit to the interior of the Earth. And what is the news, my Asmodeus?”

“O, still the same—Elections everywhere. Men are choosing representatives of their good qualities—viz., their fine opinions. What a pity they cannot choose representatives of their bad qualities—viz. their unprincipled actions.”

“And so they do,” said I, very tartly. “The Tories do! (if what you told me when I last saw you at Kosem Kesamin’s be true.) See them threatening here and bribing there. The Marquis of Salisbury turning out his tenants because they presume to dislike over-taxation—and Sir Roger Gresley assuring the world in an address that the sneaks of war—*id est*, the corrupting exercise of extravagance—shall not be wanting to his return for Derbyshire. What are the Members returned by the Dukes of Newcastle and the Lords of Exeter but representatives not of Men’s fine opinions, but their unprincipled actions?”

“I never dispute,”—replied Asmodeus—“and I don’t value myself on the truth of my statements—’tis not the fashion below. Let us change the subject. The Theatres have re-opened. Apropos of them—I will tell you a fine instance of the futility of human ambition. Mr. Monck Mason took the King’s Theatre, saith Report—(which is the Creed of Devils)—in order to bring out an opera of his own, which Mr. Laporte, with a very uncourteous discretion, had thought fit to refuse. The Season passes—and Mr. Monck Mason has ruined himself without being able to bring out his opera after all! What a type of speculation. A Speculator is one who puts a

needle in a hay-stack, and then burns all his hay without finding the needle. It is hard to pay too dear for one's whistle—but still more hard if one never plays a tune on the whistle one pays for. Still the world has lost a grand pleasure in not seeing damned an Opera written by the Manager of the Opera House,—it would have been such a consolation to all the Rejected Operatives,—it would have been the prettiest hardship entailed on a great man ever since the time of that Speaker who was forced himself to put the question whether he had been guilty of bribery, and should be expelled the House, and had the pleasure of hearing the Ayes predominate. *Je me mêle* with the affairs of the Theatre—they are in my diabolic province, you know. But if the Stage be the fosterer of Vice, as you know it is said, Vice just at this moment in England has very unattractive colours."

"Ah, wait till we break the Monopoly. But even now have we not the 'Hunchback'?"

"Yes, the incarnation of the golden mediocre: a stronger proof, by the hyperbolic praise it receives, of the decline of the Drama than even the abundance of trash from which it gleams. Anything at all decent from a new Dramatic Author will obtain success far more easily than much higher merit in another line; literary rivalry not having yet been directed much towards the Stage, there are not literary jealousies resolved and united against a Dramatist's as against a Poet's or a Novelist's success. Every one can praise those pretensions, however humble, which do not interfere with his own."

"It is very true; there is never any very great merit, at least in a new Author, when you don't hear the abuse louder than the admiration. And now, Asmodeus, with your leave, I will prepare for breakfast, and our morning's walk."

"Oh, dear, dear London, dear even in October! Regent-street, I salute you!—Bond-street, my good fellow, how are you? And you, O beloved Oxford-street! whom the 'Opium Eater' called 'stony-hearted,' and whom I, eating no opium, and speaking as I find, shall ever consider the most kindly and maternal of all streets—the street of the middle classes—busy without uproar, wealthy without ostentation. Ah, the pretty ankles that trip along thy pavement! Ah, the odd country cousin-bonnets that peer into thy windows, which are lined with cheap yellow shawls, price £1 4s. marked in the corner! Ah, the brisk young lawyers flocking from their quarters at the back of Holborn! Ah, the quiet old ladies, living in Duchess-street, and visiting thee with their eldest daughters in the hope of a bargain! Ah, the bumpkins from Norfolk just disgorged by the Bull and Mouth—the soldiers—the milliners—the Frenchmen—the swindlers, the porters with four-post beds on their back, who add the excitement of danger to that of amusement! The various, shifting, motley group, that belong to Oxford-street, and Oxford-street alone. What thoroughfares equal thee in variety of human specimens! in the choice of objects—for remark—satire—admiration! Beside thee other streets seem chalked out for a sect,—narrow-minded and devoted to a *colerie*. Thou alone art Catholic—all receiving. Regent-street belongs to foreigners, cigars, and ladies in red silk, whose characters are above scandal. Bond-street belongs to dandies and picture-buyers. St. James's to club-loungers, and young men in the Guards, with mustachios properly blackened by the *cire* of Mr. Delcroix; but thou,

Oxford-street, what class can especially claim thee as its own? Thou mockest at oligarchies; thou knowest nothing of select orders! Thou art liberal as air—a chartered Libertine; accepting the homage of all, and retaining the stamp of none. And to call *thee* stony-hearted!—certainly thou art so to Beggars—to people who have not the *WHEREWITHAL*; but thou wouldst not be so respectable if thou wert not capable of a certain reserve to paupers. Thou art civil enough, in all conscience, to those who have a shilling in their pocket;—those who have not, why do they live at all?"

"That's not exactly what surprises me," said Asmodeus; "I don't wonder *why* they live, but *where* they live. for I perceive Boards in every Parish proclaiming that no Vagrant-- that is, no person who is too poor to pay for his lodging--will be permitted to stay there. Where then does he stay!—every Parish unites against him--not a spot of ground is lawful for him to stand on. At length he is passed on to his own parish; the meaning of which is, that not finding a decent livelihood in one place, the laws prevent his seeking it at any other. By the way, it would not be a bad plan to substitute a Vagrant for a Fox, and, to hunt him regularly, you might hunt him with a pack of respectable persons belonging to the middle class, and eat him when he's caught. That would be the shortest way to get rid of the race. You might proclaim a reward for every Vagrant's head: it would gain the King more honour with the rate-payers than clearing the country of wolves won to his predecessor. What wolf eats so much as a Beggar! What wolf so troublesome, so famished, and so good for nothing! People are quite right in judging a man's virtue by his wealth; for when a man has not a shilling he soon grows a rogue. He must live on his wits, and a man's wits have no conscience when his stomach is empty. We are all very poor in Hell—very, if we were rich, Satan says, justly, that we should become idle. That's the reason, you know, according to Hume, that an Established Church is idle; you feed it up to the chin that it may go to sleep and do no mischief."

"None of your 'Slaps at the Church,' or the Publishers of the 'Penny Magazine' will be at you."

"No; my 'slaps' give no information; their truth is too stale: but what a very droll thing it is in your Ministers to take up all other people for publishing a penny paper, and then to set up a penny paper themselves. One would think they were booksellers, and wanted the monopoly in the way of trade. They cry stinking fish that they may hawk about their own haddock without rivalry; they'll sell cheese and candles next on the same principle. But a truce to general observations, let us become personal. You see," continued Asmodeus, "that elderly Gentleman crossing, with so musing an air, into Vere-street; his eyes bent on the ground, and his lips muttering as he goes. What think you, he is meditating?—No! you can never guess. He is an example of the education of a public school carried to its height, in order that you may then fairly judge of its utility in after life. In a word, that elderly Gentleman is making Latin Verses. It is the study, the occupation, the delight of his existence. His mind feeds upon longs and shorts, and never commits a greater inconstancy from its mistress than attempting a flirtation with Sapphics, or a tempting Alcaic. Ever since he left School he has so employed himself. He has large estates; he is of ancient birth. What are these to him? he knows nothing of the '*grata*



*arva*, except in an elegy, nor of the '*venerabile nomen*,' except as a very tag-ending, to be found in the *Gradus*. Immediately after breakfast he retires to his Library, and begins perhaps a Latin Epistle in imitation of Ovid; he corrects it in his walks, and copies it out fair after dinner. Business, pleasure, the pelting of the pitiless 'Reform,' the Bank Committee, the East India Charter, the indignation of the Planters at robbing them of the fellow-creatures whom they have bought and paid for, break not on his dignified repose. New books he sneers at with a sarcastic quotation: he has heard of Scott, and has put him in a Poem in the vocative case of Scotus. Byron he considers unclassical—the rest of Authorship is a world unknown—'Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.'

"If he had not been educated to this 'tenor of the mind,' you would say he was a monomaniac, and would hint at the skill of Sir George Tuthill. But how, as it is, can you blame him? nay, you must admire, you must revere. He is one among the few who fulfil to the letter the classical objects of your Universal Education. He was taught as a boy that Latin verses were the end and aim of human ambition,—he believes as a man what he was taught as a boy. Is not this exactly what education ought to accomplish?—to continue through maturity the studies of youth! Assuredly!—if the education of a Public School does not make a man write Latin verses all his life, it belies itself, and teaches nothing. Excellent old gentleman,—what a noble employment for a man of his years! With such an ear for a false quantity, his opinions must needs be prodigiously sound. What a pity that you have not more like him—and that your matured Etonians prefer deriving *no* profit at all from their education, than to study the useful art of linking dactyls and spondees—

'Ergo hominum genus incassum frustrâque laboret—  
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus ævum.'

"Why, what is this, *Asmodeus*?—only think of the Devil railing at verses, and quoting *Lucretius*!"

"*Lucretius*! Oh, he is our legitimate property!—the Monks assigned *him* to us long ago—because being a Heathen, who wrote some sixty years before Christ, he did not write like a Christian. We have him below—safe and sound—a present from 'The Fathers.' But now turn to that handsome Lady of a certain age—she in the grey silk gown—who moves along with so jaunty and careless an air,—that is a lady who committed a very singular action. As there are persons with one idea—she is a person of one action. She is an actress of talent; a young gentleman, just of age, fell in love with her some years since. He went about asserting that she was the most virtuous, and therefore, I need not add, the most calumniated, woman in the world. Pleased, perhaps, with the youth and inexperience of her lover, the Actress resolved to prove herself deserving of the good opinion of her which he had thus innocently formed. She refused him, therefore, all connexion save that of the purest friendship; but, nevertheless, she did not scruple to receive the most splendid jewels—bank-notes—a house in town—carriage, &c. Alarmed at the news of this expensive connexion, the parents of this gentleman (he had inherited his property from an uncle) hurry to town—they endeavour to open his eyes—they fail. The lady opens them herself. Among his other imprudences, our young heir takes to races and gambling. He becomes

seriously embarrassed—ruin stares him in the face—he throws his affairs into the hands of his guardians in despair. At this time he receives the following letter from the Actress:—

‘My dear young Friend,—I have been charmed with your inexperience, and I am now about to give you wisdom. I am all that the world says I am, and what you assert I am not. But I am agreeable, good-natured, and generous, as a set-off to my errors, and to my greatest error of all—my approach to my thirty-fifth year. Your relations are angry—your property is involved—you want money—and your guardians are cursing the artful mixx on whom you lavished so much: I drop them my best stage curtsey for their good opinion. Accompanying this, you will receive all the jewels you have ever given me—the deeds of the house—all the bank-notes, carefully pinned together, in a blue silk bag, of which I make you a present. The carriage only I keep, because I don’t well see how in a gentlemanlike manner you could take it back again. Don’t be ashamed of receiving these. I only took them as a loan, laughing in my sleeve at you all the time, and because I knew that if your young feelings did not exhaust their folly upon me they would on somebody less disinterested. The time has now arrived when you want these trifles, there they are; if I kept them it would be like taking goods under false pretences. You gave them, believing me the reverse of what I am. Adieu! I would ask you to come and see me in my new part—but I think we had better separate for a year or two. Go abroad. Heaven bless you.

‘Yours, &c. — —.’”

“Did the young gentleman take back the effects?”

“He took the letter to his father to show him how wrongly he had abused the Actress—and the father working on his vanity made him see what a fool he had been. No, the son did not retain the presents, but the father did, and wrote the Actress a very polite letter of thanks. The young man went abroad, and is probably by this time as wise and as avaricious as his elders. You see how well on rare occasions a bad person can behave. It was vanity that made this woman love the *éclat* of seeming disinterested—and the very fact of being esteemed made her capable of being worthy of it. . . . But we have wandered too far up the street for characters,—we are just by Holborn—the shoal is lower down.”

Nay,” said I, “look yonder; you see that thin, handsomish gentleman—in the blue coat—there is something remarkably pensive in his appearance. What and who is he?”

“A man who has just discovered that all the thoughts, hopes, and dreams of his youth were a delusion. He fell in love at twenty-three—the orthodox male age for the passion. His beloved was beautiful and devoted—they were exceedingly poor—they could not marry. He went to India; for fifteen years he toiled—he slaved—he braved the climate—he made money—and refusing all pleasure—denying himself all expense, he remained for ever faithful to his mistress, for ever pondering over her image. He returns to England—he hastens to his long-loved Isabel—he finds her——”

“Dead?”

“No, indeed!”

"Married?"

"Much worse than either. Alive and single—and not so much changed by Time as he might reasonably have expected. He is enchanted—he proposes—he marries,—and finds his ideal of his dreams—the goddess of his youth—a cross fiery shrew, who leads him the life of a dog. So much for the sense of early attachments, and the wisdom of undying constancy; and yet you poetical mortals *will* go on preaching up the beautiful notion of two people who know nothing of each other, except that they are young, fond, and handsome, moping away their better days, in order to obtain at last that disappointment which, in nine cases out of ten, will follow their marriage—as it follows the marriage of much wiser people than they."

"Ah! Asmodeus," said I, "rail not at the mysteries of the divine passion. Constancy has great charms—very great—especially in one's mistress to oneself. *Vice versâ*, it is certainly attended with ennui. But to tell you the truth, Asmodeus, I am inclined to believe, that—withstanding all its delusions and deceits—a real honest and passionate love—if one could possibly procure such a thing—does more to dissipate the time agreeably than at least any other *innocent amusement*."

"It was under the same idea," said Asmodeus, "that a friend of mine, a French Marquis, accepted the invitation of a Provincial Noble, who had a large family of grown-up daughters—mind that!—to spend some time at his country-house. The Marquis was known to be one of the most fastidious and difficult of the metropolitan *elegants*. His host, when they were travelling down together, began to consider with himself how his guest was to be amused."

'We have excellent fishing in our river,' said he, 'and of a warm day we'll make parties; and while we boat on the river, tents shall be spread for us, and refreshments prepared among the woods. Quite a Boccaccio scene it will be!'

'Ah! excuse me,' said the Marquis with a shiver, 'I never fish.—Boating and tents! Oh! you little know my delicate constitution.'

'You hunt at least, Marquis?'

'Never!' was the emphatic reply.

'Shoot?'

'Shoot—No! *mon cher*.'

'Play at billiards?'

'Not a stroke!'

'At cards?'

'Never touch them!'

'Well, well'—said the host, considerably alarmed—'thank heaven, we have an excellent library.'

'Library! Do I look like a man who reads books?'

'My God, then, what *will* you do to amuse yourself?'

'I, my dear friend? Oh, don't trouble yourself about me. I shall give myself up altogether to *seduction*!'

"Agreeable intelligence to a *pere de famille*. But, seriously, I have a great mind to fall in love. If you were half such a devil as Mephistopheles, you would find me out some gentle Margaret or another—beautiful, amiable—a sort of thing one could marry!'

"Marry! What are you about? Can you meditate such a design?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! there then we part for ever. Marriage either gets rid of your devils by the presence of an angel—hem! there's a pretty play upon words—or else it supplies their place with one whose name is Legion."

"Pooh—nonsense! None of your old cant maxims about marriage. I know them all by heart—either the extreme of misery or bliss!—as if life had any extremes at all for more than a quarter of an hour together. Depend upon it, marriage is nothing one way or the other—as they say of a parrot's life in a cage—when one's used to it. Therefore, oh Devil! I give you fair notice that I intend to fall in love; and I expect, through your aid, to have some very wild and piquant adventures in the course of my folly."

Asmodeus bowed; and, as we were now in Regent Street, stepped into Verey's for a glass of ice. I followed his example.

I know not how it is, but my frame is one peculiarly susceptible to ennui. There's no man so instantaneously bored. What activity does this singular constitution in all cases produce! All who are sensitive to ennui do eight times the work of a sleek, contented man. Anything but a large chair by the fireside, and a family circle! Oh! the bore of going every day over the same exhausted subjects, to the same dull persons of respectability; yet that is the doom of all domesticity. Then *pleasure!* A wretched play—a hot opera, under the ghostly fatherhood of Mr. Monck Mason—a dinner of sixteen, with such silence or *such* conversation!—a water-party to Richmond, to catch cold and drink bad sauterne—a flirtation, which fills all your friends with alarm, and your writing-desk with love-letters you don't like to burn, and are afraid of being seen; nay, published, perhaps, one fine day, that you may go by some d—d pet name ever afterwards!—hunting in a thick mist—shooting in furze bushes, that "feelingly persuade you what you are"—"the bowl," as the poets call the bottles of claret that never warm you, but whose thin stream, like the immortal river,—

"Flows, and as it flows, for ever may flow on;"

or the port that warms you indeed: yes, into a bilious headache and a low fever. Yet all these things are pleasures!—parts of social enjoyment! They fill out the corners of the grand world—they inspire the minor's dreams—they pour crowds into St. James's, Doctors' Commons, and Melton Mowbray—they—Oh! confound them all!—it bores one even to write about them.

Only just returned to London, and, after so bright a panegyric on it, I already weary of the variety of its samenesses. Shall I not risk the fate of Faust, and fall in love—ponderously and *bona fide*? Or shall I go among the shades of the deceased, and amuse myself with chatting to Dido and Julius Cæsar? Verily, reader, I leave you for the present to guess my determination. You see the courage I have displayed, and the countries I have visited, towards dispelling ennui. You may say that I could have chosen a more respectable companion than a Devil. My dear Sir,—not if I had chosen from the higher classes, I assure you.

(*To be continued.*)

## PROPOSALS FOR A LITERARY UNION.

IN a former Number, we intimated a design of laying before the public, at our earliest leisure, a Scheme for consolidating one of the most mighty and gigantic powers that Knowledge could possibly bring to bear against the abuses of the World. There are two anomalies in the universal system of Society: first, that the producers of wealth, who, in one simple phrase, are the men who work, should individually be so poor; secondly, that the dispensers of power, who, in one simple phrase, are the men who write, should personally be ~~so~~ powerless. A remedy against the first anomaly has been discovered long since in *Co-operation*. If all the Operatives of England would unite in one body, supply each other, and support each other, the Revolution of the People would be accomplished at once. Wealth would be immediately at the command of those who produce it: all other classes of men would be obliged to make terms with the productive. Against the universal operation of this vast and magnificent theory, there are many stubborn practical obstacles; the chief are in the ignorance of the mass of men who should be united. Where there is ignorance, there cannot be union to any considerable extent, because there cannot be instantaneous communication.

The cure devised for the first anomaly, we now propose for the second, viz. *Co-operation*. Obstacles to it there are, no doubt—so there were to the formation of Religious Communities, to Municipal Institutions—to the stupendous scheme of Loyola, even to the incorporation of the harmless fraternity of Freemasons. Obstacles there are, no doubt, but not the greatest of all—Ignorance. The Persons to be united are possessed at once of communication—they are ~~the~~ Masters of the Press. The reflection of an instant opens an immense field to our survey. Unite the chief body of literary men in one brotherhood—bind them to the same object—swear them to the same cause, and what enemy could stand against them? It would be to our time what Printing was to the past—it would accomplish the objects of the Press—it would be a second Press. If Union makes even a handful of common men so powerful, what would it effect in the power of the ablest men in the state? the inventors of codes and systems, the parents of all legislation—the dispensers of all knowledge—the creators of all opinion, which is power itself? The idea is so mighty, that no declamation can fill out its proportions. Never since the world began would there have been such an epoch as its first practical realization.

It is obvious that to this, as to all institutions, there must be certain first principles—certain regulations, to which all must subscribe. We would propose, therefore, that there must be a code of political doctrines to which all should concur: the Abolition of all Taxes on Knowledge, the

necessity of Universal Education, are the first articles of the creed. All Governments to be opposed to the utmost who are hostile to, nay, who trifle with, these principles. A council should be selected from the whole body, to propose and legalize other objects—when carried in the Council to become the law to the whole body. Thus the Council will, at the opening of every year, declare what measures are to be proposed—what principles promulgated—what ministers to be supported or condemned. This Council to be balloted for every year: the smallest number possible for fair deliberation to be chosen, so as to exclude oratory, which is the bane of wisdom. A deliberative assembly can scarcely be too limited in number.

All men who have written a work above ten pages—all men connected by literature with any newspaper or other periodical—are to be eligible—none others. This will induce able men to write. Fools in the body there will be; but no man connected with the press is despicable. Each member to subscribe yearly—or, as more convenient for the poorest, weekly—a certain sum, according to his means, for the expenses of the Society: these will consist, principally, of support to any member of the Institution who may be in distressed circumstances. All persons prosecuted, while the laws against knowledge continue, for printing, publishing, or selling books—no matter of what nature—to be assisted in their fines, or during their imprisonment, by the funds of the Society. An especial Committee, established for the administration of the said funds. Branch Committees, in all parts of the kingdom, to be established at the discretion, and under the directions, of the Council. A Literary Committee to be appointed for the publication of such works (whether anonymous or avowed—whether appearing singly or in the form of periodicals) which it may be expedient for the Society to put forth. Motto of the Society—"The People." The profits of these works, not likely to be inconsiderable, to be shared between the Authors and the Treasury of the Society; or the Authors (if they prefer it) to receive any remuneration agreed for by the Committee, and the profits of the speculation, as in the case of individual trade, appropriated to the common stock.

It may be said that many eminent literary men, not professing the politics that advocate the popular interest, would be excluded from the Society. Doubtless; but those whom the Institution must incorporate, would, sooner or later, constitute the majority. No institutions can do more than embrace a majority, and all institutions must have laws which the *whole* of the community would be unwilling to adopt. Meanwhile, the Society would be an active and united force—its enemies an inert and scattered one.

There are two great failings in literary men as a body: the one is their jealousies of each other—the other their want of sympathy with the active objects of the mass of the people. They live too much in

their narrow circle—they map out the world like the Chinese—their moral China forms the circle of their own little territory, inscribed in a square—and the rest of the universe is banished to the four petty corners left uninclosed. The Union we speak of would go far towards removing these faults. They might still exist, but would be no longer characteristics; for, in regard to the want of sympathy, the very object of the Union would be to blend its members with all political changes and actual events; and, in regard to the jealousy, it may be noted that it is a passion rarely found among corporate bodies united against an enemy. Whigs are seldom jealous of each other, nor Tories either—Churchmen are not characterized by jealousy. A common interest is a mighty smother of individual rivalries or dislikes. Our Institution would bring its members together sufficient to give the tie of fellowship, but not so closely or so constantly as to occasion that angry friction which takes place between minds that are brought into contact without having many points fitting into each other.

The system of relief which would be incorporated with the system of union, would operate kindly upon the general dispositions of those who give and those who receive. Unlike private charity, it would neither flatter the vanity of the one party, nor gall the independence of the other. It would be at once a fraternity of benevolence, and a league of power.

By degrees, the current knowledge of literary men would thus be turned into actual use, and, the object being to enlighten the people, would flow constantly and readily into the widest channels. Thus the men of thought would gradually influence the men of action: that great principle which a Greek philosopher declared, if practicable, would realize perfect government.

To prevent the danger of selfish interests mixing too largely (mix to a certain degree they must in all human communities) with the aims of the Society, a prudent degree of openness must be given to the resolves and meetings of the Council. Openness is the corrector of selfish interests, as air purifies the damps that settle in caves and hollows.

As the Society gained strength in England, it would establish corresponding bodies over the whole of Europe—of the world. It may be easy to see then how vain would be Holy Alliances and secret Diets. Were such a universal combination of the creators of opinion established now, could a handful of petty Princes make war against the Press in Germany? No. All the pens in Europe would soon put down all the swords of Kings and Field Marshals.

Thus, briefly and concisely, have we endeavoured to chalk out the outline of a scheme which, if realized, would create the mightiest confederation ever formed. We may be told that confederations are dangerous. Assuredly, the confederations of Princes to put down knowledge are dangerous; but the confederation of subjects to diffuse know-

ledge?—No. The object would prevent the danger of the means—the knowledge the Society would diffuse would not allow the people to suffer any dictation but that for their own good. The moment the Institution became dangerous to the people (that is an Institution seeking to divorce its own interest from the interest of the majority) it would fall—its only power would be derived from the blessings it effected. As Trajan gave a sword to one of his own subjects, saying—“Draw this for me if I govern rightly, if not, against me,”—it would, in every book it put forth—every advance in knowledge that it made—give a weapon to the people which would protect it only while serving the people, and be turned against it the moment it became unfaithful to the trust. On such principles, confederations are not dangerous, except to bad government.

That this scheme would be very much ridiculed at first is quite obvious; but, if once established, which ridicule would be most effective—that of the clever men or the dunces? It would require a hardy enthusiasm, and an ample leisure in its first founders. With these qualities in its members, it would soon triumph. Engaged as we ourselves are, deeply and constantly, with a thousand daily objects, we have not the last requisite of leisure; and, hacknied as we are in many disappointments, we have not perhaps (we frankly confess it—to a sufficient degree) the first requisite of enthusiasm. We can do no more than chalk out the original design—vague and loose as all outlines are—and subscribe our mite to its continuance, if it be ever seriously set on foot. When we say *if*, we own that to us, sooner or later, that supposition seems certain of realization. The more it is considered, the more practicable it will be found. Schemes once in print, never fail of finding speculators in action. Men, hereafter, will be sanguine enough to attempt what we have thus indicated—theirs be the honour of the execution—may they give us that of its conception!



A.

## HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH. .

DAY-STARS ! that ope your eyes with man, to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of Earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers ! who, bending lowly  
Before the uprisen Sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics ! that, with storied beauty,  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create !



*Hymn to the Flowers.*

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,  
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
 But to that fane, most Catholic and solemn,  
 Which God hath planned ;—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;  
 Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,—  
 Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,  
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,  
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
 The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that, in dewy splendour,  
 “ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”  
 Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
 Your lore sublime!

“ Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,  
 “ Arrayed,” the lilies cry—“ in robes like ours ;  
 “ How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory  
 “ Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!  
 With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:  
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?  
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
 And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

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## THE NYMPH OF THE LURLEI BERG.—A TALE.

O Syrens, beware of a fair young Knight,  
He loves and he rides away.

A GROUP of armed men were sitting cheerlessly round a naked and ill-furnished board in one of those rugged castles that overhang the Rhine—they looked at the empty bowl, and they looked at the untempting platter—then they shrugged their shoulders, and looked foolishly at each other. A young Knight, of a better presence than the rest, stalked gloomily into the hall.

"Well, comrades," said he, pausing in the centre of the room, and leaning on his sword, "I grieve to entertain ye no better—my father's gold is long gone—it bought your services while it lasted, and with these services, I, Rupert the Fearnought, won this castle from its Lord—levied tolls on the river—plundered the Burgesses of Bingen—and played the chieftain as nobly as a robber may. But alas! wealth flies—luck deserts us—we can no longer extract a doit from traveller or citizen. We must separate."

The armed men muttered something unintelligible—then they looked again at the dishes—then they shook their heads very dismally, and Rupert the Fearnought continued—

"For my part I love every thing wealth purchases—I cannot live in poverty, and when you have all gone, I propose to drown myself in the Rhine."

The armed men shouted out very noisily their notions on the folly of such a project of relief; but Rupert sunk on a stone seat, folded his arms, and scarcely listened to them.

"Ah, if one could get some of the wealth that lies in the Rhine!" said an old marauder, "that would be worth diving for!"

"There cannot be much gold among the fishes I fancy," growled out another marauder, as he played with his dagger.

"Thou art a fool," quoth the old man; "gold there is, for I heard my father say so, and it may be won too by a handsome man, if he be brave enough."

Rupert lifted his head—"And how?" said he.

"The Water Spirits have the key to the treasure, and he who wins their love, may perhaps win their gold."

Rupert rose and took the old robber aside; they conversed long and secretly, and Rupert, returning to the hall, called for the last hogshead of wine the cellar contained.

"Comrades," said he, as he quaffed off a bumper, "Comrades, pledge to my safe return; I shall leave ye for a single month, since one element can yield no more, to try the beings of another; I may perish—I may return not. Tarry for me, therefore, but the time I have mentioned; if ye then see me not, depart in peace. Meanwhile, ye may manage to starve on, and if the worst come to the worst, ye can eat one another."

So saying, the young spendthrift (by birth a Knight, by necessity a Robber, and by name and nature, Rupert the Fearnought) threw down the cup, and walking forth from the hall, left his companions to digest his last words with what appetite they might.

Among the Spirits of the Water, none were like Lurline; she was gentle as the gentlest breeze that floats from the realms of Spring over the bosom of the Rhine, and wherever at night she glided along the waves, there the beams of the love-star lingered, and lit up her path with their tenderest ray. Her eyes were of the softest azure of a southern heaven, and her hair like its setting sun. But above all her charms was the melody of her voice, and often when she sat upon the Lurlei Rock by the lonely moonlight, and sent her wild song above the silent waters, the nightingale paused from her wail to listen, and the winds crept humbled round her feet, as at a Sorcerer's spell.

One night as she thus sat, and poured forth her charmed strains, she saw a boat put from the opposite shore, and as it approached nearer and nearer towards her, she perceived it was guided by one solitary mariner; the moonlight rested upon his upward face, and it was the face of manhood's first dawn—beautiful, yet stern, and daring in its beauty—the light curls, surmounted by a plumed semi-casque, danced above a brow that was already marked by thought; and something keen and proud in the mien and air of the stranger, designated one who had learnt to act no less than to meditate. The Water Spirit paused as he approached, and gazed admiringly upon the fairest form that had ever yet chanced upon her solitude; she noted that the stranger too kept his eyes fixed upon her, and steered his boat to the rock on which she sat. And the shoals then as now were fraught with danger, but she laid her spell upon the wave and upon the rock, and the boat glided securely over them,—and the bold stranger was within but a few paces of her seat, when she forbade the waters to admit his nearer approach. The stranger stood erect in the boat, as it rocked tremulously to and fro, and still gazing upon the Water Nymph, he said—

“Who art thou, O beautiful maiden! and whence is thine art? Night after night I have kept watch among the wild rocks that tenanted the sacred Goar, and listened enamoured to thy lay. Never before on earth was such minstrelsy heard. Art thou a daughter of the river? and dost thou—as the greybeards say—lure us to destruction? Behold I render myself up to thee! Sweet is Death if it cradle me in thine arms! Welcome the whirlpool, if it entomb me in thy home!”

“Thou art bold, young mortal,”—said the Water Spirit, with trembling tones, for she felt already the power of Love. “And wherefore say thy tribe such harsh legends of my song? Who ever perished by my art? Do I not rather allay the wind and smooth the mirror of the waves? Return to thine home safely and in peace, and vindicate, when thou hearest it maligned, the name of the Water Spirit of the Rhine.”

“Return!”—said the Stranger haughtily—“never, until I have touched thee—kneelt to thee—felt that thy beauty is not a dream. Even now my heart bounds as I gaze on thee! Even now I feel that thou *shalt* be mine! Behold! I trust myself to thine element! I fear nothing but the loss of thee!”

So saying the young nian leapt into the water, and in a minute more he knelt by the side of Lurline.

It was the stillest hour of night; the stars were motionless in the heavens: the moonlight lay hushed on the rippling tide:—from cliff to vale, no living thing was visible, save them, the Spirit and her human wooer.

"Oh!"—said he, passionately,—“never did I believe that thy voice was aught but some bodily music from another world;—in madness, and without hope, I tracked its sound homeward, and I have found thee. I touch thee!—thou livest!—the blood flows in thy form!—thou art as woman, but more lovely! Take me to thy blue caverns and be my bride!”

As a dream from the sleeper, as a vapour from the valley, Lurline glided from the arms of the stranger, and sunk into the waters; the wave closed over her, but, beneath its surface, he saw her form gliding along to the more shadowy depths; he saw, and plunged into the waves!

The morning came, and the boat still tossed by the Lurlei Berg—without a hand to steer it. The Rhine rolled bright to the dewy sun, but the stranger had returned not to its shores.

The cavern of the Water Spirit stretches in many chambers beneath the courses of the river, and in its inmost recess—several days after the stranger's disappearance—Lurline sat during the summer noon; but not alone. Love lighted up those everlasting spars, and even beneath the waters and beneath the earth held his temple and his throne.

“And tell me, my stranger bridegroom,”—said Lurline, as the stranger lay at her feet, listening to the dash of the waters against the cavern—“tell me of what country and parentage art thou? Art thou one of the many chiefs whose castles frown from the opposite cliffs?—or a wanderer from some distant land? What is thy mortal name?”

“Men call me Rupert the Fearnought,”—answered the stranger. “A penniless chief am I, and a cheerless castle do I hold; my sword is my heritage;—and as for gold, the gold which my Sire bequeathed me, alas! on the land, beautiful Lurline, there are many more ways of getting rid of such dross than in thy peaceful dominions beneath the river. Yet, Lurline,”—and the countenance of Rupert became more anxious and more earnest—“Is it not true that the Spirits of thy race hoard vast treasures of gems and buried gold within their caves? Do ye not gather all that the wind and tempest have sunk beneath the waves in your rocky coffer? And have ye not the power to endow a mortal with the forgotten wealth of ages?”

“Ah, yes!”—answered the enamoured Water Spirit. “These chambers contain enough of such idle treasures, dull and useless, my beloved, to those who love.”

“Eh—em!”—quoth the mortal—“what thou sayest has certainly a great deal of truth in it; but—but just to pass away the next hour or two—suppose thou shovest me, dearest Lurline, some of these curiosities of thine. Certes I am childishly fond of looking at coins and jewels.”

“As thou wilt, my stranger,” answered Lurline, and, rising, she led the way through the basalt arches that swept in long defiles through her palace, singing with the light heart of contented love to the waves that dashed around. The stranger followed wondering—but not fearing—with his hand every now and then, as they made some abrupt turning, mechanically wandering to his sword, and his long plume waving lightly to the rushing air, that at times with a hollow roar swept through their mighty prison. At length the Water Spirit came to a door, before which lay an enormous shell, and, as the stranger looked admiringly upon its gigantic size, a monstrous face gradually rose from the aperture

of the shell, and with glaring eyes and glistening teeth gloated out upon the mortal.

Three steps backward did Rupert the Fearnought make, and three times did he cross himself with unwonted devotion, and very irreverently, and not in exact keeping with the ceremony, blurted he forth a northern seafarer's oath. Then outflashed his sword; and he asked Lurline if he were to prepare against a foe. The Water Spirit smiled, and murmuring some words in a language unknown to Rupert, the monster slowly wound itself from the cavities of the shell; and, carrying the shell itself upon its back, crept with a long hiss and a trailing slime from the door, circuitously approaching Rupert the Fearnought by the rear. "*Christe beate!*" ejaculated the lover, veering round with extreme celerity, and presenting the point of the sword to the monster. "What singular shell-fish there are at the bottom of the Rhine!" Then, gazing more attentively on the monster, he perceived that it was in the shape of a dragon, substituting only the shell for wings.

"The dragon-race," said the Water Spirit, "are the guardians of all treasure, whether in the water or in the land. And deep in the very centre of the earth, the hugest of the tribe lies coiled around the loadstone of the world."

The door now opened. They entered a vast vault. Heavens! how wondrous was the treasure that greeted the Fearnought's eyes! All the various wrecks that, from the earliest ages of the world, had enriched the Rhine or its tributary streams, contributed their burthen to this mighty treasury: there was the first rude coin ever known in the North, cumbrous and massive, teaching betimes the moral that money is inseparable from the embarrassment of taking care of it. There were Roman vases and jewels in abundance; rings, and chains, and great necklaces of pearl: there, too, were immense fragments of silver that, from time to time, had been washed into the river, and hurried down into this universal recipient. And, looking up, the Fearnought saw that the only roof above was the waters, which rolled black and sullenly overhead, but were prevented either by a magic charm, or the wonderful resistance of the pent air, from penetrating farther. But wild, and loud, and hoarse was the roar above, and the Water Spirit told him, that they were then below the Gewirre or Whirlpool which howls along the bank opposite to the Lurlei Berg.

"I see,"—quothe the bold stranger, as he grasped at a heap of jewels,—"that wherever there is treasure below the surface, there is peril above!"

"Rather say,"—answered the Water Spirit—"that the whirlpool betokens the vexation and strife which are the guardians and parents of riches."

The Fearnought made no answer; but he filled his garments with the most costly gems he could find, in order, doubtless, to examine them more attentively at his leisure.

And that evening as his head lay upon the lap of the Water Spirit, and she played with his wreathy hair, Rupert said, "Ah, Lurline! ah, that thou wouldst accompany me to the land. Thou knowest not in these caves (certainly pretty in their way, but, thou must confess, placed in a prodigiously dull neighbourhood);—thou knowest not, I say, dear Lurline, how charming a life it is to live in a beautiful castle on the

land." And with that Rupert began to paint in the most eloquent terms the mode of existence then most approvedly in fashion. He dwelt with a singular flow of words on the pleasures of the chace: he dressed the water-nymph in green—mounted her on a snow-white courser—supposed her the admiration of all who flocked through the green wood to behold her. Then he painted the gorgeous banquet, the Lords and Dames that, glittering in jewels and cloth of gold, would fill the halls over which Lurline should preside—all confessing her beauty, and obedient to her sway; harps were for ever to sound her praises; Minstrels to sing and Knights to contest for it; and, above all, he, Rupert himself, was to be eternally at her feet—"Not, dearest Love," (added he, gently rubbing his knees,) "on these rocky stones, but upon the softest velvets—or, at least, upon the greenest mosses."

The Water Spirit was moved, for the love of change and the dream of Ambition can pierce even below the deepest beds of the stream; and the voice of Flattery is more persuasive than were the melodies of the Syren herself.

By degrees she allowed herself to participate in Rupert's desire for land; and, as she most tenderly loved him, his evident and growing ennui, his long silences, and his frequent yawns, made her anxious to meet his wishes, and fearful lest otherwise he should grow utterly wearied of her society. It was settled then that they should go to the land.

"But, oh, my beloved," said Rupert the Fearnought, "I am but a poor and mortgaged Knight, and in my hall the winds whistle through dismantled casements, and over a wineless board. Shall I not go first to the shore, and with some of the baubles thou keepest all uselessly below, refit my castle among yonder vine-clad mountains, so that it shall be a worthy tenement for the Daughter of the Rhine? then I shall hasten back for thee, and we will be wedded with all the pomp that befits thy station."

The poor Water Spirit, having lived at the bottom of the Rhine all her life, was not so well read in the world as might have been expected from a singer of her celebrity. She yielded to the proposition of Rupert; and that very night the moon beheld the beautiful Lurline assisting Rupert to fill his boat (that lay still by the feet of the Lurlei Berg) with all the largest jewels in her treasury. Rudolf filled and filled till he began to fear the boat would hold no more without sinking; and then, reluctantly ceasing, he seized the oars, and every now and then kissing his hand at Lurline with a melancholy expression of fondness, he rowed away to the town of St. Goar.

As soon as he had moored his boat in a little creek, overshadowed at that time by thick brambles, he sprang lightly on land; and seizing a hunting-horn that he wore round his neck, sounded a long blast. Five times was that blast echoed from the rock of the Lurlei Berg\* by the sympathising Dwarf who dwelt there, and who, wiser than Lurline, knew that her mortal lover had parted from her for ever. Rupert started in dismay, but soon recovered his native daring. "Come fiend, sprite, or dragon," said he, "I will not give back the treasure I have won!"

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\* On this part of the stream there is still an echo which repeats five times the sound of a hunting-horn.

He looked defyingly to the stream, but no shape rose from its depths—the moonlight slept on the water—all was still, and without sign of life, as the echo died mournfully away. He looked wistfully to the land, and now crashing through the boughs came the armed tread of men—plumes waved—corslets glittered, and Rupert the Fearnought was surrounded by his marauding comrades. He stood with one foot on his boat, and pointed exultingly to the treasure. “Behold,” he cried, to the old robber who had suggested the emprise, “I have redeemed my pledge, and plundered the coffer of the Spirits of the Deep!”

Then loud broke the robbers’ voices over the still stream, and mailed hands grasped the heavy gems, and fierce eyes gloated on their splendour.

“And how didst thou win the treasure?—with thy good sword, we’ll warrant,” cried the robbers.

“Nay,” answered Rupert, “there is a weapon more dangerous to female, whether spirit or flesh, than the sword—a soft tongue and flattering words!—Away; take each what he can carry,—and away, I say, to our castle!”

Days and weeks rolled on, but the Mortal returned not to the Maiden of the Waters; and night after night Lurline sat alone on the moonlight rock, and mourned for her love in such wild and melancholy strains, as now at times the fisherman starts to hear. The Dwarf of the Lurlei Berg sometimes put forth his shagged head, from the little door in his rock, and sought to solace her with wise aphorisms on human inconstancy; but the soft Lurline was not the more consoled by his wisdom, and still not the less she clung to the vain hope that Rupert the Flatterer would return.

And Rupert said to his comrades, as they quaffed the wine, and carved the meat at his castle board—

“I hear there is a maiden in the castle of Lörchausen, amidst the valleys, on the other side the Rhine, fair to see, and rich to wed. She shall be the Bride of the Fearnought.”

The robbers shouted at the proposal, and the next day, in their sheenest armour, they accompanied their beautiful chief in his wooing to the Ladye of Lörchausen. But Rupert took care not to cross by the Lurlei Berg; for Fearnought as he was, he thought a defrauded dragon and a betrayed sprite were hard odds for a mortal chief. They arrived at the castle, and Rupert wooed with the same flattery and the same success as before. But as one female generally avenges the wrongs of another, so Rupert was caught by the arts he practised, and loved no less ardently than he was loved. The Chief of Lörchausen consented to the wedding, and the next week he promised to bring the bride and her dowry to the Fearnought’s castle.

“But, ah! dearest Unna,” said Rupert to his betrothed, “take heed as you pass the river that your bark steer not by the Lurlei Berg, for there lurks a dragon ever athirst for beauty and for gold; and he lashes with his tail the waters when such voyagers as thou pass, and whirls the vessel down into his cave below.”

The beautiful Unna was terrified, and promised assent to so reasonable a request.

Rupert and his comrades returned home, and set the old castle in order for the coming of the bride.

The morning broke bright and clear—the birds sang out—the green vines waved merrily on the breeze—and the sunlight danced gaily upon the bosom of the Rhine. Rupert and his comrades stood ranged by the rocky land that borders St. Goar to welcome the bride. And now they heard the trumpets sounding far away, and looking adown the river they saw the feudal streamers of Lörchausen glittering on the tide, as the sail from which they waved cut its way along the waters.

Then the Dwarf of the Lurlei Berg, startled by the noise of the trumpets, peeped peevishly out of his little door, and he saw the vessel on the wave, and Rupert on the land; and at once he knew, as he was a wise dwarf, what was to happen. “Ho, ho!” said he to himself, “not so fast, my young gallant: I have long wanted to marry, myself. What if I get your bride, and what if my good friend the Dragon comfort himself for your fraud by a snap at her dowry—Lurline my cousin shall be avenged!” So with that the dwarf slipped into the water, and running along the cavern, came up to the Dragon quite out of breath. The monster trailed himself hastily out of his shell. “And what now, Master Dwarf,” quoth he, very angrily; “no thoroughfare here, I assure you!” “Pooh,” said the Dwarf, “are you so stupid that you do not want to be avenged upon the insolent mortal who robbed your treasury, and deserted your mistress. Behold! he stands on the rocks of Goar, about to receive a bride, who sails along with a dowry, that shall swell thy exhausted coffers; behold! I say, I will marry the lady, and thou shalt have the dower.”

Then the Dragon was exceedingly pleased—“And how shall it be managed?” said he, rubbing his claws with delight.

“Lock thy door, Master Dragon,” answered the Dwarf, “and go up to the Gewirre above thee, and lash the waters with thy tail, so that no boat may approach.”

The Dragon promised to obey, and away went the Dwarf to Lurline. He found her sitting listlessly in her crystal chamber, her long hair drooping over her face, and her eyes bent on the rocky floor, heavy with tears.

“Arouse thee, cousin,” said the Dwarf, “thy lover may be regained. Behold he sails along the Rhine with a bride he is about to marry; and if thou wilt ascend the surface of the water, and sing, with thy sweetest voice, the melodies he loves, doubtless he will not have the heart to resist thee, and thou shalt yet gain the Faithless from his bride.”

Lurline started wildly from her seat; she followed the Dwarf up to the Lurlei Berg, and seated herself on a ledge in the rock. The Dwarf pointed out to her in the boat the glittering casque and nodding plumes of the Lord of Lörchausen. “Behold thy lover!” said he, “but the helmet hides his face. See he sits by the bride—he whispers her—he presses her hand. Sing now thy sweetest song, I beseech thee.”

“But who are they on the opposite bank?” asked the Water Spirit.

“Thy lover’s vassals only,” answered the Dwarf.

“Be cheered, child!” said the Chief of Lörchausen. “See how the day smiles on us—thy bridegroom waits thee yonder—even now I see him towering above his comrades.”

“Oh! my father, my heart sinks with fear!” murmured Unna; “and behold the frightful Lurlei Berg frowns upon us. Thou knowest how Rupert cautioned us to avoid it.”



"And did we not, my child, because of that caution, embark yonder at the mouth of the *Wisperbach*? Even now our vessel glides towards the opposite shore, and nears not the mountain thy weak heart dreads."

At that moment, a wild and most beautiful music broke tremulously along the waves; and they saw, sitting on the Lurlei Berg, a shape fairer than the shapes of the Children of Earth. "Hither," she sang, "hither, oh! gallant bark! Behold here is thy haven, and thy respite from the waters and the winds. Smooth is the surface of the tide around, and the rock hollows its bosom to receive thee. Hither, oh! nuptial band! The bridals are prepared. Here shall the betrothed gain the bridegroom, and the bridegroom welcome the bride!"

The boatmen paused, entranced with the air, the oars fell from their hands—the boat glided on towards the rock.

Rupert in dismay and terror heard the strain and recognized afar the silvery beauty of the Water Spirit. "Beware," he shouted—"beware—this way steer the vessel, nor let it near to the Lurlei Berg."

Then the Dwarf laughed within himself, and he took up the sound ere it fell, and five times across the water, louder far than the bridegroom's voice, was repeated "Near to the Lurlei Berg."

At this time by the Gewirre opposite, the Dragon writhed his vast folds, and fierce and perilous whirled the waters round.

"See, my child," said the Chief of Lörchausen, "how the whirlpool foams and eddies on the opposite shore—wisely hath Sir Rupert dismissed superstition in the presence of real danger; and yon fair figure is doubtless stationed by his command to direct us how to steer from the whirlpool."

"Oh, no, no, my father!" cried Unna, clinging to his arm. "No, yon shape is but the false aspect of a fiend—I beseech you to put off from the Rock—sec, we near—we near—its base!"

"Hark—hear ye not five voices telling us to near it!" answered the Chief; and he motioned to the rowers, who required no command to avoid the roar of the Gewirre.

"Death!" cried Rupert, stamping fiercely on the ground; "they heed me not!"—and he shouted again "Hither, for dear life's sake, hither!" And again, five times drowning his voice, came the echo from the Lurlei Berg, "For dear life's sake, hither!"

"Yes, hither!" sang once more the Water Spirit—"hither, O gallant bark!—as the brooklet to the river—as the bird to the sunny vine—flies the heart to the welcome of love!"

"Thou art avenged!" shouted the Dwarf, as he now stood visible and hideous on the Rock. "Lurline, thou art avenged!"

And from the opposite shore, the straining eyes of Rupert beheld the boat strike suddenly among the shoals—and lo, in the smoothest waves it reeled once, and vanished beneath for ever! An eddy—a rush—and the Rhine flowed on without a sign of man upon its waves. "Lost, lost!" cried Rupert, clasping his hands, and five times from the Lurlei Berg echoed "Lost!"

And Rupert the Fearnought left his treasures and his castle, and the ruins still moulder to the nightly winds; and he sought the Sea-kings of the North; they fitted out a ship for the brave stranger, and he sailed on a distant cruise. And his name was a name of dread by the shores on which the fierce beak of his war-bark descended. And the bards rang

it forth to their Runic harps over the blood-red wine. But at length they heard of his deeds no more—they traced not his whereabouts—a sudden silence enwrapt him—his vessel had gone forth on a long voyage—it never returned, nor was heard of more. But still the undying Water Spirit mourns in her lonely caves—and still she fondly believes that the Wanderer will yet return. Often she sits, when the night is hushed, and the stars watch over the sleep of Earth, upon her desolate rock, and pours forth her melancholy strains. And yet the fishermen believe that she strives by her song to lure every raft and vessel that seems, to the deluded eyes of her passion, one which may contain her lover!

And still, too, when the Huntsman's horn sounds over the water—five times is the sound echoed from the Rock—the Dwarf himself may ever and anon be seen, in the new moon, walking on the heights of the Lurlei Berg, with a female form in an antique dress, devoutly believed to be the Lady of Lörchausen,—who, defrauded of a Knight, has reconciled herself to marriage with a Dwarf!

As to the moral of the tale, I am in doubt whether it is meant as a caution to heiresses or to singers; if the former, it is to be feared that the moral is not very efficacious, seeing that no less than three persons of that description have met with Ruperts within the last fortnight; but if to the latter, as is my own private opinion, it will be an encouragement to moralists ever after. Warned by the fate of their sister syren, those ladies take the most conscientious precautions, that, though they may sometimes be *deserted*, they should never at least be *impoverished*, by their lovers!

MITIO.

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SONNET.

SWEET as the cry of Joy, or as the song  
Of tender birds,—like the beloved tone  
Of one who loves us—loved by us alone;  
Such are the homed accents of thy tongue:  
Like Orpheus' lyre—so eloquent—so strong;  
Such sounds the Muse herself might not disown,  
So speaks, harmonious, her most favoured son,  
And pours the rapturous tide of verse along.  
Oh! if fond love should once that voice inspire,  
And breathe the mingling harmony of sighs,  
The soul of such rare music ne'er could tire,—  
It speaks the extasy of Paradise.  
Sure, then, thy sweetness might a mortal move,  
And win, at once, to more than mortal love.

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## YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE great bell of Nôtre Dame, its deep peals breaking on the quiet of the night, is heard through every street in Paris; and groups of citizens are standing silently in the streets, and solitary men, of martial step and military bearing, are pacing to and fro. The General, yonder, has lifted up his plumed hat to listen, and the veteran sentinel, his head bent forward, is leaning on his musket, as if expecting some distant sound; and in all places there is a mutual anxiety—a still, mysterious agitation; and, as the day begins to dawn, the crowd concentrates. There they come—the living masses—but without tumult—without exclamation. Their eyes are fixed on one spot—their heads are stretched forward in one direction—not a word is spoken. The streets, the quays, the bridges, are encumbered by them—they pour into the great court of the Tuileries. Hark! there is one deep peal from the cannon! Every movement is arrested—every foot is stopped. Through the whole of that immense body the pulse of life seems to be stilled. Hark! another, and another—twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two!!! Lo! every voice is raised—every cap is in the air—the crowd has spoken by one mouth. “*Vive l’Empereur!*”—“*Vive le Roi de Rome!*”—“*Vive le fils de notre Général!*”—“*Vivant Napoleon et son fils!*”—In that twenty-second peal, a new dynasty was announced to France—a vast future. And there are the women vowing the children in their arms to the young hero; and there is the fair-haired recruit, his eyes sparkling at the thought of distant campaigns under a new leader; and there is the bearded warrior murmuring of Austerlitz and Marengo, and weeping like a child at this last triumph of his chief. On every side couriers are departing—on every side telegraphs are moving. From Lyons, Liege, Brussels, Antwerp, Bourdeaux, expressions of joy and homage are passing forth, and the air is pregnant with loyalty and felicitation. In every town throughout the empire, the artillery is pealing—from every ship that belongs to France the flag of triumph is waving—in every house and every window is the light of joy. The poorest chamber of the poorest cabin in the Faubourgs bespeaks the rapture of its possessor, and beams with as glad, if not with as bright, a flame as the princely hôtels of Paris.

That people, the readiest in the world to be delighted, are in one of those paroxysms which are not unfrequent with them. This is the birth-day of Young Napoleon, to whom the largest empire that modern Europe has beheld is to be left as an inheritance. Let us now approach his death-bed!

Yes; the son of Napoleon is dead: and a few obscure articles in the newspapers have acquainted Europe with the death of him, whose birth was announced to her by one simultaneous roar of French artillery from the frontiers of Russia to the bay of Cadiz. Certes, of late years the play of events has been fortunate for politicians. It is something marvellous to perceive the strange fortuity with which many illustrious persons have passed from the stage of public affairs, at the very moment when their existence ceased to be profitable, or might be considered dangerous. Napoleon himself died at St. Helena, when the revolutionary spirit of Europe seemed once more to menace the throne of the Bour-

bons. Queen Caroline of England killed herself by a dose of magnesia at a time when a monarch's peace of mind depended upon her almost miraculous constipation. The Grand Duke Constantine was cut off by the cholera when his extraordinary sympathy for the Poles was anything but convenient to his imperial brother. General Diebitsch, too, was taken suddenly ill, and expired in a few hours, when, while it was difficult to remove him from his command, it was necessary to give him a successor. And now, the son of Napoleon has just ceased to live, fallen the victim to a malady which began to declare itself at the same time as the troubles in Italy. Who can murmur at the decrees of Providence, or require clearer illustrations of Mr. Pope's philosophy?

Notwithstanding the constitutional spirit which has of late years manifested itself in France, considerable affection was still felt there for the young Bonaparte, as well on account of the splendid recollections of a military empire, which it will take many years of a peace as glorious to efface, as from the feeling, still deeper and more intense, that a certain sympathy existed between the fate of this interesting prince, and the fate of France itself;—a recollection that the same cloud had darkened over both; that the foes of the one had been the enemies of the other; that the same hands which hurled the King of Rome from his throne stripped France of her laurel.

Napoleon François Charles Joseph was born at Paris, the 20th of March, 1811. He had passed the age of twenty-one, by four months, when he died.

It is impossible to have seen his light and elegant form, his intelligent and melancholy face, without being touched by his fate. In that pale and pensive countenance might be read the history of his youth. His solitary musings upon the dim recollections of the past, his half magnificent, half melancholy dreams of an uncertain future, over which—to darken or illuminate—hung as a mighty talisman, the name of his father. A king without a throne, an Orphan even when in possession of both parents;—the one chained to a rock in the midst of the vast sea, in order that the world might be in safety,—the other revenging the former humiliation of her ancient house, by soiling in the dirt of vulgar amours the title she had received from the conqueror of Austerlitz and Marengo. On either side to which he looked there was a terrible glory or a great disgrace. No marvel that his boyhood was much given to lonesome vigils and melancholy thoughts.

Under what splendid auspices did the career of this child commence! Sprung alike from the most august house of antique memory, and the most remarkable genius of modern times—uniting all that was most venerable in the olden day, with all that was most glorious in the present—containing in his veins the blood of two Cæsars, the fountain of two epochs—he stood the representative of a race, whose head seemed lifted as high into the Future, as its root was buried deep in the Past. The moment of his birth appeared the fortunate crisis of his father's power. Bonaparte had just bound the imperial diadem to his head by new laurels; nothing was wanting to his glory—and a son made his happiness complete. The scandal of the imperial court, which spared no relationship, not only gave his favourite sister Pauline to Napoleon, but also Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, whom he had married to his brother Louis. It was to hide the fruits of this connexion, said the world, that Bonaparte made the marriage; and his love for his brother's

supposed son, and that brother's aversion to his wife, sustained and strengthened the report. Whatever was the truth, after the death of the boy, whose parent he was supposed to be, Napoleon immediately formed the resolution of procuring a divorce. It was then that he began to ridicule the saying of Alexander, which he had formerly affected to repeat, and seemed to consider that he should have done everything for France, when he had subjected her to a fourth dynasty. It is impossible to read the various memoirs of this time, without being deeply affected by the fate of the amiable and interesting Josephine. Where can we find a better specimen of an accomplished French woman, or of what a French woman would call a devoted wife? Remarkable for the most winning grace of manners, the most exquisite taste, the nicest perception of those trifling and artificial parts of human nature which teaches the word that will please the courtier—the gesture that will captivate the mob—of a disposition indolent but kind; if not always nice in her choice of those she tried to serve, never willing to inflict an injury—saying or doing everything too with that air which the French so beautifully call *attachant*; there is but one picture drawn of her by all her contemporaries, and even jealousy seems to have spared the better days of a person whose end was so unfortunate.

She was not, we must confess, punctiliously faithful to the bed or person of Bonaparte; the conqueror of Italy, according to the Duchess D'Abrantes, seems, in this respect, to have been but sorrowfully treated. But Josephine was a French lady of fashion, such as the licentious reign of the Directory had produced. If she placed unseemly decorations on her husband's brows, she worked, with the most affectionate gaiety, carpets\* for his feet; she attended to his minutest comforts with the utmost zeal; she felt in his fame and fortunes the most enthusiastic interest, and in this respect, better than our English ladies of the same class—if she formed a caprice or two for a gentle cuirassier, she gave her husband the full swing of the *coulisses*. But Josephine was to be divorced. All Bonaparte's faults may be concentrated into this act, by which he was at once separated from the system he had formed, and the career he had traversed; and transformed from the daring adventurer who had taken the lead in a new order of things, into one of those *vieilles pèruques* which, up to that hour, had been the victim of his arms and the object of his ridicule. No fault is so absurd in a public man as that of confusing the nature of his position. His policy is simple as long as the situation in which he stands is so. As long as he is the decided enemy of one party, the decided friend of another, he never has any occasion to halt or to hesitate. He knows those from whom he must expect enmity, and those to whom he may naturally look for assistance. But the instant he complicates his relations, every action and consideration becomes uncertain. He has something to hope, something to fear, in every course he may adopt, and doubts, as to the manner in which he may be most certain to succeed, prevent that concentration of purpose which is so essential to success. Bonaparte was the child of new thoughts and new feelings, to which his genius had given a gigantic force, and of which he stood as the representative, before alarmed and astonished Europe. He had turned a republic, it is true, into a military empire; and round his throne stood a

\* See the Duchess D'Abrantes' Memoirs.

new aristocracy. But still he had hitherto ruled as an elder brother over a nation of soldiers ; and the titles he had given were so many orders of merit distributed to the most deserving of the people. He was not the Master, but the Organ, of public opinion ; and through him, as through a trumpet, spoke the warlike genius of the French.

To those who possessed the ancient thrones, the wasted prerogatives and worn out genealogies of antique Europe, he was naturally opposed. They could not make peace with him without making peace with a principle at war with their own existence. As long as he saw this, his course was plain. His enemies were before him, and it was only in the sympathies that he could enlist against them, that he could hope to find allies. As the foe of the legitimate monarchs, he was ten thousand times greater than they ; but there was not a petty prince in Germany, whom he did not sink beneath, when he became a suitor for their alliance. The *prestige* which made him superior to other men was gone : even those around him felt their consequence diminished, and all the new names, and glories of France sunk into comparative insignificance, when it appeared that even Napoleon himself had coupled it with the antique blood of the enemy he had subdued ; and seemed to doubt the reality of his dignity, and to deem that his diadem could not be truly royal, until it was placed on the legitimate brows of a daughter of some ancient dynasty. The refusal of his alliance in Russia was an almost certain presage of his subsequent defeat there, and the miserable policy with which he afterwards preferred consulting the interest of his Austrian father-in-law, to conferring liberty on Poland, betrayed all the errors he fell into from the falsity of his position. But still everything was outwardly fair, and there were not wanting those at St. Cloud, who thought the star of the great Captain was never so high in the ascendant, as when he led to his throne of yesterday, Marie Louise, the illustrious daughter of the House of Hapsburg.

The marriage, in its civil form, was celebrated on the 1st of April, 1810, being on the following day confirmed and consecrated by the religious ceremony which took place in the great gallery of the Louvre.

One of the most ridiculous charlatanisms of Bonaparte, and one in which, singular to say, he was particularly successful, was a pretension to control the weather, so that whenever his cannon announced that the Emperor was taking a ride, there was hardly a person in the whole population of Paris, who, whatever clouds were threatening, would not venture out in the Emperor's direction, without the protection of cloak or umbrella.

So on these two days of his marriage it was mysteriously observed that on the Sunday when the Emperor was at St. Cloud, not a drop of rain fell there, though the streets of Paris were under a perfect deluge, while on the Monday, when the Emperor came to Paris, the clouds were so obliging as to wheel to the right about, and discharge their torrents on St. Cloud. Owing to this gracious manœuvre, the sun was enabled to shine in full splendour on the procession, and the fireworks had a clear sky at night to exhibit themselves in. "*L'étoile de l'Empereur*," said the good Parisians, in the prevailing jargon, "*a deux fois prévalu contre les vents de l'équinoxe*." Many and anxious must have been the thoughts of Bonaparte during the time, in which the result of his experiment to obtain a family was yet unknown. He had sacrificed his

most ancient habits and his dearest friend to a hope, the result of which depended on the wisdom of his doctors, and the puerperal chances of wedlock.

For some time he is described as *rêveur* and *mélancolique*; at length the Empress was sick, and the court received the symptoms as a general signal for rejoicing.

It was on the 19th of March, at seven o'clock in the evening, that Marie Louise felt the first pains of childbirth. Her sufferings were great; for some time her life was in danger; and she thus had the opportunity of displaying that vulgarity of soul by which she has since been distinguished. There was a doubt whether it would be possible to save herself and offspring. Some queens in her situation would only have thought of being parent to a long race of illustrious kings;—most mothers would too willingly have sacrificed themselves for the sake of their child. Maria Louise, however, had a very unsentimental regard for Maria Louise, and when she thought poor M. Dubois hesitated as to the course he should pursue—"Parce que Je suis impératrice faut-il donc *me sacrifier*!" exclaimed this heroic Princess. Bonaparte, with that exquisite tact which he frequently displayed on similar occasions, made a point of sinking the ambitious father in the affectionate husband, and it was only after he had comforted and caressed his wife, that he allowed himself to hear the cry, which must have contented and caused so many emotions,—the cry of his child. It was then that he might be seen in one of those accessions of natural joy, in which he forgot the emperor in the man, and pulled noses and ears, according to his biographers, after a fashion the most engaging.

Now he was at the couch of his wife, now at the cradle of his boy, and never did his prosperity seem so complete as at the moment from which it commenced to decline.

From this time the babe seems to have drawn a veil over the eyes of the great man. His own origin, a position the constant recollection of which was so necessary to the maintenance of his power, seems to have been absolutely and miraculously forgotten. Instead of the severe but frank and friendly soldier, he became the bourgeois Emperor, and surrounded himself with all the antiquated *niaiserie*s of a Bourbon court. One sickens with the disgusting vulgarity with which he sought to fill his palace with a depraved but proud nobility, who despised him; at his respect for the dames du château and those who had, under the old régime, engrossed the privilege of riding in the royal coaches. But of his many follies, the most pitiable and contemptible was that of wishing to engage for his son the nurse of the Duchess d'Angoulême, in order that she might instruct the *parvenu* ladies of St. Cloud in all the courtly mysteries of Versailles. The lady had sufficient spirit to refuse the place, and the would-be Cæsar had sufficient sense not to be offended by it. Is it not marvellous to find that the same man, who said at St. Helena, that the first sovereign who put himself at the head of the people would be the conqueror of the world, should have so lost sight of his philosophy in action, as to have forgotten that the man who had risen from the people, could not class himself with the kings they had combated, without foredooming his fall? When the *bon mot* uttered at the Concordat became afterwards a truth, the charm of Napoleon's destiny was gone. The nation might look on in silence at what was

passing before their eyes, they might even, for a time, insensibly submit to it. But every respect that was exacted to the royalty of yesterday was more powerful than the strongest appeal that could be directly made in face of the royalty of ages. Bonaparte, for the last four years of his reign, pleaded the cause of the Bourbons; the people of a better day were not likely to feel long enthusiastic for the past in masquerade; for a court which contained all the presumption exercised by high rank, without the respect due to historical recollections; of a court which had the pomp of that of Louis XIV. without its dignity; the licentiousness of that of Louis XV. without its grace.

Napoleon deceived himself when he imagined that he could inspire respect for the representation of that which had ceased to be respected in its reality; and even could he have got better performers for his *chambellans* and his *grands écuyers*, there were many to feel, like General Delmas, that in order to make the picture of old times complete, there would still be wanting the millions of men who had shed their blood for the downfall of that which he weakly prided himself on re-constructing.

To those who are anxious to know the interest that the Empress took in her child, we may observe,—

"That every morning, about nine o'clock, the King of Rome was carried to his mother, who took him in her arms, caressed him for two or three minutes, then returned him to his nurse, and gave her attention to the newspapers, which she always took peculiar pleasure in reading. The child, becoming ennuyé, and anxious for the breast, was carried off by the nurse. At four o'clock it was the Empress's turn to visit her son. She then descended into the apartment of the young king, carrying with her a little work of embroidery, at which she worked '*avec distraction*.' In about twenty minutes she was informed of the arrival of one of her masters, of drawing or music, and she mounted again to her own apartments."

A rare picture, this, of royal life! The Prince was less fortunate in his mother than his governess, Madame de Montesquieu, who proved her fitness for the charge she had exercised over the King of Rome by following the discontented exile to Vienna. There are many little anecdotes told of the young King's infancy, which show an affectionate and engaging disposition; nor does he seem to have been deficient in that firmness of character, which his father considered the only quality necessary to good fortune.

He was always passionately attached to "the Emperor," a title to which he was taught to pay great deference and respect; and on going to visit him, he would run before his governess, without whom, however, he was not permitted to enter Napoleon's cabinet.

"Ouvrez moi," said he one day to the officer on service, arriving, as usual, before Madame de Montesquieu. But the officer would not obey. "Mais je suis le petit Roi," said the child; still the officer was inexorable, until his governess arrived, when he repeated, indignantly, "Ouvrez, le petit Roi le veut." But the little King's fortunes were soon to undergo a change: and when on his road to Vienna, "Ah!" said he, crying, "je vois que je ne suis plus le petit Roi—que je n'ai plus de pages."

Of the events of the hundred days, inclosed within the walls of Schönbrunn, it appears that neither the ex-Empress nor her son was acquainted. Nor, in spite of Bonaparte's continued efforts to obtain his wife and child,



did they learn—until every hope was gone—how near the steps of the imperial throne had been once again to them. Shortly after this Marie Louise departed for her government of Parma, and young Napoleon was removed from the care of Madame de Montesquieu and put under that of Colonel Maurice de Dietrichstein, to whom, except as an Austrian, there could be no objection. Little more is known of his youth, which was passed under the surveillance of the court of Vienna.

The curious travellers, who eagerly inquired after the son of the great man, returned with divers stories. Some related that he was ambitious and talented, some that he was idiotic and priest-ridden. A certain difficulty, as might be expected, was made in respect to those who were introduced to him; and if the tale of Monsieur Barthélémy is true, every pains was taken to prevent his forming any opinions of his own. “*Ecoutez, Monsieur!*” said the grand master to the author, who was anxious to present his work, “*Ecoutez, Monsieur! soyez bien persuadé que le Prince ne voit, ne lit, n’entend que ce que nous voulons qu’il voie, qu’il lie, qu’il entende.*” If such were really the policy observed, here is a new instance to be added to the many recounted in the “*Arabian Nights*,” of the utter impossibility of keeping the deepest retirement free from the thoughts that are forbidden.

During the latter years of his life, young Napoleon was well acquainted with his father’s fame and fate, and felt a deep and enthusiastic reverence for his memory; nor was he, according to the best accounts, without some ideas of proving himself worthy of the race from which he sprung. The revolution in France finding him in this disposition, produced an effect upon his mind which could hardly have been pleasing to the cabinet of Paris or Vienna. From that time he appears to have considered that a destiny becoming his origin might yet be open to him: from that time, until overpowered by illness, he gave himself up devotedly to his military exercises; and his voice, already waxing feeble, was perpetually strained to its highest pitch in giving the word of command. He kept up, since the late troubles in the Roman states, a secret correspondence with his cousin, the son of Hortense; and, in short, whatever might have been the issue, appears, at the time of his death, to have been meditating some great design. The crowned king *du peuple-roi*, he had a rank which would have awakened and united the sympathies of Italy; and, at a moment when the conflict may hourly be expected between the sovereign and the people, what a name and what a title was his to be signed to a declaration of war against the Holy Alliance of Misrule! Warned by the fate of his father, he might have forgotten the Emperor to copy the First Consul—and every spot on that sword, which was his only inheritance, have been obliterated by the blessings of mankind.

His death was for some time foreseen and a little book, of which we have already availed ourselves, gives the following letter, written a short time previous to its taking place:—

“*Appropos of Napoleon, his unhappy son is decidedly dying. Malfati, his doctor, who, at one time, gave me hopes, now says there is none. The Duke de Reichstadt is attacked by a pulmonary complaint, to which he is slowly falling a victim. The poor young Prince said the other day—‘So young, and is there no remedy?’ My birth and death—these are all, then, that will be remembered of me!’* \* \* \*

"He is pitied, and will be regretted; he is good, affectionate, and *spirituel*, and with a charming expression of countenance. The sacrament was to be administered to him this morning."

It was the 22d of July, 1832, at the Chateau of Schönbrunn—in that chateau—aye, and in that very room,—from which his father, then at the topmost pinnacle of his reputation and his power, launched his famous decrees,—in that very palace, and in that very chamber, in which was signed the treaty which settled the marriage of Marie Louise,—the son of the great man—the idol of Napoleon's heart and hopes—lay, in the bloom of his life and the dawn of his fortunes, without a chance of cure; waiting, with gasping respiration, for the agony that was to be—his last. A hard and cruel destiny was his! Many hopes were crushed by his death in a wide world, and many tears were shed for him in the society where he was known: he had remarkable beauty, fine talents, a high and noble character, and a name that had been a marvel, and seemed, in the indecision of his fate, a mystery: few in the dawn of life ever collected so many sympathies around them. Reserved in his manner, melancholy and thoughtful in his air, his appearance maintained the interest which his situation so powerfully excited. Imagination will long dwell on what might have been his career, and the writer of these pages hopes to have excited some few melancholy feelings at its being so prematurely closed.

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EMBLEMS.

Words should be borne in music to thine ear  
If my deep wishes could be realized;  
Thy sky of Being should be bright and clear  
As the rich diamonds by dull misers prized:  
And if unto that sky a cloud should come,  
It should be filled with Summer's gorgeous hues,  
Or morning gleams, that chase the dim night's gloom,  
And o'er the earth their air-borne joy diffuse:—  
Eternal verdure in thy path should be:—  
Spring-winds should whisper in thy hair;—and birds  
Should cheer thee with their perfect melody,  
And Love be nigh thee with his low-breathed words,—  
Dear as a land-view from the calm blue sea,  
Where sapphire waves melt on the golden sand—  
Where the Spice Islands wave to breezes free,  
As oceanward their viewless wings expand—  
Fair Girl!—all emblems fail, when I would wish for thee!

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.

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## OUR ANECDOTAGE.\*

(Now first published from Manuscripts.)

## XVIII.

A REMARKABLE political character was the Rev. Henry Etough, the "Tophet" of Gray, that severest of literary caricatures. Originally a Dissenter, and never forsaking his first principles, except in being ordained a clergyman of the Established Church, and accepting a rich living, he was an electioneering creature of Sir Robert Walpole, and a very offensive personage to "frighted prelates, who called him friend!" His Whiggism was of the warmest; a keen hunter after secret history; and his incessant curiosity concerning political intrigues and characters acted on him like a mania. Having, on a delicate occasion, done a personal service to Sir Robert, his patron, with an effusion of gratitude rarely indulged in by a wary statesman, promised to grant Etough whatever he would ask, imagining it would be some valuable church preferment. Etough only desired that the Minister would communicate to him a certain political secret which had long perplexed his curiosity. The favour was conceded, and was valued by Etough at the price of a bishoprick.

The manuscript correspondence of Etough includes many singular inquiries, and occasionally some curious facts. We shall note some.

"Mr. Walpole told me an anecdote relating to Sir Edward Seymour's being taken into the Treasury. Seymour was supposed to be concerned in plots then carrying on. King William gave him his choice of taking his trial, or coming into the Treasury, and he wisely chose the latter."

It was an extraordinary juncture of political affairs which happened on the retirement of one sovereign and the assumption of the other; it distracted the divided parties, many of whom were in close correspondence with their opponents. Sir Edward Seymour, Cunningham tells us in his History of Great Britain, would have been a very great man if his probity or candour had been equal to his talents. Sir Edward's political position reminds one of the scene in the *Marriage Forcé* of Molière, where Alcidas gives Sganarelle the alternative of cutting his throat or marrying his sister.

Our Dissenting Whig gives a curious fact, which, I imagine, occurred in 1715:—"The High Church had a clause to oblige all sorts of *place-men* and *officers* to own the inspiration of the Scriptures and the Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity. Addison, Old Rudge, and many orthodox *Whigs*, in this voted with High Church." The clause, notwithstanding, was thrown out. Since that day how many similar forced tests have been withdrawn or abrogated!

Etough has given us some curious information on historical memoirs. "There have been many wicked castrations of what we have; and total suppression of others. Lord Orford, Oct. 23, 1731, told me that he well knew many material passages were struck out of *Burnet's History*. The first Earl of Anglesey composed in several volumes a History of the Irish Rebellion, of what was previous to it, and of all its consequences.

His sons and grandsons becoming bigoted Tories, the work has been destroyed. The Anglesey family have ever been Tories. The old Earl, after the Restoration, went all the wicked lengths of the Court, and became thus engaged by many selfish and ambitious motives. Notwithstanding that he hated the Stuarts and all their designs, how greatly qualified he was for such a work, beyond all those of his age, is well known." The first Earl of Anglesey was the editor of the first edition of "Whitelocke's Memorials, and, by omissions and alterations, took great liberties with the text."

On "Haynes's State Papers," Etough has recorded an anecdote honourable to Lord Salisbury, from whose manuscripts at Hatfield his collection was drawn. "I have been assured that Haynes told Lord Salisbury that if he should go on publishing, and do it with impartiality, several things would appear highly prejudicial to the character of the founder of the family; on which, with expressions of good sense and probity, his Lordship enjoined him not to suppress a tittle."

On this subject there is a copious article, entitled "Of Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts," in the second Series of "Curiosities of Literature," vol. i. p. 132. The Earl of Anglesey, above-mentioned, appears, by Anthony A'Wood, vol. iv. p. 16, to have written a "Diary" of his own, which, valuable as it must have been, was remorselessly suppressed.

## XIX.

The following piece of secret history informs us of the manner by which Sir Robert Walpole, at a most critical moment, came into favour with the King (George II.) :—

Sir Robert Walpole was, in the time of George I., Prime Minister in his Court, and very much detested by the then Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.) On the death of the King, he was, at the first Court that George II. had at Leicester House, as much disregarded as was possible; but, by the following method, was in less than ten days respected and homaged by the whole Court. Lord Wilmington (Sir Stephen Compton), Speaker of the House of Commons, and favourite of the King when Prince of Wales, had a private conference with the Dowager\* Queen Caroline with regard to her jointure. Lord Wilmington told her Majesty that he hoped to be able to obtain her fifty or sixty thousand per annum. Sir Robert Walpole, who had his advices very accurate of everything that happened then in private,\* being informed of this, on the Queen's being willing to know from the other party what they thought she ought to have, applied to Sir Robert, who, after telling her Majesty that her jointure ought to be unlimited with respect to her merit, as she had sacrificed being Empress on account of her religion (for she had refused being married to the Emperor); but that as the nation had been involved in many wars, she could not *exiger* more than one hundred thousand pounds, which so effectually did his business, that in a few days he was at the head of the Administration.—(Told by Mr. Henley.)

Coxe has alluded to this anecdote in his "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole." He does not deny the fact; but, in honour of his hero, will

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\* See in MS. It seems an inexplicable blunder to have called Caroline, the Queen of George II., *Dowager*, as her royal consort survived her Majesty.

not allow that the Queen had been *only* actuated by "motives of sordid interest." A number of circumstances, he adds, combined to influence her in favour of Sir Robert Walpole.

## XX.

The late Harry Erskine was a great humorist and wit. Having gained a cause for a coal company, they invited him to a dinner on the occasion, and being asked for a toast, he addressed them in a style of surprising familiarity:—"Sink your pits, blast your mines, and dam your rivers!" This was the wit who inscribed his tea-chest with two words in Latin, *Tu doces!*

## XXI.

On the Presbyterian Calamy, and the Independent Neale, the historians of two parties in our modern church history, Etough has dealt his impartial blows. "The madness of the Kirk is intolerable; Calamy shows equal folly among the Dissenters. Considering the Church's wrath and oppression after James II.'s accession, they excuse their manner of accepting the *Toleration*, and boast of their not expelling their prosecutors when pressed and incited." This Act of Toleration of the bigoted James II. was a political artifice to rid himself of the Church of England; for liberal as the spirit seems, it was granted to the Dissenters, that it might include the Romanists, which was the real but not the ostensible motive. The Rev. Henry Etough, who was a fervent Whig, and as fervent in his love of historical documents, and who, as we have just seen, indignantly reprobated their castrations and suppressions, yet was such a partisan, that he could not endure to witness his favourite Rushworth confronted with the Royalist Nalson. It is well known that Nalson had formed a collection of State Papers, similar to that of Rushworth, but bearing on his side of the question. Two volumes only have been published, the author not having lived to conclude his work. On this, Etough writes to his literary correspondent: "Mr. Yorke's money was surely mispent in purchasing such a cargo of rubbish as Nalson's papers; and your time is worse spent if thrown away in their perusal." In this spirit has our modern history been composed,—to feed the passions of a party. Each one referring for his authorities to those who have written with his views, and on his side, and depreciating or concealing those of the opposite party. This mode of writing history, indeed, to use Etough's own language, consists of "wicked castrations and total suppressions." We have hardly yet entered into the true philosophy of history.

## XXII.

The precious nature of historical manuscripts, and the high value in which they were estimated, appears by a fact which deserves to be recorded. When Strype borrowed a manuscript volume of Sir Robert Cotton he always gave a bond of one hundred pounds as a pledge for its safe return, and when he had two volumes the bond was doubled. Several of these bonds exist after Strype had torn off his name.

## XXIII.

In the "Sloane Collection," in the British Museum, Art. 4855, is a box containing "Donations." In it is a manuscript book of "Meditations on Theological Topics," written by *the left hand*. The circum-

stance is remarkable from the occasion, which is stated by the late Dr. Glasse: it is the left-hand writing of a gentleman who fought a duel with a friend and killed him. The event so preyed upon his mind as occasionally to produce fits of insanity, and at those moments he would mangle his right hand in such a manner as to render it unserviceable.

## XXIV.

I have read a fair manuscript, entitled "*Voyage d'Italie, 1574.*" It was the Diary of some learned Frenchman; and though it contains but few new particulars respecting Petrarch for us, yet, being written nearly three centuries ago, these are to be valued for their authenticity. The writer was a man of good taste, as his pen and ink drawings of two heads of Petrarch evince him to have been. I shall give the extracts in their original idiom;—they require some observation:—

"Il alla demeurer à Avignon, où il devint amoureux d'une jeune fille nommée *Lauretta* qu'il vit premièrement en l'Eglise de St. Clair, le 6 Avril, 1327, qui fut le Vendredi Saint, étant lors de l'âge de 13 ans, et lui de l'âge de 23 ans. Il continua de l'aimer jusques à sa mort qui fut en l'âge de 34 ans; tellement qu'il l'aima l'espace de 21 ans durant le quel temps ayant escrit plusieurs Sonnets et aultres vers en sa louange soubz le nom de Laura qui revenoit mieux que *Lauretta*, aux allusions qu'il a faites en divers lieux de ses poemes. Il continua encore de l'aimer et écrire en son honneur et mémoire l'espace de dix ans après sa mort."

Our traveller visited the fountain near the church at Arcqua, where he read the inscription cut in stone, which still remains; and from this spot he ascended the hill to the house of Petrarch.

"De ce lieu nous montames encore plus haut sur la montagne où alames voir la maison du dit Petrarque, qui à present appartient à un gentilhomme Venitien. Et la dedans se montre par curiosité, l'anatomie d'un chat, qui est dans un cabinet où Petrarque faisoit son estude, et dict-on que ce chat étoit sien, lequel il aimoit, et en prenoit son plaisir, et le suivoit par les champs ou aultre lieu où il alloit."

The *cat* of Petrarch had certainly an existence; for an ancient Italian poet gravely alludes to Petrarch's divided passion between his Cat and Madonna, and who only differed in the one always following him and the other always avoiding him.

This ancient French traveller, curious as his inquiries, and ingenious as his writing and drawings, prove him to have been, makes no allusion whatever to the much-controverted circumstance in the history of these lovers—of Laura being a *married woman*. This may serve as some sort of testimony against that well-known hypothesis of the *Abbé Sade*, who, for a particular purpose, and as an excuse for writing three heavy quartos, asserted that he was a descendant of the famed Madonna by her marriage with one of his ancestors. The *maiden* Laura is clearly described; but the tale of a romantic or criminal passion would hardly have been forgotten, or omitted, by the writer, who has told that "He loved her to her death." Our feelings have long been outraged at the idea of a respectable mother of eleven children practising every artifice of a finished coquette, or as the French *Abbé* styles it, according to his relaxed morality, "*Une coquetterie innocente.*" And wherefore? To keep alive the passions of a poet whose

celebrity was to be sacrificed to her vanity, and whose happiness was to be duped by the alternate frowns and smiles of an antiquated beauty. Lord Woodhouselee, whom Ugo Foscolo contemptuously calls "a Scotch critic," published an "Historical and Critical Essay," nor was he the only one, to disprove the hypothesis of the Abbé Sade, and to vindicate the immortal lovers. Foscolo, without offering any new facts, or any argument, maintained the prevalent opinion of the modern Italians. I have heard of a book printed at Avignon within these few years, which I have not seen, which satisfactorily proves that there were two Lauras, and that the Laura of Petrarch was of the house of Orange, and was not the Laura of the Abbé Sade. Be this as it may, it is rather curious, that five centuries should have closed over the history of Petrarch and Laura, and our curiosity may yet be excited by some ambiguous phrases, some contradictory incidents, and above all, by the mode of explaining from an ancient manuscript the Latin contraction *plubs*, whether it is to be read *perturbationibus* or *pertubus*; in the one reading of the cause of her death, it will signify that her constitution was broken by *mental inquietude*, and in the other by *child-bearing*!

As for the house of Petrarch, Foscolo ventured to say that "the house has disappeared, but the valley remains!" Poets too often deliver matters-of-fact in a rhetorical way, by which much is said and nothing is meant. A recent traveller (the late Duppa) assures us that "the house still remains without appearing to have undergone any material alterations since Petrarch's time." Duppa accompanied this account with a correct print and a plan of the house: the book-closet in which Petrarch died is marked in it. The drawing was made on the spot. It is similar to the designs which were published by Tomasini, in his "*Petrarcha Redivivus*," printed in 1635. Probably there are some who might be curious to calculate the cost of the repairs of a house five centuries old.

The *chair* and the *closet*, which are likewise engraven by Tomasini, are still in the house. The fountain of Petrarch, protected by a stone arch, is still filled with "the soft waters of the Euganean hills;" a stream of inspiration for those who are inspired! The *tomb* in Arequa is a large granite sarcophagus, reared by the affectionate care of his heir, and mounted on four low pilasters on an elevated base. "And thus," said Lord Byron, "preserved from an association with meaner tombs."

"Here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius."

#### XXV.

The once famous *Senesino*, a castrato singer, having reaped his harvest in our fields, retired to his native Sienna, and built a house and grounds in the English taste, and even furnished the apartments according to English fashion. This might have been considered as a grateful recollection of the country from whence he had derived the means; but there was more whim than gratitude in the retired singer, for he placed this inscription over his door—

"Coglionerie Inglese!"

An Englishman passing through Sienna was provoked at the gracelessness of the old concomb, and in the night-time had painted in letters of gold an addition—

“*A' un uomo senza Coglioni.*”

The following day, Senesino, “as melancholy as a gibbed cat,” felt the reprimand, and effaced both the inscriptions.

#### XXVI.

One of the Yorkes, when at Malvern, in 1761, writing to a literary friend, gives the following anecdote:—“The Bishop of Norwich met with an odd fellow here, who is reputed a deist. This gentlemen thought proper to touch on some point of religion to his lordship, who, not choosing to enter far into the subject with him, said at last, “When I think a man much in the wrong in an opinion I may pity him, but I can never be angry with him for differing from me. I never knew a man change his opinion for being *kicked down stairs.*” “Very true, my lord,” retorted the other;” “but I have known many a man do it for being *kicked up stairs.*”

#### XXVII.

Sir John Pringle, an eminent physician and President of the Royal Society, whose chief works, however, consisted of certain “Discourses” delivered from the chair, bequeathed a legacy of fifty pounds to Dr. Kippis, who was then employed on the “*Biographia Britannica*,” with a view to the letter P. But the doctor turned out a heavy tortoise, who never reached his legator in the alphabet. There seems, however, little doubt that even a frigid biographer like Kippis is susceptible of the warmth of a legacy.

#### XXVIII.

I have read a letter from Lord Hervey, the “Lord Fanny” of Pope, to Count Algarotti: the subject was on our English poets. His Lordship’s indifferent taste, or his little personal feelings, strongly predominated. The name of *Pope* is not alluded to in the letter, but in a postscript his lordship adds, “I have *forgotten* to mention *Pope*, who, when he borrows from others, is tolerable.” Count Algarotti, intending to translate, or to quote, Thomson’s poem to the memory of Newton, seems to have thrown Lord Hervey into an agony; and this contemporary critic writes this account of the genius and estimation of the bard. “As to Mr. Thomson’s poem on Sir Isaac Newton, I beg you would not think of quoting anything from him, for he is an author so little esteemed, or rather so much decried by all people of good taste in this country, that it will not do credit to anybody that cites him as an authority for anything; he is an obscure, bombast, laborious *discur des riens.*” How would *Jamie* have perspired had he been so unfortunate as to have seen the opinion of Lord Hervey! Even *Pope* might have been mortified at finding himself in the *postscript*, having been totally forgotten in the letter. It is perhaps well that authors rarely see the *private opinions* of some of their eminent contemporaries. Time avenges true genius; and when these *private opinions* appear it is usually at a day when they only rebound against the inept critics themselves.

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## THE AMERICANS AND MRS. TROLLOPE.

AMERICA is a phenomenon in the history of nations. She has risen as by magic. What will be her zenith, and when she will attain it, is beyond the power of human sagacity to divine. Hitherto she has advanced without a single retrograde movement. Each year so mightily accelerates her progress, that she must soon overtake, and even distance, the most formidable of her competitors. Oratory exaggerates, and we are often called upon to receive the glowing representations of the popular declaimer with many and serious deductions. But Lafayette's account of his own impressions in his late visit to the United States, in the cause of whose independence, more than forty years before, he had volunteered his life and shed his blood, may be accepted as conclusive evidence, because it is a testimony which derives no colouring from the imagination, and is made by an individual more competent than any other to form an accurate estimate of the real influence of her grand revolution upon the destinies of America. All his speeches delivered to the different public authorities breathe only congratulation and delight. The numerical increase, the prosperity, the industry, the practical liberty, and happiness of the people, their beautiful towns, their various works of art, their numerous canals, their cultivated lands, then flourishing cities redeemed from immense forests, scarcely known before his time, their commercial enterprizes, then literary and scientific institutions,—all in turn excite his admiration and inspire his eloquence. Had they not existed, could he have addressed the Chamber of Representatives at Washington in such terms as these?—"I assure you that I am fully sensible of my good fortune in being permitted, after a long absence, to behold the immense progress which this country has made in the arts of civilization; the admirable means of internal communication which it has established; and the surprising creations of which this city, whose very name is a Palladium, presents an example;—in a word, to witness all the prosperity of the United States, which, while affording to the entire American continent a noble guarantee of the consummation of its independence, spreads throughout the four quarters of the globe the light of a superior political civilization." Or could he have taken leave of the most august assembly America ever convened for the purpose of honouring an individual, in a strain of irony and insult like the following, which it would have been, had the objects of his commendations been no more than the visions of an imaginary Utopia?—"But a still higher gratification awaited me: in the miracles of creation and improvement which everywhere presented themselves to my eye: in the comfort so well appreciated by the people; in the rapid progress of their prosperity; in their security, public as well as private; in their habits of good order, the genuine consequence of liberty; in that national good sense, the sovereign arbiter of all differences;—I beheld, with pride, the result of those republican principles for which we have fought, and the glorious proof, which must carry conviction even to the most timid and prejudiced, of the superiority of popular institutions over the degrading systems of aristocracy and despotism."

The impression of American independence, connected as it is with the astonishing augmentation of its power, is felt throughout the whole civilized world. For a long period, in several of the states of Europe, it excited little less than consternation. The mother country, converting rivalry into hatred, indulged in the most unseemly invectives against the children she had neither nourished nor brought up; and, so recently as the Addington administration, Lord Sidmouth adduced the prosperity of America "as an awful warning to Great Britain, never hereafter to colonize a new country." Even Lord Grey, who outstripped all his compeers in enlightened and liberal views of the principles of domestic policy, could lend the influence of his great name

to favour a publication that was, from beginning to end, a foul libel upon the character of the government and people of the United States. For a long season, the periodicals, and especially the principal reviews, which issued from the British press, kept alive the same baneful spirit.

It is easier to account for this gross injustice towards an empire so like our own, that "it retains the same laws, the same customs, the same religion, and the same language" than to offer an apology for it. It was perhaps natural that those who had for centuries enjoyed the monopoly of the world's commerce, should regard with feelings of jealousy their new and formidable rival in the west; that those who fondly dream of the divinity which hedges round a king, should treat with scorn the sovereign people, whose haughty bearing and proud triumph might well perplex monarchs with fear of change; that aristocrats and nobles should stand amazed as they beheld the pillar of society reared in simple majesty, in utter contempt of their Corinthian capital; and that the clergy of every secular establishment should be horror-struck at the impiety which leaves Christianity without a church, and abandons a spiritual kingdom to its own resources.

But chimeras and prejudices do not last for ever; time that changes all things wears out our enmities; reason gains the ascendancy over passion; we feel and confess our errors; or, if too proud to acknowledge, we silently abandon them. America and Great Britain were rapidly advancing to this conciliatory point; a kinder spirit breathed through the literature of both hemispheres. Burke had said half a century ago—"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people; I cannot insult and ridicule the feelings of millions of my fellow-creatures." This humane and generous sentiment, so long forgotten, was beginning to operate, and its pleasing results were visible on many a page, when Captain Hall, tired of a peace establishment, resolved to recommence hostilities. His camp was followed by *Mrs. Trollope*, as a thing of course;\* one has reaped laurels, and the other has brought home spoils. "*Verily, they have their reward.*" We may, however, venture to predict, that, in the main object which these writers have proposed to themselves, by their rancorous abuse of a form of government which justly commands the enthusiastic attachment of twelve millions of people, they will utterly fail. The spirit of political regeneration is abroad; and the nations of Europe will not much longer tolerate monarchical, republican, or any other despotism by which their liberties are sacrificed. They are not so senseless as to imagine that the measure of freedom necessary to secure their civil rights and immunities as citizens, belongs to any form of government, but to just laws, and a constitution which will give them a legislative voice in the disposal of their property and the administration of affairs. Be it monarchy, be it democracy, it must invest them with that degree of political power which will raise them from the degradation of slaves, and give them equal laws and equal rights. If this be not granted, it will be seized. The decree has gone forth, that the many shall no longer exist, and toil, and suffer, and die, for the exclusive advantage of the few; and no ridicule of America, through the person of her President, no abuse heaped upon her legislative assemblies, her judges and her civil courts, her churches and her sects, or the manners of her people, will turn away the eyes of Europe from the example of her mild and glorious revolution, which has made her free, prosperous, and happy. The conservatives, we understand, are infinitely delighted with *Mrs. Trollope*; she seems to have dropped from heaven as a god-send in their time of need; she tells them that she was converted from her seditious views and ten-

\* We have no means of ascertaining, with certainty, whether this lady be a descendant of the famous *Mrs. Trollope*, who had the honour of giving birth to the still more famous Count Fathom, and whose exploits as the most feminine, gentle, and irreproachable of Suttlers, are immortalized in the *Memoirs of her illustrious son*.

dencies by her visit to America; and that nothing makes so good a Tory as a *soidisant* Radical. Captain Hall has propitiated them after the same fashion. He learnt to say his Whig catechism backwards in the school of transatlantic republicanism, and he too is a rabid ultra. What a pity that the combined efforts of the faction, with these redoubtable champions at its head, were not able to arrest the Reform Bill in its progress, and to confine it to Old Sarum and Gatton their vested rights; that they were not still allowed to say to Corruption—"Thou art my father!" Mrs. Trollope furnishes a key to the principal design of her work in the preface. "It is," she informs us, "to exhibit the influence which the great experiment now making in government on the other side of the Atlantic has produced on the principles, tastes, and manners of its domestic life. She leaves," she tells us, "to abler pens the more ambitious task of commenting on the democratic form of the American government; while, by describing faithfully the daily aspects of ordinary life, she has endeavoured to show how greatly the advantage is on the side of those who are governed by the few instead of the many. The chief object she has had in view is to encourage her countrymen to hold fast by a constitution that ensures all the blessings which flow from established habits and solid principles. If they forego these, they will incur the fearful risk of breaking up their repose by introducing the jarring tumult and universal degradation which invariably follow the wild scheme of placing all the power of the state in the hands of the populace."

We need not point out the discrepancy between the two statements which these sentences involve. We shrewdly suspect that both the work itself, and the preface, were got up at home for a purpose which did not occur to the author when she was writing her memoranda in the United States. We should like to peruse her manuscript in its original form; it would, we have no doubt, supply a curious commentary on her political conversion. The idea of attacking the government of America through the medium of its domestic manners, we are persuaded was an afterthought which, having resolved upon, for reasons which she has not condescended to explain, she deemed it expedient at least to assume the feminine grace of modesty by professing to leave to abler pens the ambitious task which she had in fact imposed upon herself. What, we may ask, is her whole work but a running commentary on the democratical form of the American government? When she professes to trace its influence in producing the principles, domestic manners, and tastes of the people, what is this but deciding the question of its merits as compared with the governments of Europe? And has she not, in so many words, declared that the advantage is greatly on the side of those who are governed by the few instead of the many; and that it is "a wild scheme to place the power of the state in the hands of the populace?" Of Mrs. Trollope's utter incompetency to treat on any form of government, or to understand its operation in retarding and promoting the civilization and happiness of mankind, the volumes before us afford ample testimony; she is as ignorant of the constitution of her own country as she is of that of the United States, and defends Monarchy with as ill a grace as she condemns Republicanism. According to Mrs. Trollope, where there is a king and a church, there is a heaven upon earth: where these are wanting, however well the government is adapted to the people, and however pure their religion, all is "jarring tumult and universal degradation." Her doctrine amounts to this,—that government conducted by the few, that is, Monarchy, produces a sound and healthy condition of morals and religion, with refinement of manners and delicacy of taste; and that government carried on by the many, that is, a Republic, has a directly opposite tendency, and leads to results the very reverse. These are rather bold positions, but Mrs. Trollope thinks them sufficiently sustained by a reference to the domestic manners of America and Great Britain. We fear, however, that could the question be brought to this issue, and sufficient evidence adduced on both sides by competent witnesses, the conclusions would not be quite so favourable to Mrs.

Trollope's hypothesis as she imagines; but to this issue the question cannot be brought. Over manners and tastes, as has been abundantly shown by the experience of all ages and countries, governments exercise little if any control. Manners and tastes are conventional—their improvement is produced by wealth, and the leisure and luxury which follow in its train.

¶ The influence of governments on the principles and moral habits of a nation is indeed immense, and the difference between despotic and popular governments, in this respect, is just the difference between a nation of ignorant and besotted slaves and a nation of enlightened and virtuous citizens. Just in proportion as nations can bear free institutions, they give evidence of the superiority of their intellectual and moral condition. America, at the time of her revolution, was, in some respects, in advance of all the nations of Europe. The intellectual vigour and moral habits of her people at that period were of a far higher tone than even those of the mother country. It is true they were not, in the European sense of the terms, either scientific, literary, or refined, but the characters of the first settlers were impressed upon their posterity. It was in the year 1765 that John Adams thus addressed them:—"Let us read and recollect, and impress upon our souls the views and acts of our own more immediate forefathers in exchanging their native country for a dreary inhospitable wilderness. Let us examine into the nature of that power, and the cruelty of that oppression which drove them from their homes. Recollect their amazing fortitude, their bitter sufferings, the hunger, the nakedness, the cold which they patiently endured! The severe labours of clearing their grounds, building their houses, raising their provisions amidst dangers from wild beasts and savage men, before they had time, or money, or materials for commerce! Recollect the civil and religious principles, and hopes and expectations which constantly supported and carried them through all hardships, with patience and resignation."

The descendants of such men, imbued with their spirit, and surrounding themselves with institutions in accordance with their principles, were prepared for freedom, and for that degree of it which, in any other country, would have opened the flood-gates of licentiousness, but which laid for them broad and deep the foundation of national greatness; and although this fact has been long rendered too obvious and palpable to be disputed with the least shadow of reason, Mrs. Trollope has drawn up her "Bill of Indictment against the whole people," chiefly with a view of depreciating that government, which, not only themselves, but all mankind, acknowledge has conferred upon them unexampled prosperity.

She tells us, indeed, that she holds herself responsible for no more than she has seen, and that what she has described may be *local* only. We imagine she must have put in this caveat for the purpose of shewing how adroitly she could elude its force, through all the other pages of the work. Is there any such qualification in the title-page, in the preface, and in the thousand instances of comprehensive generalization, which point not merely at the individuals of a particular district, but at "the Americans,"—the people of all the twenty-four states,—the subjects of the federal government. The spirit of this writer is that of rancorous hatred against twelve millions of people, and their political institutions;—a hatred as unnatural as it is unprovoked; a cold malignity which chills the heart, and which renders it insensible to all emotions of a humane and generous sympathy. She does not write in a passion; this might be endured, as we might then charitably hope that she was labouring under the sense of some real or imaginary wrong; but her tone and manner indicate perfect coolness. So subtle is her enmity, that it mildews every sentence; her commendations imply censure; when she smiles she calumniates, and in her pleasantry she inflicts a wound. Even the compliments she passes on the few who shewed her kindness, expose them to the reproaches of their countrymen, and they cannot accept her gratitude, but at the expense of their patriotism.

Mrs. Trollope makes great pretensions to superior delicacy and refinement, but the texture of her mind is essentially gross. There are stories in her book which offend modesty, and in her spite against prudery she indulges in something far less to be endured.

On the score of manners, simply, as they regard the *politesse* of the social circle, and add a grace to the daily intercourse of life, the Americans may be all that Mrs. Trollope describes. But these may be traced to the operation of causes totally distinct from any influence which flows from their political institutions. America, be it remembered, is yet in her infancy. Refinement of manners is never the characteristic of new states, and it does not always advance with their age. In those countries where the greatest elegance prevails, there is generally to be found a disgusting contrast in the *canaille*, and the classes which are raised a little above them, and which form the immense majority of the population. This is as true under monarchical as under republican forms of government. In England, when monarchy was in its high and palmy state, and kinglycraft had reached the very acme of perfection, the manners of the Court and of the aristocracy were such as would have thrown a modern exclusive or exquisite into convulsions; the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh would have been pronounced a bore in our present circles of fashion, and a princely table, where forks were excluded, would have been an intolerable nuisance to the Mrs. Trollopes of the nineteenth century.

The British colonists in America, before the revolution, were from necessity a race of industrious cultivators of the soil; knowledge they had of the mechanical and useful arts, and piety such as they derived from their ancestors;—ascetic indeed, but warm and elevated; their morals were severe, and their love of liberty not merely a principle, but a burning and inextinguishable passion. They had neither wealth, luxury, nor leisure; they lived by the sweat of their brow, and left the hard inheritance to their children. With the virtues, they had a certain leaven of the vices, inseparable from such a state of society; living in wildernesses or on the margins of their mighty rivers, or by the sea-shore, they had little intercourse, and, therefore, no refinement. At length, rising to commercial importance, their population rapidly increased. Then dawned upon them the sun of Liberty, they achieved their independence, and had to found a constitution for themselves. The great experiment in government commenced; but their manners were unchanged; the same necessity for personal industry continued, and, as their numbers multiplied, they had to build towns and cities, to cut canals, and to root up forests. Not a hand was permitted to be idle. In addition to all this, the cares of legislation devolved upon them; they had to follow their intrepid leaders up the steep ascent of political greatness. Thus their views were enlarged, their minds mured to thought: every one had a stake in the public fence, which he was anxious to uphold. To succeed in life, and to rise to consequence in the state, called forth all their energies, and we see the result. But have then manners remained stationary? Of Washington Mrs. Trollope saw but little, nor does it appear that she was admitted to the best society during her sojourn there; yet did not the capitol awaken her enthusiasm? and are there no proofs of advancement in the arts, those great refiners of social life? At New York are there no indications of improvement? Are not her merchants princes? Mrs. Trollope makes the incredible assertion that in America every class is occupied in getting money, and no class in spending it. What is this but a contradiction in terms? If trade and commerce flourish, if mansions are built and sumptuously furnished, if equipages roll along the streets, if public institutions are maintained, must not money be in perpetual circulation? Is not luxury even now creating a thousand artificial necessities. And what check does the government oppose to this? What is there in its democratic form that will arrest the progress of mind, and the consequent refinement of manners? As soon as the march begins will it not rather accelerate than retard it? Will not senators seek personal distinction?

Will not all who have any share in public business, as soon as they have amassed sufficient wealth, naturally desire to make a figure in the world? Are not men of science and letters rising into consideration in the United States? It is true all these things are in their infancy; but they exist, and does not the dawn assure the perfect day? Useless splendour will, probably, never make its appearance in America. A class of society may never be found there answering to the description of our loungers at Brooks's and White's, and our magnificent club-houses. But is this desirable?—what would they add either to the dignity or the happiness of a nation? It is certain that Mrs. Trollope saw little of America, and knows less. Cincinnati is the gauge from which she takes her measure of the intellect and acquirements of the four-and-twenty states of the Union; and yet, inferior as it must be in point of civilization to most if not all of them, where, in the whole extent of modern Europe, will she find a city of the same age, and under similar circumstances, that can compete with it? Of the American ladies she speaks disparagingly: their great offence in her eyes seems to be that they prefer the church to the theatre, and works of usefulness to the insipid morning calls and the tedious shopping of her fair countrywomen. She has given us a day as passed by a woman of America of the first class, and this she informs us is a specimen of the manner in which their time is usually spent. What would the ladies of America think, had she favoured them with a similar specimen of the daily employments of our fashionable *élegantes* on this side of the Atlantic? It seems too that the coquetry of the fair ones in the United States is not to her taste. Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith are to be sure rather vulgar personages; but if the lady shirt-makers in America are somewhat squeamish, we can assure our readers that Mrs. Trollope is not. She would no doubt be excellent at a flirtation. Her graphic delineation of a visit to the antique statue gallery leaves very little for the imagination to supply.

We have a few observations to make on the manners of the Americans in the more comprehensive acceptation of the term, involving principles which Mrs. Trollope denounces with her accustomed flippancy, and the odium of which she distinctly throws upon their government; these relate to the dissuociating influence produced by the power of the state being placed in the hands of the populace, and the prevalence of a sectarian and irreligious spirit, arising from the want of a church establishment.

All the Americans to a man are politicians, and as the business of the state is an everyday concern, different parties are brought into perpetual collision, which disturbs the harmony of the social circle, and gives a boisterous and almost pugnacious character to its familiar and daily intercourse. We believe that this is a highly exaggerated picture. That the science of government and the working of its machinery should deeply interest a free people, whose prosperity as individuals depends upon the regularity of its operations, is natural; and maintained within its due limits, so as not to suspend or interrupt the important pursuits of life, it is fraught with numerous advantages. It infuses vigour into the constitution, preserves in its proper sphere each power of the state, guards against the encroachments of ambition on the one hand, and the insidious influence of corruption on the other. It also draws forth the capacities of all of whatever rank or station, who are best qualified to serve their country, and gives full scope to the beneficial employment of their talents. The constancy with which the affairs of the nation, and especially the popular elections, are brought to bear upon American intercourse, is a pledge that it will produce no practical violence. It is an atmosphere in which they healthily breathe, and not an occasional eruption from a volcano, which threatens their destruction. The "Edinburgh Review," in an admirable article on this subject, has shrewdly observed, "The insensible perspiration of a perpetual canvass going on throughout the year, appears to have at least the merit of saving them from the crisis of our septennial excesses." Notwithstanding her bold assertions, we demand of Mrs. Trollope the proof that the political excitement of the Ameri-

cans ever produces any mischiefs at all equal to those which frequently accompany the elective franchise in Great Britain. Would it not be well if she were to look at home?

The most outrageous, malicious, and inexcusable portions of these volumes are those which relate to religion. It is difficult to conceive of any real reverence for religion existing in a mind capable of treating even the fanatical extravagances of its misguided followers with heartless levity. On these points, Mrs. Trollope's *facts* are exceedingly suspicious; her *comments* absolutely indecent and revolting. In her zeal for establishments, and consequent hatred of all sectaries, she gives way to a pert, coarse, and puerile style of innuendo and description, which is as inconsistent with delicacy as it is with fairness and candour. But Mrs. Trollope, and those who abet her, may rest assured that the time is gone by when the vulgar abuse of dissenters and sects will be accepted in lieu of argument, evidence, and, especially as it concerns Great Britain, of that *reform* for which public feeling has been long and gradually preparing, and for which it is now waiting in an attitude, and asking in a tone, which cannot be misunderstood.

We advise the zealous advocates of secular hierarchies to abate something of their wonted arrogance. The history of Europe and the state of political churches now in existence have long opened men's eyes on the question of the utility of such institutions. They have uniformly taken the side of tyranny in opposition to the civil liberties of mankind. The clergy of all established churches are ever found ranging themselves as spiritual janissaries around the thrones of absolute power; and America owes its existence to the persecuting spirit of the church of England. Speaking of this period, Milton exclaims,—“What numbers of faithful and freeborn Englishmen and good Christians have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide ocean and the savage deserts of America could hide and shelter from the fury of the Bishops!” Social equality was the primitive basis of Christianity. Exclusive establishments, wanting the essential spirit of the gospel, which this social equality naturally engenders, substitute in its place the spirit of intolerance. Mrs. Trollope almost weeps over the ravages committed by enthusiasm and fanaticism, while she is wholly insensible to a much worse evil, which is the legitimate growth of ecclesiastical domination. Compared with the dark malignant spirit of bigotry, what are the extravagances of enthusiasm and fanaticism? Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun to kindle up its mists and clouds with beauty; fanaticism has thunder and lightning and meteors in its gloom, and the tempest which it threatens may be soon dispersed; but bigotry is the palpable obscure, the solid temperament of darkness mixed with drizzling rain: its pestilential vapours blast the lovely fruits of piety and goodness; while all noxious, all prodigious things, crawl forth and increase the horror of the night.

Mrs. Trollope becomes eloquent on the subject of the conservative powers of a political church, a church supported by the state. Speaking of the church of England, she says, “It is the bulwark which protects us from the gloomy horrors of superstition on one side, and the still more dreadful inroads of infidelity on the other.” How much easier is it to make assertions than to prove them. Superstition delights in cathedral gloom, and has uniformly found its asylum in cloistered edifices; and what has made more infidels, and furnished them with more impious sophistries with which to justify their infidelity, than the ambitious and secular spirit of the clergy? The only country in the world where all sects live in peace, where their rites and ceremonies inspire no alarm, is America, where they are total strangers to the civil government, and where religious societies, freely formed, have ministers of their own choice. Could America only possess a church establishment, according to Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope, their sects and extravagances would disappear. We remember that this was the argument once employed by the Laureate in the “Quarterly

Review." To the divorce of church and state he traced "a pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriving upon the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent state." Dr. Southey was not aware that in Esprit's Letters he had neutralized all the force of this argument, by publishing a copious list of the different religious sects which had sprung up in America, under the fostering patronage, not of universal toleration, but of a national church, and an established religion;" a list, by the way, containing all the principal sects which flourish in America, with a hundred others in their train. The Revivals and Camp Meetings are given by Mrs. Trollope as fair specimens of the state of religious knowledge and feeling in America; but with what justice? As well might we instance the pranks and fooleries of Mr. Irving, and the jargon of unknown tongues, as an average sample of Christian piety in Great Britain. The state of religion in America is, in our opinion, one of the strongest arguments in favour of a perfectly free and independent exercise of divine worship, both uncontrouled and unsupported by the state. The theological treatises and sermons of the American divines are of the highest order of excellence. The clergy of all sects receive a liberal and classical education; and their character, talents, and usefulness are their sole recommendation to the people over whom they preside, while religious duties are more strictly and generally performed than in any other portion of Christendom. We have touched cursorily on some of the points which Mrs. Trollope has thought fit to introduce into her strictures, upon what she is pleased to call the "Domestic Manners of the Americans." We have neither space nor inclination to follow her through the mass of flippancy, peevishness, and, we add, something still worse, of which her volumes are composed. A traveller possessing the least claim to fidelity or generosity, would have found something to admire and laud in the national character, literature, and institutions of an enlightened, free, and prosperous people. The country of Washington, Edwards, Dwight, and Irving,—to say nothing of a host of Patriots, Divines, Philosophers, and *Literati*, who would not suffer by comparison with the most illustrious men of the oldest and most civilized communities in Europe,—might surely have furnished to an intelligent and candid observer matter far more instructive and valuable than anything Mrs. Trollope has recorded.

Gallantry and taste would prevent us from indulging hypercriticism on the work of a lady. Besides, we are largely indebted to our female writers, and cheerfully acknowledge the delight we have experienced in reading those works which have been characterized by all that is chaste, lovely, and beautiful in the female mind, and often by the highest display of wisdom, intelligence, and energy. Woman in her own sphere is always mighty; but when she descends from her elevation, and ceases to respect herself by rejecting those proprieties with which she can never dispense without deducting largely from her legitimate influence, conventional courtesy ought not to screen her from admonition and reproof. But we must close our strictures on Mrs. Trollope and her "Manners." We have not seen her novel, which is, we understand, to follow up the work of calumny which she has so laudably commenced in the present volumes. We have little doubt that her fictions will be quite as veracious as her facts, and that it will appear in her future biography that she distinguished herself by writing two very amusing romances, which, however, after a brief period, found their way to the tomb of all the Capulets. Already the Americans have learned to mitigate their indignation at the impotent libels thus unreasonably enucleated to the prejudice of their national character. "It is the old woman's book," they good-naturedly remark, and this is all the comment they trouble themselves to offer on the subject.

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## A SOJOURN IN THE KING'S BENCH.

“ ——— quaque ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui : ” —

• To the Author of “ *Paul Clifford*.”

SIR,—It has long been my motto to put even calamity to its uses ; and I am about to enforce it now by retailing, for your readers’ amusement, some reminiscences of my own misfortunes. I know enough, Sir, of your avowed and published opinions upon certain parts of our social and legislative system, to feel assured that you will admit in your Magazine an illustration of those arguments you have urged so boldly, and have been the first to introduce through the medium of works of fiction. Paul Clifford is, I believe, the first, and as yet the only really Political Novel in the language.

Haydon, in his picture of the Election in the King’s Bench, has produced a performance of Hogarthian effect : he has laid open, with a master’s hand, the most prominent mysteries of that unhallowed den, and has exposed, as much as a picture can expose, some of its most frightful orgies. But striking as this performance is, it has not effected, what a short sojourn in that gay metropolitan prison will inevitably effect, upon the mind of one not yet rendered callous by crime or unprincipled by habit. An association with its profligate denizens, men of all grades and character, and of every variety of rank, from the noble spendthrift to the blustering bully of the “ prize ring,” will not fail to produce its due and salutary influence upon those, who are fitted to reflect upon, and profit by, the strange vicissitudes of human nature ; and he who can sustain the ordeal without contamination, will assuredly rise from the trial “ a sadder and a wiser man.”

What procured for me a compulsory admission “ *in bancum Domini Regis*,” it boots not me to tell, nor you, Sir, to know. Suffice it to say, that the cunning machinations of one “ learned in the law,” and my “ very dear friend,” were mainly contributable to that unwished for consummation ; and should this paper ever meet his eye, I take this opportunity of telling him that he has failed in his object, and that he has enabled me to read an instructive chapter in the great book of human nature, for which I return him my best and most sincere thanks : he will understand me.

The proprietor of a journal, to which I occasionally contributed, had sent me some admission tickets for Covent Garden, and I had arranged to go with my wife to see Miss Paton in “ *Cinderella*.” It was in November, and we promised ourselves a high treat, in listening to that accomplished performer. I had been engaged all day, and had returned to my quiet home wet, fatigued, and worried. Here I found my usual kind welcome ; our snug parlour glowed warm and cheerfully in the blaze of a bright fire ; the table was set out for dinner ; my wife all smiles and affection, and our infant, (it was our only one,) in the sweet and gentle sleep of infancy, lay in the cot in a niche by the fire-place. Well do I remember this eventful evening, and the thoughts which then pressed almost to agony upon my brain. What, thought I, do I care for misfortune, for persecution, or for actual wants, so long as I have such a home as this to welcome me ! My wife was watching my coun-

tenance ; and as she looked wistfully into my face, I saw the tear gather on her eye-lash, as feelings similar to my own rushed to her heart : my own heart felt their influence, and I thought that I was, indeed, happy.

Before dinner was over, I received a note from my solicitor, which ran thus :—

“ Dear W.,—Come to me as soon as possible ; I wish to see you immediately on very urgent business, and shall remain at chambers till seven o'clock. Your very sincere Friend, D. R.

“ *Lincoln's Inn, Thursday afternoon.*”

“ What can be the matter, dear ?” asked my wife, after I had read the note to her.

“ Heaven knows,” I replied. “ I saw R—— in the morning, and he gave me to understand that this troublesome business of ours would be speedily arranged. However, I must go to him, as my presence is evidently necessary.”

My wife sighed. “ I wish, dearest,” she said, “ you had entrusted this matter to anybody but Mr. R——. I do not think he is acting honestly towards you ; for, surely, he might have settled this business long ago.”

I defended my old school-fellow and friend with a vehemence which almost offended even my proverbially quiet wife ; and prepared to comply with the request in his note. I was leaving the room, when she asked me if R—— knew that I was going to the theatre ! I answered that he did, for he had mentioned something about joining us.

“ Then you will come back together, perhaps ?”

“ Most likely : at all events, I shall return as soon as I can.” And I hastened to Lincoln's-Inn.

Throwing myself into a hackney-coach, I desired the coachman to drive as fast as he could, and occupied the brief time of my journey in puzzling my brains as to the cause of this sudden injunction. I knew my friend to be somewhat given to exaggeration, and this “ urgent business” of his might be nothing of importance after all. Still my mind misgave me ; and I ascended the old-fashioned staircase of the chambers with a strong foreboding of approaching evil. The first glance I caught of my “ very dear friend” added strength to my surmises, and the first words he uttered confirmed them.

“ I am extremely sorry,” said he, rising as I entered, “ but I have made a sad mistake. To-day is the day for *fixing the bail*, and if you do not surrender, they will be the sufferers.”

“ That they never shall.” I exclaimed : “ but what is to be done ?”

“ You must *go to the Bench.*”

“ What ! to-night ?”

“ This very moment.”

I was struck speechless, almost breathless. This was an alternative I had never anticipated—a misfortune I had never been prepared for ; and the forlorn situation of my poor wife and child rushed upon my brain with a force that almost deprived me of sensation. I sank on a chair, and hiding my face with my hand, found relief in a fearful flow of tears.

“ Come, come,” said R——, “ do not give way thus : it is a mere matter of form to exonerate your bail ; and we shall be able to release you in a day or two.”

His clerk at this moment entered the room ; and after receiving answers to two or three hurried questions, R—— said to me, “ We must lose no time, or we shall miss even this opportunity of saving the bail : we must go directly to the judges’ chambers.”

I rose mechanically, and prepared to follow my friend. I stopped suddenly, and asked if I could not go home first ?

“ Not for worlds ! We have hardly time to effect the surrender.”

“ What ! cannot I then take leave of Margaret, and the boy ? ”

“ No ; indeed, we have no time. I will go immediately to Mrs. W——, and explain the whole affair to her, as soon as we have effected all that is requisite.”

I believe I muttered an oath between my clenched teeth ; but finding remonstrance useless, I passively followed my conductor, who hurried towards Serjeants’ Inn. Here, amidst a boisterous crowd of dirty lawyers’ clerks, each of whom was vociferating for some unwashed and congenial crony, or brawling for documents from the judges’ clerks, was the committal signed, which procured for me a welcome admittance into the King’s Bench ; and as soon as my friend had obtained this necessary instrument, he very politely handed me over to a precise, powdered, snug, little gentleman, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Gibbins or Tibbins, who was very comfortably enjoying his pipe and tankard at a coffee-house close by. The tipstaff, for such was his appointment, took the warrant and his fee : the latter he put into his pocket, and the former he handed over, and myself along with it, to a tall, raw-boned Irishman, with only one arm ; and in his custody I walked off to my destination, whither I arrived a little before nine o’clock, and was duly admitted, after the payment of fees pompously demanded, an inhabitant for the present of the notorious borough of Tenterden.

My agitation had, by this time, somewhat subsided, and I was enabled to observe the strange and, to me, novel scene, in which I was now destined to be an actor. As I was paying my fees in the lobby, I was recommended by one of the turnkeys to a vulgar, fat man, as a “ gentleman what could give me good accommodation for the night.” I followed him in silence through a sort of court-yard, behind the principal building in the prison, till he turned through an arched door-way into a kind of ill-fashioned, low, gothic passage, where, opening a door on the ground floor, I was suddenly introduced into a strange assemblage of my fellow-prisoners. Seated on mutilated chairs, broken benches, and other equally elegant couches, (I believe one fellow sat on an inverted earthenware pan,) I beheld some half-dozen vagabonds, enjoying themselves in a style which comported well with their abominable appearance. The room, which measured about four yards square, with a low arched-roof—in fact, a mere cell—was full of tobacco-smoke ; and on the ground stood several pewter pots, some empty, others still containing a provision for a continuance of the evening’s potation. In one corner sat a half-starved and squalid female, with a withered-looking child in her arms, (the wife and descendant of my “ fat friend,” as I afterwards learned,) and I presume the conviviality which I witnessed must have been no novelty to her, as she sat “ crooning” the poor peevish babe to sleep, with as much unconcern as if she were alone and out of a prison.

As I gazed on this extraordinary scene, I felt a powerful disgust at the “ accommodation” which was offered to me. But I was not per-

mitted to ruminate long upon this addition to my misfortunes. My "gentleman," as the turnkey called him, (he was an insolvent butcher!) had no sooner intimated to his Peg, as the brute called his wife, that he had brought her a lodger, than up started the smokers to a man, and welcomed me to such *comfortable* quarters, with a heartiness which added extremely to my embarrassment. I scarcely knew how to act. At length I thought of inquiring the terms, as well as the tenour of the accommodation, to which I was thus impelled.—"Only half-a-guinea a-week, Sir; and Peg will *do* for you (here I observed "Peg" turn up her sharp nose); and you will only have to sleep two in a bed; and we have only three lodgers besides, and, Sir, this here gemman (pulling forward one of the largest of the smokers) is to be your chum and bed-fellow!" I was perfectly amazed and thunderstruck. "Misfortune does, indeed, bring a man acquainted with strange bedfellows," thought I, but before I sleep in such a hole as this, and with such companions, I will venture upon a bivouac in the open air. Luckily, I had sufficient presence of mind to make an excuse for leaving such "comfortable quarters" for the present; and, leaving my jovial chums some money for more drink, I walked as fast as I could towards the entrance of the prison, rejoiced at my escape from a scene so repulsive.

Chance directed me to the coffee-house—a place of which I was previously ignorant. Here I found a very comfortable, though small, coffee-room, and, what cheered me more than anything else, it was occupied chiefly by gentlemen. I began to breathe again, and, calling for a pint of wine, I sat myself down in a corner, an attentive observer of all that was passing. When the waiter brought me my wine, he asked me if I slept there that night? "*Can I!*" I rejoined. "Certainly, Sir;—in the coffee-room!" "Oh! no matter, anywhere for to-night,"—rather than that filthy den to which I had been first conducted; and you may really believe me, Sir, that the change from the butcher's cell to the tables and benches of the coffee-room, was a luxury which I duly and dearly appreciated. No tired traveller ever rejoiced more heartily at the prospect of a clean and comfortable bed, than I did at my deliverance from my fat friend's "accommodation:" it positively rendered me almost reconciled to my lot.

At ten o'clock, the coffee-room was cleared for the purpose of turning the tables and benches into the requisite number of beds. Of these, four were that night made up; and, although there was some small inconvenience in thus sleeping in a quadruple-bedded room, each had a bed to himself, as well as the satisfaction of knowing that he was the companion of a gentleman. Indeed, on the occasion to which this narrative refers, I had for *my* companions an Irish baronet, an officer in the Guards, and a very respectable, though unfortunate, English merchant—all of whom, like myself, made their *entrée* into the prison that same evening.

I am one of those mortals who make it a rule always, and in all cases, to accommodate myself, as nearly as possible, to circumstances; and I can, from experience, sincerely recommend this rule as one possessing great advantages. There is much valuable and most useful philosophy in its practice; and as man is, in his very nature, the mere slave of circumstance, it is much better to make a virtue of necessity, and to do that willingly and with a good grace, which must be done sooner or

later without it. In conformity with this plan of mine, I soon became reconciled to my lot; and as I never lose an opportunity of improving my knowledge of mankind, I became a close observer of the actors in one of the most strange and varied scenes in the eventful drama of life. I was now the daily associate of lords and dandies, of *roués* and gamblers, broken-down lawyers, profligate "men about town," dashing officers, extravagant and heedless younger sons, with unfledged chins, but with a knowledge of "life" perfectly appalling. We had also two or three public characters amongst us. I mean public as regards notoriety merely: two having achieved most flagrant *crim. cons.*; one being a public defaulter to a large amount; and a fourth having found his resting-place in the King's Bench, after occupying another kind of *bench* in the blessed colony of Australasia, and that too, according to report, with no despicable *éclat*. I can assure you, dear reader, that our coffee-room society was by no means despicable; and were it not that it is surrounded by such very high walls, the place would be extremely agreeable. As it was, a merrier set of devils I never saw, than the majority of those who frequented the coffee-room. The young men were especially gay and joyous; and so long as they had money to spend, spend it they would—aye, Sir, with the spirit of a prince. Gambling is carried on amongst these young profligates, and amongst some of the old ones too, to an extent that would make the grim old marshal rave most lustily; but then it is done so orderly, and with so much hellish gentility, that it is perfectly harmless—except to the loser.

Oh! it is a sweet and thriving nursery of roguery, this same King's Bench! Let any young man find admission within its walls, and sojourn there for some two or three months, or even weeks, and if he be not previously pretty well initiated into all the tricks and mysteries of the dark part of "life," it will neither be his fault nor that of his attentive preceptors.

But what surprised me most, was the perseverance of some dozen of old stagers, who, rather than come to any arrangement with their creditors, were resolved to spend their lives in the prison, and enjoy themselves as well as they could. There were some dozen of these, several of whom had already spent nine or ten years of their lives in "durance vile," enjoying—I speak deliberately—literally *enjoying* a very tolerable income, and setting their creditors at defiance. These worthies, according to the rules of the place, are allowed to reside in the state-rooms, as they are called—a solitary building on the right of the prison-yard, and appropriated to state-prisoners, when there are any, and when there are none, the oldest prisoners have the preference of occupation; so that it resembles, in many respects, an old-fashioned boarding-house, the inmates of which are upon very sociable terms with, and, from necessity, well adapted to, each other.

Excepting in the external appearance of the place, and the vigilance with which its massive portals are guarded,\* the King's Bench is as

\* Amongst the numerous lessons, which the heedless acquire from an intimate acquaintance with the King's Bench, there is none more forcible than that which teaches the true value of money. The "*auri sacra fames*" is the prevailing passion here amongst all the functionaries, from the burly marshal to the lowest turnkey. During "term time," any prisoner may procure a *day-rule*, by purchase of the marshal, and by the payment of the necessary fees to the subordinates. The price

little like a prison as may be. Let the stranger, who may find himself some fine morning in the airy court-yard, look round upon the busy crowd of racket-players, and detect, if he can, in the joyous and hilarious throng, any symptoms of imprisonment. Let him take a more extended view, and turn his gaze upon the broad, terrace-like promenade, which runs the whole length of the aforesaid yard, and he will perceive the same absence of care and sorrow, although *there* no boisterous pastime meets his eyes. He may now, if he pleases, walk with me into the coffee-room, and I will introduce him to Lord —, Sir John —, Colonel —, Captain —, and some half dozen “honourable”—all honourable men,—whom we shall find talking of the result of the last St. Leger, and arranging their bets, it may be, for the next; some lounging over their breakfasts, for it is only two o'clock; and others, with their legs on the benches, comfortably reading the newspapers,—the turf and hunting appointments, with the “fights to come,” the list of bankrupts, and the police reports, engaging their principal attention, and giving birth to comments after the following fashion.—“I say, G., what do you think? Here’s Gully again laying great odds on *Birmingham*.” “No! the devil he is!” “Aye, by jingo, is he! Why, I hear he won ten thousand upon the last *Sullinger*.” “Very likely, for he’s a deep flier.” “Deep!—aye, as deep as Garrick.” Here another chimes in—“But what do you think of the fight to come between Tom Spring and Langan? Is it safe to bet, think you?” “That’s as may be,” replies a knowing one. “I have laid on pretty thick upon Spring; and I’ll now bet any one ten to one on the battle.” “Done! done! done!” from half-a-dozen voices; and the knowing one registers the bets with becoming formality. “Who do you think is a bankrupt?” cries a *roué*-looking youth, with his dull eyes still fixed upon the paper, but emitting a momentary sparkle at the fortunate discovery. “Who? who? who?” is asked by nearly every person present. “That d—d Jew, M—, the tailor!” “Hurrah! bravo! well done!” and similar joyous exclamations follow this annunciation, and the utmost glee is testified at the intelligence. No one reflecting, or attempting to reflect, that most probably he had been, individually, extremely and most diligently accessory to the poor creditor’s failure. It would occupy more space than the most liberal of Editors could afford, and, to speak candidly, much more than I would willingly wish to occupy, to describe in detail all the joyous pastimes and indulgences which the inmates of the King’s Bench are permitted to enjoy. If they have but “the one thing needful”—no matter what may be their rank, or the nature of their offence—they may live like princes, and exclaim, with that hero of bullies, the “Ancient Pistol,”—

“A fico for the world and worldlings base!”

Some years ago, when the Hon. Thomas C——y, now long since gathered to his honourable fathers, honoured the Bench with his residence, he engaged a suite of rooms, the same which form the furthestmost angle to the principal range of buildings; and, for his own con-

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of this privilege, which, like every other privilege, is most gloriously abused, varies according to the circumstances of the individual, it being generally regulated by the amount of the detaining debt: but the marshal, although a devoted worshipper of Plutus, will not refuse reasonable terms, nor stickle about fractions. His myrmidons are equally amiable, and wonderfully accessible to the influence of gold.

venience, he removed the heavy, old-fashioned windows, and supplied their place with light and more elegant French ones, which are still extant, although somewhat patched and otherwise defaced. This high-spirited aristocrat, setting common decency, or, at all events, common honesty at defiance, held here his parties and his *conversations*, which were attended by some of the most distinguished individuals in the kingdom. A pretty imprisonment this gay gentleman must have endured, when he enjoyed every luxury which money could procure; and, excepting in the important article of liberty, led as happy a life as he was wont to do in his own house!

The only privation to which the inmates of the King's Bench are formally subjected is the use of spirituous liquors. Wine and malt liquor they may swim in, if they please; but spirits, excepting as medicine, are strictly forbidden. It is, needless, however, to observe, that even these interdicted luxuries may be easily obtained by those who will pay for them. There are certain establishments, classically denominated "*Tape-shops*," where spirits of every kind may be obtained, and in any quantity; and those who have sufficient boldness or ingenuity to traffic thus illicitly, have an opportunity of realizing no inconsiderable sum; but, generally speaking, these dealers in "*tape*," are sad scoundrels, and may be classed amongst the very lowest of the prisoners. I am not quite sure but that my "fat friend," the butcher, occasionally traded in this line: he had the reputation, at all events, amongst his fellow-prisoners of the same class, of "knowing a thing or two;" and his villanous looks corroborated their suspicions: he was, in every respect, worthy of the notoriety imputed to him.

These, after all, are only the *lights* of the affair; it has its *shadows*, also, and gloomy enough they are! Let any honourable-minded man, for an instant, reflect upon the outrage which his moral dignity receives by the mere act of imprisonment. How can we boast of independence and freedom, when the malice or knavery of another \*, nay, even of our own footman, may hurry us at once, like a common felon, from the bosom of our family, and plunge us into prison! Nay, under many circumstances, the condition of the debtor is absolutely worse than that of the most atrocious felon; for the latter, be his offence ever so heinous, will have his crime investigated before he is consigned to the dungeon, but the debtor may be hurried *instantly* to gaol, or, what is as bad, to one of those hellish dens of Jewish extortion and insolence, called *Sponging Houses*, without even the means of apprizing his family or friends of his misfortune. Legislation is a fine thing in theory and

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\* The following fact was related to me by a gentleman upon whose veracity I can implicitly rely: it is a sweet illustration of the loveliness and utility of our precious law of arrest. A speculator, well known on 'Change, obtained intimation of a scheme at Paris, by which a large sum of money might easily be realized. He imparted his information to a relation, also a speculator, and with whom he had had many money transactions. His relation wished him joy of his speculation; and they parted. The gentleman had informed his relation that he intended to set off for Dover that same evening; and he had scarcely reached his home, when he was arrested for upwards of 200*l.* at the suit of his relation! He was of course marched off to a sponging-house, where he remained till the evening of the next day, and was then liberated; his conscientious kinsman having, in the mean time, anticipated his speculation, and derived all the advantages of it. When he returned, he advised his victim to keep his speculations secret for the future,—*till he had accomplished them!*

in principle, and oh, Mr. Editor! where will you find a finer and a more philosophical legislative code than the British? When the ancient British monarch, Howel Da, formed, in the tenth century, a systematic code of laws for the benefit of his loving subjects, he did not contemplate the intricate rigmarole of proceedings which is now necessary to recover a simple debt of five pounds. Assembling the few wise and honest men to whom the government of the kingdom was then entrusted, he confided to them the enactment of such laws as were best adapted to the welfare of his subjects. Instead of a loquacious Parliament, he selected from amongst the pious and learned men of the country thirteen of the best and wisest of his subjects;—to those he committed the rigid examination of the ancient customs and institutions of the kingdom, with full power to form a set of laws adapted to the wants and welfare of the people. With a judicious and discriminating eye they abolished every injurious and unnecessary enactment, and rendered more perspicuous and comprehensible those which had become confused and unintelligible. Thus, by a proper digest of the whole, a system was framed which was admirably adapted to the genius, the necessities, and the situation of the people. In this code there was no enactment so oppressively absurd as that which allows of the incarceration of debtors, nor any clause so absurd as to admit of a construction inimical to the claims of a defrauded creditor. If a man contracted a debt, his property was made available to its payment; if he had no property, the creditor must have waited till he had, or have foregone his claim as a penalty for his heedlessness in trusting a pauper; and if there was any dispute, the matter was settled without any of the blessings which the wisdom of modern legislation has invented and showered upon us through the medium of the Court of Chancery.

I have heard many lawyers descant with much fluency upon the beauties and the philosophy of our statute-law; and my "very sincere friend," R—, was always extremely eloquent in his eulogy on our happy system of jurisprudence. *Apropos!* I have usually remarked that these eulogistic sentiments are always in proportion to what is termed the "respectability" of the lawyer; in other words, his knavery. Hence arose the enthusiasm of my "very sincere friend, R—," and his eternal praise of the philosophy of English law; and from the same cause springs all the gibberish of his fellow-labourers in a vineyard so abundantly supplied with profitable produce. But I should like vastly to be informed wherein consists the philosophy of sending a man to gaol to enable him more effectually to pay his debts! Such an incongruous proceeding is favourable to the "man of law," because it puts money in his purse, and that, he thinks, is "excellent good philosophy;" but he knows full well that it is the very worst means of advancing the interests of the creditor, and the very best mode of completing the ruin of the debtor. I will ask him—the "man of law," I mean—one question, "Did he ever know either the means or morals of a debtor improved by incarceration in a prison?" He will be a bold man to answer in the affirmative; for he must be well aware that the very reverse is the fact. There is indeed so manifest and glaring an inconsistency in dragging away a man from his business, and thus divesting him of the means of retrieving his losses, that none but a despotic or heedless government would ever have thought of perpetrating such folly. Not only does this



legal measure afford the greatest facility for the indulgence of revengeful malice, but it, at the same time, enables the really fraudulent debtor to cheat his creditor without limitation; and the only benefits which accrue from it, are the enrichment of the lawyers, and the opportunity which litigation affords to courts of law, with all their formality, of maintaining their judges in scarlet and ermine, and their subordinate functionaries in fees and insolence. The very stipendiary who bawls "Silence in the court!" is paid and supported by the hard-wrung fees of the unfortunate debtor. So is the vagabond bailiff, and his still more vagabond "follower." The whole system, in short, is one of hardship and oppression on the one hand, and of absurdity and injustice on the other\*; and, as might be of course expected, it flourishes most prosperously, and will continue to flourish so long as lawyers and theoretical statesmen are interested in its perpetuity.

Bad and absurd as this law is in its operation upon the pecuniary condition of its victim, I question whether it has not a much more disastrous effect upon his moral and general character. Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield could, perhaps, impart to us some instructive information illustrative of the influence of imprisonment upon the human mind; but we do not require the evidence of that enthusiastic, and somewhat visionary, expounder of the abuses of our criminal law to point out what must be sufficiently obvious to every man of common observation. To the high-minded, generous, and extravagant youth, whose offence has originated in the too heedless indulgence of feelings, of themselves, and under proper control, absolutely estimable, the disgrace of imprisonment is not easily obliterated; and his entrance into prison is usually accomplished under such a state of reckless despondency and sorrow, as is most favourable to his complete ruin. Already has his character received a fearful shock by the very act of his arrest; and the *désagrémens* of his situation are not much alleviated by his temporary residence in a sponging-house, where, if he chance to be alone, he has abundant leisure to reflect upon his misfortunes, and no trifling opportunity of witnessing and enduring the vulgar familiarity and *slang* of his keeper, or his wife. If he is a novice in such matters, his sharp and watchful host—who has previously impressed upon him the great desire which he has that he should make himself at home—is profuse in his consolation; and, by well-practised skill, he continues to obtain such information as may be of service to him. If he ascertain that his inmate has any prospect of forthcoming property, he has so good an opinion of his honour, and so forth, that he has some little trinkets, or some wine, or some other

\* Amongst the not least oppressive burdens connected with the law of arrest, are those imposed by sheriffs' officers,—a set of men whose every exertion is exercised in plundering the unfortunate. The unblushing extortions of these remorseless harpies are scarcely credible to such as have not had the misfortune of having been exposed to them. Controlled by nothing but an abject fear of detection—the sworn foes of candour and humanity, to whom liberality is a bye-word, and honesty reproach—such are the men to whom the execution of this odious law is entrusted, and such are the men by whom it is rendered even more disgustingly oppressive than it is. It affords me, as it must every feeling man, inexpressible gratification to find that these men have had their day; and that the law, always tardy towards its myrmidons, has at length stretched forth its reluctant arm to punish them. Mr. Carus Wilson deserves the gratitude of the public for his exertions in bringing these gentlemen to justice.

articles, well suited to a man of taste and fashion, and which the young gentleman may have, if he likes, by giving for them *only a bill* at six or twelve months! As the articles are of the finest material, and of the first manufacture, and the wines the most choice Champagne (or at least nothing cheaper than *Lafitte*), the price is, of course, rather high: but what young man of spirit cares about prices? The bargain is struck—the bill drawn out and accepted—and the purchased property transferred to the young man of spirit, amidst the mutual rejoicings of the pair\*.

In two or three days, perhaps, after an ineffectual attempt at an amicable arrangement, the young debtor's friends being resolved to humiliate him by a taste of imprisonment—a dangerous experiment!—and the creditor, like a true John Bull, holding out, because he “won't be swindled by no one for nobody,”—or, in the hope that the friends will come forward, and settle the business rather than permit such an exposure,—an arrangement being then impracticable, our youngster, by means of a *Habeas Corpus*, is removed to the King's Bench, where, in a short time, he becomes duly initiated into its gay mysteries; and, as a young fellow, with such good prospects, experiences no difficulty in raising money, he spends his time as merrily as possible, and is accounted by his companions “a devilish fine fellow.” His friends having thus gratified him with a “taste of imprisonment,” consent to his release; and as, in the meantime, every one of his creditors has lodged a detainer against him, they must all be satisfied, and our “devilish fine fellow” recommences his career unshackled by debt, but with a knowledge of the means of becoming so in a way infinitely more expeditious than any with which he was previously acquainted. He has not had a “taste of imprisonment” without carrying away a portion of its flavour; and if his father or his uncle were previously of opinion that he was too heedless and extravagant, they will soon discover that all his bad qualities have been greatly augmented, and his good ones proportionably diminished. In short, having entered upon his perilous ordeal not yet corrupted by example, and with an impression that he was hardly dealt with by his friends, being, moreover, of a social, generous, and heedless disposition, he gladly avails himself of such amusements as the prison affords. The great moral bond of reverence and affection has been burst asunder by what he considers to be the cruelty and unkindness of his kindred; and having now no object to resist temptation, and every inducement to seek and pursue it, he falls a ready victim to the allurements of vice, and adds, to the thousands already existing, another striking example of the purifying benefits of imprisonment.

In its effects upon every class of individuals, imprisonment for debt must work evil; and were it only as breaking through that barrier against moral corruption, which is supplied by untarnished independence, it were quite sufficient to warrant its abrogation. † I will not—I cannot

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\* In the neighbourhood of Oxford-street, and not a hundred miles from the Hospital, resides an “Officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex,” as these bailiffs are entitled. He keeps, of course, a sponging-house, and being a descendant of Abraham, he adopts every means in his power of “turning the penny.” In addition to the proceeds of his house, which are considerable, he profits somewhat by the sale of wines, and of other articles “well-suited to a man of taste and fashion!”

† I witnessed a ludicrous illustration of the depressing effects of imprisonment

believe, excepting under some extraordinary circumstances, that even the most conscientiously upright man, or the most persecuted victim of legalized malevolence, can reflect with complacency upon even an unjustifiable incarceration. The sacred purity of his moral privilege as a man has been tarnished, his dignity has been offended, his independence violated, and his best and dearest feelings outraged; and it is sad to reflect, that, as the law now stands, the most virtuous and honest man living, may be torn from his family and hurried off to confinement, if he is indebted to an individual a sum so small as twenty pounds. Talk of the liberty of the British subject! Talk of his egregious blindness, and folly rather, in suffering so long from a law so wicked!

Before I bring this rambling sketch to a close, I wish to embody a few practical rules for the use and information of those who, by the unexpected vicissitudes of life, may be compelled, as I was, to sojourn for a time in this great metropolitan prison. If then, O prisoner that is to be, you are unaccompanied by any friend to whom the mysteries of the place are familiar, go at once to the coffee-house, and sleep there the first night at all events. At eight o'clock the next morning, you will have to go, with the other new-comers, to the lobby, to exhibit your "visnomy" to the turnkeys, in order that you may be sufficiently familiar to them, to enable them to recognize you for the future, and thus prevent any attempt at escape, as if any sensible person would wish to escape from so comfortable a domicile! Having afforded these worthies all information necessary to your future recognition, you had better inquire for the *chum-master*—one Mr. Colwell—and if your incarceration promises to be of some duration, make the best bargain you can with him for a comfortable room. If the prison be not very full, the expense, including the hire of furniture, will not greatly exceed a guinea per week, for which you may have a neat apartment to yourself; and, if you wish for a companion, the *chum-master*, whom I always found civil and accommodating, will *chum* such a person upon you as you may select from amongst your fellow-unfortunates, their being a mutual understanding between you and the selected *chum*. By this arrangement, the expense will be diminished, and the horrible *tedium* of solitude agreeably dissipated. If, however, your sojourn is likely to be brief, it is hardly worth while to engage a room at all, as the accommodations of the coffee-house will be quite sufficient, and *there* you will always meet with "good," and at least most amusing, society. Even if you do obtain a room—which, for the purposes of business, it is absolutely necessary that you should—it is still advisable to use the coffee-room, which may always be done by taking an occasional dinner or a pint of wine. These, as far as I can now recollect, are the principal rules to be observed: others, of course,

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upon the courage of some dashing debtors in the Bench. They were lounging in the coffee-room on a Sunday afternoon, watching and quizzing some of the Sunday visitors. Captain C., of the Blues, suddenly cried out—"There's little —, the tailor, of St. James's-street!" and to describe the confusion which ensued would be impossible. The Coffee-room was deserted in an instant, and every secluded nook and corner of the building was occupied by the fugitives, till the formidable apparition of "Little —, the tailor," had left the prison. It appeared that every one of these individuals were indebted to —, who, it was imagined, and I suspect rightly, had paid this visit to the Bench for the purpose of discovering how many of his debtors were confined there, in order that he might lodge detainers against them. I do not recollect whether his search was successful or not.

will be suggested by casual circumstances, chiefly arising, however, on the part of the different functionaries, every individual of whom, with only one exception, is actuated by the most sordid and mercenary motives. To obtain comfort, or even temporary quiet, one must occasionally purchase it at the expense of his better reason; but I have generally observed, in such instances as that to which these observations apply, that the exhibition of a haughty contempt for all extorting and imposing manœuvres is the best mode of insuring the respect and attention of those who, constitutionally and by habit, practise them.

And now, Sir, I have done. My sketch has necessarily been brief and hurried; but perhaps it may be interesting, even to such of your readers as, far removed from my precarious and lowly estate, may seem above the possibility of that ordeal I have passed. Alas, Sir, let them not deceive themselves! While there exists the law of arrest by mesne process, who among the wealthiest are safe? There are many Malvolios, Sir, respectable and well to do in the world, honest men and prudent, who have "their greatness thrust upon them" in the shape of a prison. And yet, Sir, there are merry fellows, like the clown in the play referred to,—pleasant panegyrists of our excellent code of law,—who say to the poor prisoner chafing against the darkness of its injustice, as the clown said to the good steward, "Why it hath bay windows, transparent as barricadoes, and yet complainest thou of obstruction!"

But patience for the galled hack! the rider will discover at last that the friction of the harness is but a bad cure for the sore.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

W.

#### SUMMER.

—— Who loves not Summer?

It is the tide of joy!—The Sun, then, throws  
Out from his blue pavilion in the sky  
His richest rays, to feed the gladsome Earth.  
The Summer-time is Nature's festival,  
When Earth and all its denizens rejoice;  
The winds are soft, and warm with sunshine airs,  
Cozening the lilies of their ripe perfume,  
Bear, on their essenced wings, marauding bees  
In many a swarm, on amorous foray bent  
Against the honeyed flowerage! Gentle doves  
Coo in the woods, or through the welkin, winnow,  
Catching the sunlight on their painted pinions:—  
And streams—each like a beauteous cup-bearer—  
Pour forth extatic draughts to quench the thirst  
Of the proud antler'd deer, and timid hare.  
The land is bright with flowers, that gladly lift  
Their fair heads to the day—All, except one—  
The modest harebell, in its pensive grace,  
Whose bells, intoxicated with the dew,  
Droop'down abashed, ashamed to greet the Sun!

R. CALDER CAMPBELL

## ON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

It is curious to observe how little one period resembles another. Centuries are the children of one mighty family, but there is no family-likeness between them. We ourselves are standing on the threshold of a new era, and we are already hastening to make as wide a space, mark as vast a difference as possible, between our own age and its predecessor. Whatever follies we may go back upon, whatever opinions we may re-adopt, they are never those which have gone *immediately* before us. Already there is a wide gulph between the last century and the present. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, in manners, there has passed a great change; but in none has been worked a greater change than in poetry, whether as it regards the art itself, or the general feeling towards it. The decline and fall of that Roman empire of the mind seems now advanced as an historical fact; while we are equally ready to admit that some twenty years since the republic was in its plenitude of power. In the meantime a new set of aspirants have arisen, and a new set of opinions are to be won. But it is from the past that we best judge of the present; and perhaps we shall more accurately say what poetry is by referring to what it has been.

Poetry in every country has had its origin in three sources, connected with the strongest feelings belonging to the human mind—Religion, War, and Love. The mysteries of the present; the still greater mysteries of the future; the confession of some superior power so deeply felt; higher impulses speaking so strongly of some spiritual influence of a purer order than those of our common wants and wishes;—these all found words and existence in poetry. The vainest fictions of mythology were the strongest possible evidence how necessary to the ignorance of humanity was the belief of a superior power; so entire was the interior conviction, that sooner than believe in nothing no belief was too absurd for adoption. The imagination, which is the source of poetry, has in every country been the beginning as well as the ornament of civilization. It civilizes because it refines. A general view of its influence in the various quarters of the globe will place this in the most striking point of view.

Africa is the least civilized quarter of the globe, not so much from its savage as from its apathetic state; one could almost believe that it had been formed from the dregs of the other parts. Now, the distinguishing mark of its deficiency in that soil of mind wherewith the intellect works, is its total want of imagination. It is the only great portion of the world which is not emphatically made known to us by its own peculiar religion. Her mythology was the earthly immortality of Greece. Greece is indelibly linked with the idea of civilization; but all those fine and graceful beliefs which made its springs holy places, and haunted the fragrant life of every flower and leaf, were the creations of its earliest time. Look from thence to the fierce regions of the North,—how full is the Scandinavian faith of the wild and wonderful! or to the East, how gorgeous their tales of enchantment, with their delicate Peris, and the fallen and fearful spirits in their subterranean caverns!—again, the faith of Brahma, with its thousand deities. Or, to cross the wide Atlantic, there are the vestiges of a terrible creed yet

touched with something of spiritual loveliness, in their singing-birds bringing tidings of the departed, and in the green hunting-grounds which made their future hope. Each and all these creeds are the work and wonder of the imagination—but in these Africa has no part. No august belief fills with beauty or terror the depths of her forests, and no fallen temple makes its site sacred though in ruins. Her creeds have neither beauty nor grandeur. The Devil is their principal Deity, and their devotion is born of physical fear. Other nations have had their various faiths, created and coloured by the scenes which gave them birth. The religion of Greece was beautiful as her own myrtle and olive groves. The Scandinavian was like its own wild mountains and snowy wastes, with just gleams of beauty from its starry nights and meteors. The Arabian was glowing and magnificent as the summer earth and radiant sky of its believers; while that of the American Indian was terrible as the huge serpents and the interminable forests which gave shelter to its mysteries. But in Africa the sunny sky, the noble rivers, the woods, splendid in size and foliage, have been without their wonted effect. Slaves from the earliest period, the very superstitions of her sable sons are mean fears caught from their masters; all about them is earthly, utterly unredeemed by those spiritual awakenings which are as lights from another world. We might believe that some great original curse has been said over them, and that they are given over into the hand of man and not of God. And in simple truth that curse has been slavery. The Helots even of Greece were uninspired. “A slave cannot be eloquent,” said Longinus; nor poetical either—the wells of his enthusiasm are dried up. What some ancient writer says of iron may be applied to Poetry—its use is the first step to civilization, and civilization is freedom.

Next to Religion War was the great source of poetry; and the deeds of the brave were sung in that spirit of encouragement which one man will ever receive from the praise bestowed on the deeds of another, when he meditates similar achievements of his own. And here we may be permitted a few words on what we cannot but consider an unjust and erroneous opinion, now much insisted upon,—that poets and conquerors have been equal enemies of the human race—the one but acting what the other praised; and that the sin of encouragement was equal, if not greater, than that of commission. In answer to this we must observe that it is not fair to judge of former actions by our present standard. Our first view of society is always the same: we see the human race dwelling in small dispersed sets, with rude habits, the results of hardships and of dangers. A more favourable situation, or, more commonly, the influence of some superior mind, which from the wonderful effects produced by a single man is often a nation's history: these or similar causes first placed some of the tribes in positions of comparative comfort and advancement. This position would of course be envied by their savage and starving neighbours, who would consider brute force the only means of sharing their advantages. Single motives never last: ambition, aggrandisement, conquest with a view to security, soon gave a thousand motives to warfare that had originally began in want and self-defence. It has required centuries so to consolidate kingdoms that now a breathing space is allowed for reflection on the sin of sacrificing man's most valuable possession—life. But what part has the poet taken in these scenes of bloodshed? One certainly of amelioration. If he has sung of con-

querors, the qualities held up to admiration were those of magnanimity and generosity. He has spoken of the love of liberty as holding light the love of life; and the highest eulogium of a warrior was that he died in defence of his native country. But to give our assertion the support of an example.—Perhaps the spirit which animates, the desire which excites, the power which supports, a conqueror, were never more entirely personified than in Xerxes. He possessed to the utmost that grasping ambition, that carelessness of human blood, which characterize the mere conqueror; yet with all the purple pomp of his power, we are not aware of his having been held up otherwise than in reprobation, while the whole world has been filled with the fame of his brave opposers; and the names of those who fell at Marathon are still the watchwords of freedom. Again, in the days of chivalry, what were the qualities the minstrel lauded in the knight?—his valour, certainly, but still more his courtesy, his protection of the weak against the strong, his devotion, his truth;—till the “ungentle knight” was almost as much a phrase of disgrace as that of the “recreant.”

Love was the third great fountain of poetry’s inspiration; and who that has ever loved will deny the necessity of a language, beyond the working-day tongue of our ordinary run of hopes and fears, to express feelings which have so little in common with them. What has been the most popular love-poetry in all countries?—that which gave expression to its spiritual and better part—constancy kept like a holy thing—blessings on the beloved one, though in that blessing we have ourselves no share; or sad and affectionate regrets in whose communion our own nature grows more kindly from its sympathy. We are always the better for entering into other’s sorrow or other’s joy.

The whole origin and use of poetry may be expressed in a few brief words: it originates in that idea of superior beauty and excellence inherent in every nature—and it is employed to keep that idea alive; and the very belief in excellence is one cause of its existence. When we speak of poetry as the fountain whence youth draws enthusiasm for its hopes,—where the warrior strengthens his courage, and the lover his faith,—the treasury where the noblest thoughts are garnered,—the archives where the noblest deeds are recorded,—we but express an old belief. One of our great reviews—the “Westminster”—in speaking of the fine arts, &c. says, “The aristocracy do well to encourage poetry: it is by fiction themselves exist—and what is poetry but fiction?” We deny that poetry is fiction; its merit and its power lie alike in its truth: to one heart the aspiring and elevated will come home; to another the simple and natural: the keynote to one will be the voice of memory, which brings back young affections—early confidence,—hill and valley yet glad with the buoyant step which once past over them,—flowers thrice lovely from thoughts indelibly associated with their leaf or breath: such as these are touched by all that restores, while it recalls, days whose enjoyment would have been happiness, could they but have had the knowledge of experience without its weariness. To another, poetry will be a vision and a delight, because the virtue of which he dreams is there realized—and because the “love which his spirit has painted” is to be found in its pages. But in each and all cases the deep well of sympathy is only to be found when the hazel rod is poised by the hand of truth. And, till some moral steam is discovered as potent as that now so active in the physical

world, vain will be the effort to regulate mankind like machinery : there will ever be spiritual awakenings, and deep and tender thoughts, to turn away from the hurry and highways of life, and whose place of refuge will still be the green paths and pleasant waters of poesy. That tribes of worse than idle followers have crowded the temple, and cast the dust they brought around the soiled altar,—that many have profaned their high gift to base use,—that poetry has often turned aside from its divine origin and diviner end,—is what must be equally admitted and lamented ; but who will deny that our best and most popular (indeed in this case best and popular are equivalent terms) poetry makes its appeal to the higher and better feelings of our nature, and not a poet but owes his fame to that which best deserves it ? What a code of pure and beautiful morality, applicable to almost every circumstance, might be drawn from Shakspeare !

The influence of poetry has two eras,—first as it tends to civilize ; secondly as it tends to prevent that very civilization from growing too cold and too selfish. Its first is its period of action ; its second is that of feeling and reflection : it is that second period which at present exists. On the mere principle of utility, in our wide and weary world, with its many sorrows and more cares, how anxiously we ought to keep open every source of happiness ! and who among us does not recollect some hour when a favourite poet spread before us a page like that of a magician's ; when some expression has seemed like the very echo of our feelings ; how often and with what a sensation of pleasure have long-remembered passages sprang to our lips ; how every natural beauty has caught a fresh charm from being linked with some associate verse ! Who that has these or similar recollections but would keep the ear open, and the heart alive, to the “ song that lightens the languid way ! ”

Why one age should be more productive in poetry than another is one of those questions—a calculation of the mental longitude—likely to remain unanswered. That peculiar circumstances do not create the poet is proved by the fact, that only one individual is so affected : if it were mere circumstance, it would affect alike all who are brought within its contact. What confirmation of this theory (if theory it be) is to be found in the history of all poets !—where are we to seek the cause which made them such, if not in their own minds ? We daily see men living amid beautiful scenery ; and scenery is much dwelt upon by the advocates of circumstance. Switzerland is a most beautiful country, yet what great poet has it ever produced ? The spirit which in ancient days peopled grove and mountain with Dryad and Oread, or, in modern times, with associations, must be in him who sees, not in the object seen. How many there are, leading a life of literary leisure, living in a romantic country, and writing poetry all their days, who yet go down to their unremembered graves no more poets than if they had never turned a stanza ! While, on the other hand, we see men with every obstacle before them, with little leisure and less encouragement, yet force their upward way, make their voice heard, and leave their memory in imperishable song. Take Burns for an example : much stress has been laid on the legendary ballads he was accustomed to hear from infancy ; but if these were so potent, why did they not inspire his brother as well as himself ? Mr. Gilbert Burns is recorded, by every biographer, to have been a sensible, and even a superior man ; he dwelt in the same country—he heard the same songs—why was he not a poet too ? There can be but one



answer,—there was not that inherent quality in his mind which there was in his brother's. Many young men are born to a higher name than fortune—many spend their youth amid the most exciting scenes—yet why do none of these turn out a Byron, but for some innate first cause? What made Milton in old age,—in sickness, in poverty—depressed by all that would have weighed to the very dust an ordinary man—without one of man's ordinary encouragements,—what could have made him turn to the future as to a home, collect his glorious energies, and finish a work, the noblest aid ever given to the immortality of a language? What, but that indefinable spirit, whose enthusiasm is nature's own gift to the poet. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is, like many other old truths, the very truth after all.

We cannot but consider that, though some be still among us, our own great poets belong to another age. Their fame is established, and their horde of imitators have dispersed; those wearying followers who, to use the happy expression of a contemporary writer, “think that breaking the string is bending the bow of Ulysses.” We hear daily complaints of the want of present taste and talent for poetry: we are more prepared to admit the latter than the former. In the most sterile times of the imagination, love of poetry has never been lacking; the taste may have been bad, but still the taste existed. Wordsworth truly says, “that, with the young, poetry is a passion;” and there will always be youth in the world to indulge the hopes, and feel the warm and fresh emotions, which their fathers have found to be vain, or have utterly exhausted. To these, poetry will ever be a natural language; and it is the young who make the reputation of a poet. We soon lose that keen delight, which marvels if others share not in it: the faculty of appreciation is the first which leaves us. It is tact rather than feeling which enables experience to foresee the popularity of a new poet. As to the alleged want of taste, we only refer to the editions of established authors which still find purchasers: one has just appeared of Scott, another of Byron. With what enthusiasm do some set up Wordsworth for an idol, and others Shelley! But this taste is quite another feeling to that which creates; and the little now written possesses beauty not originality. The writers do not set their own mark on their property: one might have put forth the work of the other, or it might be that of their predecessors. This was not the case some few years ago. Who could have mistaken the picturesque and chivalric page of Scott for the impassioned one of Byron? or who could for a moment have hesitated as to whether a poem was marked with the actual and benevolent philosophy of Wordsworth, or the beautiful but ideal theory of Shelley? We are now producing no great or original (the words are synonymous) poet. We have graceful singing in the bower, but no voice that startles us into wonder, and hurries us forth to see whose trumpet is awakening the land. We know that when the snow has long lain, warming and fertilizing the ground, and when the late summer comes, hot and clear, the rich harvest will be abundant under such genial influences. Perhaps poetry too may have its atmosphere; and a long cold winter may be needed for its glad and glorious summer. The soil of song, like that of earth, may need rest for renewal. Again we repeat, that though the taste be not, the spirit of the day is, adverse to the production of poetry. Selfishness is its principle, indifference its affectation, and ridicule its commonplace. We allow no appeals save to our reason, or to our fear

of laughter. We must either be convinced or sneered into things. Neither calculation nor sarcasm are the elements for poetry. A remark made by Scott to one of his great compeers shows how he knew the age in which he was fated to end his glorious career :—" Ah—it is well that we have made our reputation !" The personal is the destroyer of the spiritual ; and to the former everything is now referred. We talk of the author's self more than his works, and we know his name rather than his writings. There is a base macadamizing spirit in literature ; we seek to level all the high places of old. But till we can deny that fine " farther looking hope " which gives such a charm to Shakspeare's confessional sonnets ; till we can deny that " *The Paradise Lost* " was the work of old age, poverty, and neglect, roused into delightful exertion by a bright futurity ; till we can deny the existence of those redeemers of humanity—we must admit, also, the existence of a higher, more prophetic, more devoted and self-relying spirit than is to be accounted for on the principles either of vanity or of lucre : we shall be compelled to admit that its inspiration is, indeed,

" A heavenly breath  
Along an earthly lyre."

Methinks there are some mysteries in the soul on whose precincts it were well to " tread with unsandalled foot." Poetry like religion requires faith, and we are the better and happier for yielding it. The imagination is to the mind what life is to the body—its vivifying and active part. In antiquity, poetry had to create, it now has to preserve. Its first effort was against barbarism, its last is against selfishness. A world of generous emotions, of kindly awakenings, those

" Which bid the perished pleasures move  
In mournful mockery o'er the soul of love ;"

a world of thought and feeling, now lies in the guardianship of the poet. These are they who sit in the gate called the beautiful, which leads to the temple. Its meanest priests should feel that their office is sacred. Enthusiasm is no passion of the drawing-room, or of the pence-table : its home is the heart, and its hope is afar. This is too little the creed of our generation ; yet, without such creed, poetry has neither present life nor future immortality. As Whitehead finely says in his poem of " *The Solitary*,"—

" Not for herself, not for the wealth she brings,  
Is the muse wooed and won, but for the deep,  
Occult, profound, unfathomable things,—  
The engine of our tears whene'er we weep,  
The impulse of our dreams whene'er we sleep,  
The mysteries that our sad hearts possess,  
Which, and the keys whereof, the Muse doth keep,—  
Oh ! to kindle soft humanity, to raise,  
With gentle strength infused, the spirit bowed ;  
To pour a second sunlight on our days,  
And draw the restless lightning from our cloud ;  
To cheer the humble and to dash the proud.  
Besought in peace to live, in peace to die,—  
The poet's task is done—Oh, Immortality !"

He is only a true poet, who can say, in the words of Coleridge, " *My task has been my delight ; I have not looked either to guerdon or praise, and to me Poetry is its own exceeding great reward.*"

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

**The Social Use of Magazines—Youths Missing—Equipment of a Travelling Philosopher—The arts of Living on Nothing—A Magnanimous Offer—Zoological Gardens—A Day at the Police Offices—The Danger of Wandering in Epping Forest—Uniform Dress—True Charity, the Source of Wealth.**

**THE SOCIAL USE OF MAGAZINES.**—One of the pleasantest things about periodical literature is the use that may be made of it as a centre of communication for particular classes. A Magazine, devoted to a branch of science or a pursuit, acts as a house of call to the whole fraternity—a mart of sociableness—an exchange of good offices and new experience. One of the arts of civilization is the division of men into knots, clubs, bodies, confraternities: it was adopted by the freemasons early as a defence against barbaric power. Its influence is now felt to be so pervading and defensive in many countries, that absolute governments, fearful of their authority, prohibit all such societies. In a free country, however—that is to say, a country governed solely for the good of its population—such institutions neither are nor ought to be discouraged. By establishing centres of communication, the interests of the particular community are soon thoroughly understood, and by the power which comes from union, measures for the common good will stand a better chance of being speedily carried. The trades, professions, &c., that are most strictly united, are always the most prosperous, and present the fewest instances of distress; partly because good maxims pass more influentially from a near centre, and partly because of the force of opinion in a small community. These remarks occur forcibly on the perusal of such works as the “Gardeners’ Magazine,” the “United Service Journal” the one devoted to Natural History, &c. The quantity of correspondence, the amount of information, the constant interchange of hints, advice, discoveries, &c., draw a close bond of union round the whole class of subscribers, and establish a sort of fellowship. In time, probably, every large class will have its periodical: the names of the subscribers will be printed in lists at the end; and the fact of reading and paying for a Journal, devoted to their common object, and probably containing their common contributions, will be made a passport to social intercourse or private correspondence. This is a “corporation” a little more in unison with the spirit of the age than Mayors and Aldermen. Such organizations might be made subservient to the extinction of litigation, the settlement of private quarrels; and various other social purposes. The delightful occupation of a gardener and seedsman is one exceedingly well adapted for this experiment; and the machinery almost exists in the Magazine so admirably conducted by Mr. Loudon.

**YOUTHS MISSING.**—Whether it is that youths, as well as gentlemen of a certain age, are now much more in the habit of deserting their families than formerly, or that the practice of advertising such stray cattle has only increased, but the fact is, that not a “Times” or “Morning Herald” appears without a column graced with half the

initials of the alphabet appertaining to gentlemen who have forgotten their way home. It may be observed, that forgiveness of all sins is generally the grand inducement held out for return; so that we are not surprised should it appear the practice grows apace; for a young vagabond, who is just about filling up the measure of his iniquity, has nothing to do but to rob his father's till and go and spend the booty among his comrades for a few days. The sojourn of the young miscreants will, doubtless, take in the *Leading Journal*, and in a leading column the prodigal son will duly look for the protocol No. 1 of recall. If not sufficiently conciliatory, or not containing conditions of sufficient amplitude, the divan of young rascals vote *nem. con.* that the venerable parent should be put to another seven shillings expense, and learn to pen his protocols with a more just sense of paternal anxiety and filial indifference. Sometimes the runaways are described with so droll a particularity, that we can conceive a young man resolving never to show his physiognomy again to persons on whom it has left so unfavourable an impression. Absence, which is said to soften the harshness of misdeeds, only seems to aggravate defects of face and form. If an unhappy young man does happen to have a hitch in his gait, it is unpleasant to have it mentioned in a public invitation to return home. Red hair, stammering, a squint, a hump, or a slouch, in these advertisements, which pretend all sorts of charity and forgiveness, are sure to be remembered to a man's disadvantage. Many youths, we are sure, would rather never seek the paternal home than answer to such a description,—aggravated, also, by the recollection, that the hand of him or her who holds the pen is perhaps, too, the author and original of all his ugliness. We have been led to make these remarks by detecting a first attempt at delicacy in one of these advertisements, which we quote by way of example. A poor youth, who is either purblind, squints, or is wall-eyed, is thus described, probably by his mother, who indeed may be actuated by some tenderness for a defect of her own:—"Left his home, E. K., a youth about 16, rather tall, of dark complexion, and *an impediment in his sight*; had on a fustian jacket, black waistcoat, and brown trowsers. If he will return, or write to his mother, all past errors will be forgiven."

**EQUIPMENT OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER.**—If a man wants to see the world with advantage, let him not be encumbered with baggage. We have hit upon an admirable outfit for a natural philosopher, and we recommend it to the attention of all travelling philosophers whatever.

A traveller on the Continent should be as expeditious as possible; he should have no trunks or portmanteaus at all; as, by these means, he will escape almost all the troublesome examination of the *douaniers*, or custom-house officers, and be enabled to go to places that he never could, if loaded with a huge baggage. Instead of all this, he should have one large carpet bag, much larger than usual; consisting of carpet outside, varnished linen next, and lined with strong ticken or canvass. The varnished linen is absolutely necessary to protect from rain; linen, clothes, &c., may be tied up in a rectangular piece of grey canvass, prepared with short straps for the purpose, which will preserve them clean and unruffled; a strong dressing-case should include all small articles: a large sponge, for washing, is a great luxury in a southern climate. A person of good general health will find much advantage, in the south of Europe, from taking with him abundance of Seidlitz powders; magnesia, which the acid wines render necessary; and a box of aloetic pills, which will be efficaciously purgative.

For the preservation of specimens of natural history, he should carry a strongly made box of wood, about twelve inches by eight inches, and four inches deep, with boards of soft pine to drop in, one on another, leaving spaces, from one inch and a half to half an inch, for sticking insects on, or laying by any small miscellaneous fragile articles. Some loosely bound books of blotting-paper, that will fit into a leathern writing-case, will answer for a temporary *hortus siccus*. A stout leathern bag, with plenty of lapping paper, will preserve mineral specimens; none of which, however, on account of their weight, should be collected, but such as are really worth preservation.

Many plants, especially succulent ones, may be brought home alive, by being included in a cylindrical tin canister, with small holes in the top, and a piece of soft wet sponge in the bottom, to envelope the roots. I brought home alive, from Florence, specimens of the *Agave lûrida*, *Euphòrbia triangularis*, *Cactus monanthos* [*? Opúntia monocantha*], &c., simply by wrapping their roots in a bit of sponge, wetting it from time to time, and including the whole in brown paper, and that in an old boot.

I would recommend a solitary or pedestrian traveller, in Italy, to carry a strong pair of detonating pistols. A showy military uniform, though singularly inappropriate for a gardener, is probably the best travelling dress.

Here is an independent character: with such a carpet bag, a well-lined pocket, and an engrossing pursuit, who would not be happy, whether on the sides of Jura, the summit of the Rhigi, or the banks of the Po? The great art of travelling is, first, to go alone, and, second, to go with an object—a pursuit. The writer of the above directions is a horticultural tourist: wherever he went he sought the flowers and the fruits, scanned the forest-trees, and took plans of the gardens. He could never find any place dull, for there was sure to be a garden, and that garden was certain to contain some peculiarity or other. The botanist has a wider range still, and we have known men of this stamp travel with even fewer *impedimenta* than the horticulturist. The famous Adanson scarcely thought a pair of shoes indispensable. Geology is an admirable stimulus: a hammer and specimen bag are all that some professors consider necessary for making their way through the Pyrenees. Such men never find the road long, though they trudge it; while the listless occupant of a post-chariot, after exhausting every pocket of its novels and its guide-books, throws himself back in his seat with a yawn and an oath, both expressive of the mortal suffering endured by one who travels without an object. Poor Matthews made his Diary entertaining solely on the score of being an invalid: he had a pursuit—health.

THE ARTS OF LIVING ON NOTHING.—The proverb goes, that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. The fact is, that in great capitals like this, there are ways of living which have no name. We should very much like to see a book describing all the means of life possessed by that large class that may be called the *chevaliers d'industrie*: that is to say, gentlemen who live on their wits. The newspapers sometimes turn up vermin of this sort, but they are usually too dexterous to let in the light upon them, unless they belong to the class of advertisers,—such as the rascally money-lenders, who dazzle poor men with discount, get their bills, and then are never found at home. These bill-catchers glory in initials, and haunt the newspapers with their “thousands of pounds” leaping out of their pockets, just ready to be advanced as they call it; that is, crying come take me

—on personal security only. These monsters are well known—so are the legs, the decoys, the horse-chaunters, and all that set; but there are whole classes of ingenious persons who get their living in a more business-like fashion, who charge what they call “commission,” paint up “offices” over their dens—sometimes calling themselves attorneys; or “counting-houses,” and then they rejoice in the names of brokers, general merchants, travellers, agents, &c., &c. This is a great variety, but still only one of a most numerous species. A fellow has lately been unearthed of a class we never heard of before, viz.,—an unclaimed dividend-searcher. Looking over the list of names in which there are unclaimed dividends, these persons attempt to discover claimants, or supposed claimants, give information, get up a case, do business in all ways, extort money in one shape or other; and should they ever happen to succeed in cheating the office, or in finding a true inheritor, they come in for commission; or perhaps they have already bought up the claim for a merely nominal sum, the moment they detect a chance of success. One of these scoundrels lately made a hit, as he fancied, in discovering a George Thompson at St. Kitt’s, and straightway wrote him a letter full of golden promises, addressed George Thompson, Esq. Now, George Thompson happened to be a black shoemaker; and, dazzled with the fine letter of a London gentleman, speaking of untold treasure, he left his business, and worked his way to London.

The Lord Mayor—And so you actually came over upon the strength of that letter?

Thompson said that he unfortunately relied upon it. He contrived to get his passage by acting as steward; and the Captain of the *Susan*, in which he sailed, gave him a written character for efficiency and honesty, thinking that some disappointment might take place as to the fortune.

The Lord Mayor—Well, and how did you proceed when you came to London?

Thompson—I went to Mr. —, but the moment he saw that my face was black instead of white, he said “Pooh, pooh, you are not the man;” and wouldn’t have anything more to say to me.

The Lord Mayor could do nothing for an applicant of this description; but the benevolent Mr. Pirie, the late Sheriff, gave the unfortunate dividend-seeker a passage back to St. Kitt’s, where he will resume his trade of cobbling shoes; while Mr. — turns again to his *grand lionie*, to discover new George Thompsons, and fish for more gudgeons, but of the right colour.

**A MAGNANIMOUS OFFER.**—It has not unfrequently surprised us, that the humanity of the slave-emancipators has never led some of the most distinguished to make a personal visit to the Colonies, where they might have had an opportunity of either correcting error or confirming truth. The publications of the planters have frequently contained invitations of this kind, with all sorts of promises of hospitality and kind treatment; a safe-conduct may too perhaps it is thought be desirable; but they have never been accepted. It is a pity; for, necessarily, Mr. Buxton and others have frequently to trust to information derived from sources not altogether to be depended on. A fine opportunity is now presented of doing good in a grand way to the chief of the philanthropists who now distinguish themselves by their advocacy of the cause of the slave. The

following is an extract from a letter of Sir C. Bethell Codrington in the newspapers, addressed to Mr. Buxton, and refers to Sir Bethell's own property :—

To this assertion, then, of wretchedness, I dare you to the proof ; you have not in your brewery a man less wretched than one of those wretched slaves, not one of whom would change situations with them. And this leads me to the offer by which this state of wretchedness may be determined. In my last, I ventured a belief that your humanity to the slaves had never led you to visit those Colonies. If I can tempt you (in the cause of the wretched slave) to trust yourself across the Atlantic, one of my vessels shall convey you from any neighbouring isle to Barbuda ; while there you shall have every accommodation free of expense ; and I pledge myself to give you, at the end of one week, the power of manumitting a boat-load (not exceeding fifty) of those wretched slaves, on the following conditions, viz. :—Their manumission shall not be compulsory ; you shall fully explain to them the difference between their present and future state ; and, as their number has increased beyond any means I can find of employing them, they shall quit my property. Doubtless, Sir, you will favour the public with a full and candid statement of the condition in which you found them, as to food, clothing, comforts, and contentment.

Whatever may come of this offer, the paucity of information from impartial sources, that has either value or is to be depended on, is such, that we think the two parties could not do better than fix on some man of character and ability to pay a visit of six or eight months for the purpose of making a full report as to facts and appearances.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**—It is certainly a problem worthy of some investigation why in our free, liberal, and enlightened country, the conduct of the government has been so invariably remarked in all matters appertaining to science and literature for its extreme illiberality. If any institution ever deserved, or was entitled to, national aid, it was the Zoological Gardens, which arose partly out of love of science and partly out of shame at observing the magnificent establishment devoted to this object in France—a country as proudly distinguished for its patronage of science and the arts, as ours degraded by its shabbiness and want of taste. The Zoological Gardens were worthy of the peculiar consideration of the government, both because of the advantages they were likely to confer on science, as also on account of the vast opportunities afforded to this country, by its extensive colonies, for collecting objects of natural history, above that of all other nations, ancient or modern. On another account, also, was it desirable that these Gardens should be exposed to as little hazard of failure as possible : such exhibitions materially contribute to the national education ; the spectacle of the variety and beauty of natural objects tends greatly to humanize the mind, to stimulate curiosity, and rouse an appetite for instruction. The great quantity of this kind of public education by objects may perhaps account for the very superior character of the French as a social people. But our government cares for none of these things ; they have not, even in the obvious affair of theatres, ever contrived them to the useful purposes of national education. But in the case of the Zoological Gardens, the government has scarcely shown the fairness of a common trader. For the first grant of land in the Regent's Park they demanded a rack-

rent; the second was limited, and situated in the most inconvenient manner possible, while the completion of the grant was delayed in a most vexatious manner by all the mummeries and impositions of office; and a description of the third grant (if it be not an abuse of terms to it so) will be found in the following paragraph extracted from a letter addressed to the "Times":—

Happy would it have been for the society if they had received no grant in the first instance; but having expended so much money upon this spot they were pledged to remain, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests knew this. They, therefore, made a grant of a long strip of land on the opposite side of the road, for which they demanded the enormous rent of 8s. per foot frontage, with a depth of about fifty feet! and requiring an outlay of nearly 2000*l.* to make a communication with the other land by a tunnel under the road. The grant alluded to in the papers consists of another piece of land with a steep declivity to the canal on its northern bank, absolutely useless for any other purpose, for which they demand sixteen guineas per acre, and which will require an outlay of at least 1000*l.* to connect it with the present garden, and also of a narrow belt surrounding the original five acres, within the area of the park. If this last land had been given either on one side of the garden or the other, a very little increase of boundary would have been sufficient; but as if to put the Zoological Society to the greatest possible expense and trouble, the grant is so loaded with stipulations and restrictions, that to make a new boundary, according to the terms, the estimate given in amounts to 2000*l.* Thus the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have made successive detached grants of land, amounting, in the whole, to nearly twenty acres, including steep banks and useless declivities, for which they receive between 700*l.* and 800*l.* a year, and which have required the inevitable expenditure of between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* to make those grants of marshy land available for the purposes of the Society by having them connected together.

**DAY AT THE POLICE OFFICES.**—That part of the population which comes under the cognizance of the various magistrates of the metropolis, may, with reference to the mass of regular and peaceable persons, be considered as the suburbs of society, while the orderly classes form the city itself. They form the shabby outskirts, the irregular hangings-on, and the tottering lean-to's—the unpaved, unglazed, tortuous ranges of squalid hovels—such as commonly cluster about most great towns. Some of them join so closely to the regular buildings that there is no knowing where the city ends, and the suburbs begin. So is it with that large mass of the metropolitan people who live either by or in crime, vice, misery, and disorder. Some are not to be mistaken for true offscum, and some present a disgusting aspect, and are, perhaps, the most dangerous. The traveller who sees the city ought to extend his observations also to the suburbs. The public offices are the best point of view from which to inspect the moral outskirts of London; but from some idea of the parties being "low," and partly from the pain of witnessing so much crime and misery, men shrink from the exhibition. London is, however, only half known, except to the magistrates of police. Look at the curious variety of cases, of circumstances, of persons, that are every day offered to their attention. Scarcely any event agitates society that does not overflow into the police offices: the history of modern society might almost be written out of the police reports duly made up, even if most other documents were burnt. By way of specimen take up the "Times" of any day of



the month, the first that may be on the file,—let it be that of the 25th. First we have a poor fellow brought up for selling the “Poor Man’s Guardian.” Here are materials for a chapter: they are shortly and ably discussed by the poor culprit himself; his condition—his offence—his objection to parish aid—his argument as to the efficacy of the stamp—the Alderman’s recommendation of moral tracts, when the demand is for political ones—are all matters for much instructive commentation:—

Alderman Kelly—Why did you commit this illegal act?

Defendant—I am unable to work at my trade of a hatter from a hurt I got twenty-four weeks ago, and this act is less illegal than any other I can resort to to get bread. I’d stick to my trade if I could, but the sinews of my hand are so much injured that I shall never be able to work at it again.

Alderman Kelly—You know well you can apply to your parish.

Defendant—Ay, Sir, where every halfpenny doled out is accompanied with an insult. I never applied, and never will. I want to get honest, industrious bread.

Alderman Kelly—Can’t you sell useful things?

Defendant—They say these are useful things, that there can’t be better. They inform the working classes how they are governed, and how they ought to be governed.

Alderman Kelly—How do you know? Have you read them yourself?

Defendant—No, Sir, but I’ve seen many of the working classes who have, and they seem to know how things are going on.

Alderman Kelly—But you are guilty of an illegal act.

Defendant—I know it; but it is better than starving, or crawling to the parish, or committing a robbery. It is the best of the three evils. It is no disgrace to sell.

Alderman Kelly—It is, for it is against the law of the land. You might sell moral and religious things.

Defendant—I believe there is nothing but truth in these publications.

Alderman Kelly—But you must not sell them without a stamp.

Defendant—Please your worship, will a stamp make them a bit better? I don’t think that the disgrace a stamp can take away can be very severe. Besides, the things you speak of won’t sell without a stamp, and I’m afraid they wouldn’t sell at all with one.

The Alderman’s kindness to this man would give lustre to the whole corporation.

Next we have the exposure of a person who lives by imaginary resurrection. To parties who have relatives that have died abroad, he brings news of their existence and welfare in some remote colony, and substantiates his information by an appeal to a parcel on board a ship at Gravesend. This is another index to the grand difficulty of the present day—the getting a livelihood. It likewise indicates a roaming people, given to distant adventure and foreign enterprize. Next we have an unhappy clerk guilty of embezzlement, again speaking of nipping want, or more probably a passion for speculation, or what is still more likely in his class, a habit of living extravagantly beyond his means, throwing away money (which is not his own) in Sunday splendour, in the pomp of gigs, and the vanity of fair companions. At Bow-street, an attorney comes forward with a man confessing perjury; by which perjury he had a few days before sent a poor wretch to the galleys, if not to the gallows. He avows both his motive for falsehood, and his present one for truth-telling. He had been promised “50*l.* to buy cows with’

and had not been paid. Here is a gauge for the morality of the class to which this man belongs! it would appear that it is at its lowest ebb—for the scoundrel did not seem ashamed: he had no character to lose, and no public opinion to dread, for he lives among men who are each ready to commit any earthly crime for the sake of “50*l.* to buy cows with!” This is the pastoral taste of the shepherds of the present day.

Next we have a fine tall young person, in decent garments, described as a high-spirited but an “unfortunate” woman, resolved on self-destruction. She is committed for trial to prevent the frequency of the offence. The police in the neighbourhood of the docks and bridges are almost entirely occupied in snatching poor wretches from suicide.

Fagan, the inspector, said, that not less than forty females had thrown themselves into the London-dock from the Swivel-bridge, or had attempted to do so, during the last three months, and several had been drowned. So late as last Thursday a woman named Rex had drowned herself there. Scarcely a night passed but these attempts were made, and the Commissioners of Police had been put to great expense for medical attendance.

The Thames Police-officers said a great part of their night duty was often taken up in saving persons who threw themselves off the bridges into the river.

Here are night-scenes going on at one end of London; and how different the occupations at the other!—certainly not less crime, but not yet accompanied by want. It is the horrid combination of starvation with crime that draws the unhappy wretches to the “Swivel-bridge.”

Mr. Ballantine’s comments on this case were scarcely those of either a wise or a humane man.

Mr. Ballantine said he was tired of this sort of cant so much indulged in about “wretched creatures,” and “distressed objects of compassion,” when an attempt of this kind was made. He believed that one-half of those who threw themselves into the water, where assistance was near at hand, did not mean to commit suicide: those who really meditated that crime would always find means to do it effectually and unobserved. He should send this case before a jury, for this sort of thing had really become a nuisance of no ordinary kind, and both the New and the Thames Police were taken from their legitimate duties to preserve foolish people from drowning themselves. The worthy magistrate then committed the prisoner for trial, for attempting self destruction, and bound over the witnesses to give evidence against her.

If one-half of these creatures do throw themselves into the water in order to excite compassion, it would seem that they stand very much in need of it, for the experiment is a dangerous one. If they do not intend to commit suicide, and he believes it, then he is wrong in committing them for attempting self-destruction. In any case the “creatures” are “wretched,” and most assuredly objects of compassion. For our parts we would have a tender stationed in the Thames, say off Gravesend. Every female that attempted self-destruction should be held to have forfeited her liberty, and should be immediately handed off to the Gravesend tender; from which suicidal receptacle the company should be drafted from time to time to Van Diemen’s Land and other colonies, deplorably in want of the fair sex. This would be a complete resurrection for the poor unhappy women, and not attended with expense to the police; for we have no doubt the Quaker who lately sent a ship-load of women to New South Wales as a private speculation, and many others, would accept the freight under fair and honourable conditions.

The day at the Police is far from exhausted: there are half a dozen more of the moral phantasmagoria, but our space prevents us from pulling at present any more of the strings of the show-box. *E*

**THE DANGER OF WANDERING IN EPPING FOREST.**—The habit of interpreting too literally is the characteristic both of very superior and very inferior minds. There is a poor man of the name of Tilbury, a passionate lover of the stage, has been apprehended for wandering about Epping Forest after the manner of Jacques. He set off from his lodgings with a bag of books, and roamed about the picturesque scenery of that really romantic district for ten days and nights, mistaking it for the forest of Ardennes; and probably, after his fashion, finding “sermons in stones,” “tongues in trees,” and “good in every thing.” But Jacques himself would have been apprehended for a vagrant in any of our English forests, and so was Mr. Tilbury. The poor fellow may be a most intellectual and enthusiastic worshipper of the bard of Avon, and have resolved upon taking up his Shakspeare as the Bible of his imagination, and thus walking according to its precepts; or he may be a poor weak person, led away by some vain fancies of stage beauty and glory. We fear he belongs to the latter order of *litterati*; but had he been a Shakspeare himself, wandering in the forest, he would have been taken to Ilford for vagrancy, and perhaps too, like him, accused of deer-stealing into the bargain. It is curious that the bag of books, which ought to have acted as an amulet, and have charmed away the suspicion of all horse and foot patrol, was the very sign and signal of apprehension. Let it be a warning to all the young Jacqueses of the day that they wander not with books: for, the “fool, the motley fool,” they may chance to talk withal, may opine that the said books are stolen goods, and drag the forest-philosopher from the “running brooks” to the far harsher sound of running bolts.

The history of this case is worth preserving, as it is distinguished by some characteristics worthy of remark:—

**LAMBETH-STREET.**—On Saturday William Tilbury, the young man who was found roaming about Epping Forest, on Monday morning last, and who, on being questioned on the subject, acknowledged himself to be the owner of a bag of books which was found on the Wednesday before, was brought before the sitting magistrates, Messrs. Hardwick and Walker, for final examination.

Mr. Gill said that the prisoner had been bound to him to learn the business of a shoemaker, and though he was upwards of six years with him, he was unable, both from his negligence and stupidity, to teach him any part of the business. He was of a most passionate disposition, and left witness in February last, without completing the term of his apprenticeship.

Mrs. Johnson stated, that about the beginning of March last, the prisoner came to lodge at her house in Plaistow Essex, and had, at the time, about 60*l.* in money, which she understood he had received from his friends. He was frequently in the habit of going to the theatres, particularly that of Covent-Garden, having conceived a most violent passion for Miss Fanny Kemble. He had frequently confessed to witness his sincere attachment for that young lady; and betrayed great uneasiness of mind and despondency of spirits when she was about to leave London for America. He had purchased a handsomely-coloured print of that distinguished actress in the character of Juliet, and was frequently in the habit of presenting himself before it, and repeating, in the most impassioned manner, some of the passages in the play of “Romeo and Juliet,” and seemed altogether a lost youth. She,

witness, had frequently endeavoured to prevail on him to discard such foolish thoughts from his mind, and apply himself to his trade, or some industrious pursuit; but it was all in vain; he spent his time in idleness, reading, and going to the theatres, until his money was nearly expended, and left her house on Friday fortnight, taking with him a blue bag full of books, and she had not seen him from that time until that morning at the office. When she first heard of the bag of books having been found, her impression was that the prisoner had committed an act of self-destruction; as she had for some time feared, from the eccentricity of his manners, and the imbecility of his mind, that he would commit an act of suicide.

The magistrates observed that the prisoner could not be permitted to go at large. By his own confession he had committed an act of vagrancy by sleeping for more than ten nights in the open air in the forest, and therefore they would commit him for two months to the House of Correction at Ilford. There the medical man who attended the prisoner would have an opportunity of seeing him, and if it was found that the state of his mind was such that it was not proper that he should be at large, means would be taken to send him to his legal place of settlement, where care would be taken of him.

How is it that a mind that could not surmount the mysteries of the science of shoemaking should be so deeply impressed with the beauties of the histrionic art? His imagination could invest an engraving with the charms of reality, and his memory could serve him with the finest applicable passages of the poets, and yet nature had rendered him utterly unable to cut out neat's hide in a form adapted to human wear. He could tear a passion to tatters, but make nothing of a rag of leather. Observe the contempt with which the respectable Mrs. Johnson speaks of Mr. Tilbury's "idleness, reading, and going to the theatres;" and let persons so given—and they are not a few—learn how they are regarded by the respectable classes. The three offences are all of the same enormity; and if Mrs. Johnson were asked which were worst, idleness or reading, she would maintain that there was no difference, but that "going to the theatres" was little better than forgery; the theatrical amusements by his Majesty's servants being singularly enough placed in schedule A,—that is, voted to the devil both by the most and least fashionable of his Majesty's subjects. But the Crispinians are an exception: the Thespian barns have always been supported both before and behind the scenes by shoemakers. It was a shoemaker, we believe, who shot at Miss Kelly: it is another worshipping at the shrine of the last of the Kembles. We think we have seen the gentle youth: he used invariably, on the nights of Miss Kemble's acting, to be posted in the middle of the first row of the pit; he was in the habit of signaling his admiration by the gyration of a white handkerchief (doubtless kept for the occasion). He wore a black coat, is of a fair complexion, and, as he twisted his handkerchief, twitched his features, until he appeared to be dropping into hysterical agony. So much for the Tilbury of Epping Forest, late of the pit of Covent Garden Theatre. His sixty-pound fortune is exhausted, and now all his acquaintances find out he is a fool, and strangers a rogue. He is to be taken to prison, and probably to a madhouse; because—1, he could not make shoes; 2, he admired Fanny Kemble; and, 3, that he wandered in Epping Forest.

UNIFORM DRESS.—It is somewhat surprising that the advantages of uniform in dress should be so sparingly resorted to in modern society. The army and the navy, the first only in perfection, have all the aid that

dress can give the human form. The influence of a scarlet coat is proverbial; and yet the soldier alone and the hunter in the field only, and the last in the plainest fashion, avail themselves of its brilliancy. Why are we all clothed in variegated swallow-tails of blue and brown and black—uniform only in ugliness, variegated only in different shades of dullness? The resources of colour are all resigned to the other sex, and yet men are not one jot less anxious about the effect of their appearance than women. Taste and fashion may indeed even now be shown, but the sphere is miserably limited; and when we look at the result collectively, it is altogether absurd. Look at a modern drawing or ball-room; if it were not for the millinery, the effect of a number of black and brown puppets, with pointed tails, would be as ludicrous as a cloud of tadpoles sporting in a summer's pond. The ancient magnificence of velvets and lace, though not in what we now hold to be in good taste, was far preferable, both for the splendour of its effect, the setting off of the form, and the encouragement of manufactures. The human shape is a beautiful thing, and worth dressing. All we ought to give it is colour and covering: this we do if black is a colour, but in the scantiest and shabbiest manner in the world. We owe it to each other to look, as well as we can: a taking appearance encourages good opinions of human nature; and the expectation often gives birth to performance. Why should not a young man show the ardour of his temperament in a suit of rose-pink velvet, or cloth of crimson and gold? Would not a private gentleman look as well in a green jacket braided with black silk as an officer of the rifle brigade in its elegant uniform? Fancy might surely here be permitted a flight, as in the choice of horses and the selection of wine. Besides, whole societies, clubs, or unions, devoted to especial objects, might display the unanimity of their opinions by the adoption of a peculiar dress, a fashion convenient as well as pretty. Were these hints, much enlarged and improved as they might be, carried into execution, a variety and gaiety would be instantly given to the appearance of all assemblages of persons, whether in rooms or streets, that could not fail to take off the present *platitudes* of things, and probably affect the spirits, and ultimately perhaps the character, of our too sombre people.

TRUE CHARITY, THE SOURCE OF WEALTH.—The advertisement columns of the “Morning Herald”—a book full of instruction for those who know how to read—indicate the existence of a form of charity thoroughly unknown to us, and perhaps to most of our readers, which appears, by its extreme utility and originality, to demand universal attention. Perhaps in no other form is a bequest enabled to do so much good, and, in doing good, increase the national wealth and prosperity.

The Mercers' Company issue a notice that a legacy bequeathed to them in trust by a Viscountess Campden, is to be lent out from time to time, with the interest accumulated upon it, in sums not less than 125*l.*, to deserving young men, for four years gratis, upon bond with two good sureties. How many young persons of high character in their circle, with plenty of good sureties, are there, whom a charity of this kind might not make, by a continual course of well-doing, the first merchants of London. These are the charities of a great commercial city; and our only surprise is, that so excellent an idea should have had a source apparently so far removed from a knowledge of the interests and importance of trade.

## The Lion's Mouth.

“ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.”—*Horat.*

### Errata in our last Number.

In the Letter from Henry Pelham, Esq.

Page 295, line 15 from top, for *gammon* read *Saumon*.  
 „ 296, „ 25 „ for *aux poulets* read *à la poulet*.

In the Article on Sir Walter Scott.

Page 303, line 17 from top, for “leader” read “leveller.”

*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen,—The interest which your journal has ever taken in the progress of civilization and the fine arts, induces me to select you as the channel by which the English world may be introduced to a knowledge of the high pitch which the gastronomic art has attained in France. It has there been made the subject of legislation; the laws relating to it have been collected and arranged; and, published in a small duodecimo volume under the title “Code Gourmand,” form an important rule of life to that enlightened nation. Though this work has already passed through numerous editions on the Continent, and has been noticed with high approbation in one of the late numbers of our own “Quarterly Review,” it is yet but little known in this country. I thought, therefore, that I might afford acceptable service to my fellow-citizens, by directing their attention to it through your means, although I am sensible how much of the spirit of the original evaporates in the process of translation. Should the accompanying specimen meet with approbation, it may encourage me to extend my labours to the whole work.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

*Eaton, March 5, 1832.*

GULOSETONICULUS.

## THE EPICURE'S CODE.

### BOOK I.—ON THE MODE OF GIVING A DINNER.

#### CHAPTER I.—*On Invitations.*

Article 1.—An invitation may be given personally or by writing. A personal invitation is reserved for great occasions only.\*

Art. 2.—The card of invitation should be written in the morning, fasting, in order to ensure the calmest self-possession, and the most mature deliberation.

Art. 3.—The interval between the invitation and the dinner should be proportioned to the importance of the repast. It ought never to exceed thirty days, or fall short of four.

Art. 4.—When the repast is to be embellished by some remarkable dish, it should be mentioned by way of postscript. Thus, you should write at the bottom of your card, “A haunch of venison,”† as you see “Quadrilles” subjoined to an “At Home.”

Art. 5.—The person receiving an invitation is bound to send an answer in the course of the day. After having once accepted it, he cannot retract: he is no longer his own master—a voluntary recruit, he must join his colours on the day of engagement.

\* In this respect the French seem to differ from ourselves.—Translator.

† In the original—“Une carpe du Rhin.”—Translator.

Art. 6.—Still less can anything excuse an host from giving a dinner, for which he has once sent out invitations.

#### CHAPTER II.—*On the Dinner Table.*

Art. 1.—The real epicure will always banish from his table the sumptuous *épergne* filled only with flowers. Be its costliness what it may, it ill usurps the room which might be more profitably filled by some unassuming but precious viand.

Art. 2.—The “*vin ordinaire*” should, in summer, make its appearance in brilliant cut-glass decanters, iced to the dew-point. It will thus afford a luxury to the eye, which it is incapable of offering to the palate.

Art. 3.—Abundant relays of plates, glasses, and the other implements of war, should be ranged in readiness on the side-board: the sight of a well-stored arsenal being the best encouragement to the combatants.

Art. 4.—It is important to calculate your guests' respective *capacities*, and arrange their seats accordingly; in order that the table may be kept in perfect equilibrium.

Art. 5.—The bottles should be carefully placed in the different centres of gravity of the table; that is to say, before the hardest drinkers.

Art. 6.—Take care that your dining-room be well warmed throughout, and brilliantly lit. It is worth while to have one dish the less, in order to have one light the more.

#### CHAPTER III.—*On the Service of the Dinner.*

Art. 1.—A great dinner consists of four courses. The first, being opposed to a virgin appetite, ought to be capable of presenting a firm resistance, and should therefore be composed of *entrées*\* and removes. The roast meats, escorted by salads and some auxiliary vegetables, appear at the second course. At the third, there should be some cold dish in the centre, imposing by its size and excellence, surrounded by *entremets*,\* so hot as to have made but one leap from the kitchen to the dining-room. Lastly, the dessert displays itself to the delighted eyes of the ladies and the sweet-toothed guests.

Art. 2.—The *hors d'œuvres*\* remain on the table during the three first courses, to be trifled with in the intervals between the more serious attacks. They are the whetstones of the appetite.

Art. 3.—At the close of each act of the feeding drama, the stage should be completely cleared of the preceding course before a single dish of the ensuing one is permitted to enter. This state of nudity, however, should not last above an instant.

Art. 4.—As the most active host cannot personally help every dish, or take an effectual interest in the welfare of all his guests, he should select, with discernment, from among his intimate friends, some on whose politeness and address he can depend; and, dispersing them judiciously among the main body, employ them as aides-de-camp to second the efforts of their general.

#### BOOK II.—ON BEHAVIOUR AT TABLE.

##### CHAPTER I.—*Of the Amphitryon.*†

##### § 1.—*His lights.*

Art. 1.—The Amphitryon is the king of the table: his empire lasts as long as the meal, and ends with it.

\* The culinary art has, alas! never become sufficiently indigenous in this country to furnish us with words corresponding to these terms. The poverty of our language results from the barbarism of our manners. The meaning, however, is sufficiently obvious, at least to sympathetic minds.—Translator.

† The admirer of Molière will remember, that, when Sosia is in doubt which of

Art. 2.—It is he who assigns to each guest his place, directs the service of the courses, pours out or passes the finer sorts of wine, and gives the signal for rising.

Art. 3.—It is lawful for his glass to exceed in capacity those of his guests.

Art. 4.—He may be lively with his male guests, and gallant towards the females: to such of them as are pretty he may risk a compliment or two, which is sure to be received from *him* with an approving smile.

§ 2.—*His Duties.*

Art. 1.—It is the Amphytrion's part to carve and help the principal dishes.

Art. 2.—Fulfilling to the utmost the laws of hospitality, he watches with paternal solicitude over the welfare of the stomachs committed to his care; re-assures the timid, encourages the modest, and incites the vigorous, appetite.

Art. 3.—He must abstain from praising either his dishes or his wines.

Art. 4.—Though it should drain his cellar dry, he is bound to see justice done to every toast proposed.

Art. 5.—He is not to take advantage of his situation to utter stale jests or vulgar puns.

Art. 6.—The police of the table belongs of right to him; he should never permit a plate or a glass to be either full or empty.

Art. 7.—On rising from table, he should cast a scrutinizing glance over the glasses. If he sees them not quite emptied, let him take warning by it to choose either his guests or his wine better for the future.

CHAPTER II.—*Of the Guests.*

Art. 1.—The first duty of a guest is to arrive at the time named, at whatever inconvenience to himself.

Art. 2.—When the Amphytrion offers any dish to a guest, his only civil way of declining it, is by requesting to be helped a second time to that of which he has just partaken.

Art. 3.—A guest who is a man of the world will never begin a conversation until the first course is over: up to that point, dinner is a serious affair, from which the attention of the party ought not to be inconsiderately distracted.

Art. 4.—Whatever conversation is going on ought to be suspended, even in the middle of a sentence, upon the entrance of a *dinde aux truffes*.

Art. 5.—An applauding laugh is indispensable to every joke of the Amphytrion.

Art. 6.—A guest is culpable who speaks ill of his entertainer during the first three hours after dinner. Gratitude should last at least as long as digestion.

Art. 7.—To leave anything on your plate, is to insult your host in the person of his cook.

Art. 8.—A guest who leaves the table deserves the fate of a soldier who deserts.

CHAPTER III.—*Of Neighbourhood at Table.*

§ 1.—*Of Vicinity to Ladies.*

Art. 1.—He who sits next to a lady becomes at once her *cavalier servente*. He is bound to watch over her glass with as much interest as over his own.

Art. 2.—The gentleman owes aid and protection to his fair neighbour in the selection of food; the lady on her part is bound to respect and obey the recommendations of her knight on this subject.

the two, Jupiter or Amphytrion, is really his master, he decides the point at last in favour of him who had given him a dinner, declaring that to be "*le vrai Amphytrion où l'on dîne*." Hence the term "*Amphytrion*" has become, in France, synonymous with "*host*," or "*master of the feast*."—Translator.



Art. 3.—It is bad taste for the gentleman to advance beyond politeness during the first course : in the second, however, he is bound to be complimentary ; and he is at liberty to glide into tenderness with the dessert.

Art. 4.—The *knee* must on no account take any part in the conversation, until the Champagne has made one round.

Art. 5.—On rising from table, the gentleman offers his hand to his partner\* ; he may ascertain from the touch whether a renewal of his attentions in the drawing-room will be acceptable.

#### § 2.—On Vicinity to Men.

Art. 1.—When two gentlemen sit together, they owe no duties to each other beyond politeness and reciprocal offers of wine and of water ;—the *last* offer becomes an error after one refusal.

Art. 2.—In being helped to a dish, you should at once accept any precedence offered you by your neighbour : ceremony serves only to cool the plate in question for both parties.

Art. 3.—If you sit near the Amphitryon, your criticisms on the repast must be conveyed in a whisper : aloud you can do nothing but approve.

Art. 4.—Under no pretext can two neighbours at table be permitted to converse together on their private affairs, unless indeed one of them is inviting the other to dinner.

Art. 5.—Two neighbours who understand each other may always get more wine than the rest of the guests ; they have only to say by turns to each other with an air of courtesy, " Shall we take some wine ? "

#### § 3.—On Vicinity to Children.

Single Article.—The only course to be pursued, if you have the misfortune to be placed next a child at table, is to make him tipsy as quick as you can, that he may be sent out of the room by Mamma.

#### CHAPTER IV.—On the Means of reconciling Politeness with Egotism.

Art. 1.—The Epicure's serious attention should be fixed upon the articles on the table ; he may lavish his politeness, his wit, and his gaiety upon the people who sit round it.

Art. 2.—By helping the dish next yourself, you acquire a right to be helped to any other dish on the table.

Art. 3.—A carver must be very unskilful, who cannot by a little slight of hand smuggle aside the best morsel of a dish, and thus, when serving himself *last*, serve himself also the *best*.

Art. 4.—Your host's offers are sometimes insincere when they refer to some magnificent dish yet uncut. In such cases you should refuse feebly for yourself, but accept on behalf of the lady next you ; merely out of politeness to her.

Art. 5.—The Amphitryon is always for the time being a man of property. You ought therefore,—if he is slow in attacking a noble haunch of venison in helping a juicy "*entremet*," in offering some fine fruit, or uncorking some rare wine,—to compliment him in pure politeness upon the articles, which, no doubt, are the produce of his own parks, gardens, hothouses, or vineyards.

Art. 6.—Be not sparing in your challenges to your neighbour to drink. They form at once a pretext to yourself, and an incitement to him.

Art. 7.—On commencing a fresh bottle, take care to pour a little carelessly into your own glass, before you help any one else. Custom permits it, and these first-fruits possess more flavour than all the rest.

Art. 8.—The thigh of all birds, boiled, is preferable to the wing. Never lose sight of this in helping ignoramuses or ladies.

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\* It must be remembered that, on the Continent, both sexes quit the dinner table together.—Translator.

Art. 9.—The *hors d'œuvres* pass occasionally from hand to hand round the table. When they reach you, let their position thenceforth become as fixed as the Columns of Hercules.

The following is a literal copy of a notice served by a worthy inhabitant of Gravesend upon his neighbour, whose fowl had eaten his pig's victuals. The "original" is before us:—

"SIR,—I have sent to you as Coashon a gences Leting your fowls Coming Eting and destroying My Pegs vettles and if so be you Let them Com on My Premses hafter this Noddess I will kil them.

"RD. GOLD."

PHRENOLOGY AND POLITICS.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen,—As we are now on "the eve of a general election," it is desirable that voters should be guided by proper rules in their choice of representatives. Some are for exacting pledges, while others agree to judge of candidates by their past conduct, but the paragraph below, suggests a mode of choosing a member, which can at least lay claim to the recommendation of novelty:—

POLITICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A correspondent of the *Phrenological Journal* suggests, that as "those who guide the plough cannot have knowledge, and as canvass-men neither write nor speak the truth, some simple test of ability should be submitted to the unlettered elector." He proposes that "all candidates for public confidence should have their heads shaved, and without solicitation doff their wigs at the door of every house. Let the elector then pick out the man whose head most resembles that of Franklin—for such a man would "go and do likewise!" If any approach with an unshaven head, let him be cast away without examination."—*Observer*.

According to this rule a candidate need not trouble himself to publish his political opinions, but must take care to circulate freely through the district he aspires to represent, a lithographic sketch of his head with all its bumps correctly marked according to the rules of phrenology. Every elector would thus have an opportunity of bestowing his suffrage on a person possessing to demonstration the principles most approved of by the constituent. The advocate for the abolition of *places* would naturally refuse to support a candidate possessing the organ of *locality*, while the friends of short parliaments would sedulously avoid lending their assistance to a man on whose head might be developed the quality of *adhesiveness*. Reformers would naturally shun the owner of a *caput* having the bump of *acquisitiveness*, while that of *destructiveness* would, in the opinion of the Tories, be the mark of a character bent on the subversion of all order, and on the demolition of all our most venerable institutions.

Were this phrenological test to be adopted at elections, candidates would be under the necessity of *standing upon their heads*, and rushing to the poll might with propriety be understood as synonymous with going to the *hustings*. It would likewise if acted on be in some degree a defence to unpopular aspirants for parliamentary honours, as it would then be highly impolitic to *pelt* a candidate, lest a few stones by striking a Tory on the head, might raise certain bumps seeming to betoken the possession of liberal opinions, and thus tend to mislead a constituency in the bestowal of its suffrages. Such mistakes might very easily occur, and indeed the following anecdote proves that the maxim "a little learning is a dangerous thing," holds particularly good with regard to the science of phrenology:—

An Irish beggar was brought up to a police-office in Dublin charged with having asked alms of a gentleman, and having at the same moment struck him a forcible blow in the middle of his forehead. It appeared that the prisoner was indebted to the "March of Intellect" for a smattering of phrenological knowledge, and being a beggar by profession, had endeavoured to

find the position of the organs most indicative of charity. His defence to the assault was that "he had given the blow with the best possible intentions, for he had hoped by raising a bump in the place he aimed at, to have brought out a little of the gentleman's benevolence." I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"PHILO-GALL."

GERMANY, HUNGARY, RUSSIA.—*Frankfort on the Main*.—An unpleasant occurrence that took place here recently, proves how closely the stormy elements of political discord hover in this country over even the most peaceful, harmonious, and graceful recreations of private life. A party of ladies and gentlemen,—musical amateurs of the city,—had assembled on the summit of the *Königsstein*, which is one of a chain of hills called the *Taunus Gebirge*, and is surmounted by some very noble ruins of an ancient castle, being only a few miles distant from Frankfort. This delightful spot, it appears, was annually chosen by the same company to meet, as on this occasion, for the performance of a selection of choice *morceaux* from their national composers,—instrumental and vocal. The effect of the music would, as may be imagined, be greatly enhanced by the majestic and enchanting scenery spread around, and the party were beginning thoroughly to feel the enjoyment they were participating;—wine flasks were laid aside, musical instruments had begun to give signals of commencement, and all was anticipation,—when, lo! the spirit of harmony was scared from its retreat by a series of dissonant notes, which, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the peaceful amateurs, proved to proceed from a troop of gens-d'armes, who advanced sword in hand, and, despite of every remonstrance or attempt at explanation, *made prisoners* of the whole assembly—ladies as well as gentlemen. These hasty instruments of arbitrary power persisted that the meeting was of a *tumultuous* nature, and contrary to the existing laws; nor was it until the proprietor of a neighbouring hotel where the citizens had taken refreshment, and to whom some of them were known, had become *baill* for these *offenders*, that the sapient gens d'armes loosed their hold, after having had the enviable satisfaction of breaking up a pleasant and innoxious meeting, and frightening several timid females.

In Cologne, took place a short time since, the grand Rhenish Musical Festival, which was attended by all the musical world, far and near. It was arranged under the superintendence of the celebrated *Ferdinand Ries*, who composed a new overture expressly for the occasion. The whole of the performances were in the highest style of excellence.

At St. Petersburg, the fruitful pen of Prince Schakowsky (who is already known to the literary world as the author of "Aristophanes," and many other plays) has been employed in dramatizing the tale of "*Jusi Miloslawsky*," by Zagoskin. The piece has been performed at the Petersburg and Moscow Theatres, with great success.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1, 1832.

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## THE POLITICIAN, NO. VII.

THE DUTCH WAR—THE EMBARGOS—FRANCE—THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI  
—THE ELECTIONS AT HOME.

THE dissolution of Parliament is at hand. Scarce will this Number be published, before the bridge between the old system and the new will not only be passed, but eternally swept away ; no conceivable change of events can restore the ancient elements of Government. Henceforth we must look onward : in Legislation we have destroyed the Past. At such a moment,—while the three kingdoms are alive—anxious—instinct—  
with the mighty charge of a General Election,—it would be in vain to

hope for a patient hearing to a prolonged exordium upon any branch of Politics whatsoever. In the moral system, the two movements of thought and action cannot well co-exist. The first prepares and follows the last, but not accompanies it. We, therefore, reluctantly postpone, for the present, any detailed consideration of the great European events that are passing around us. The War with Holland (the greatest event of all) is now determined; we have only to hope that it may be brief. As yet, the people at large are not aroused from their customary state of indifference to all continental affairs; but it is easy to foresee that, if the war continue long, however righteous it may be, or however necessary, it will not the less become generally unpopular; not that there any longer exists, as some old ass of an alderman at Norwich implies, a belief among the people that it is an Englishman's duty to hate the French, or that our nearest neighbours are necessarily our natural foes: on the contrary, the league with the French is the most popular part of the proceeding; and any alliance with the greatest and most civilized of European countries cannot but be productive of ultimate advantage to our own. But John Bull—as a certain new caricature facetiously hath it—does not like “to fight with *a customer*,” and while execrating the obstinacy of the Dutch King, he will still ask—“But what have we to do with the quarrel?” and still point to the answer in our obstructed commerce and our well-paid fleets.

“Avowedly,” says our next-door neighbour,—a worthy man, with whom we don't altogether agree, but who is the oracle of the parish,—“Avowedly, we care nothing for Leopold—we have no reason to regard the Flemings; and yet we are miserably involving ourselves for the sake of both—an ungrateful pair! We used to get as much, as merchants, in a month from the Mynheers of Rotterdam, as we may hope for in fifty years from the scurvy Liberals of the Flanders marshes. I ask,” continues our neighbour, “if the motive of the war be sound? Are we not in league with France, lest France should help herself? Is not the boundary of the Rhine at the bottom of it all? Why will not nations be honest! Sooner or later, France will make herself geographically as well as politically compact by means of one of nature's plainest marks. Let her statesmen avow the object at which her people and politicians, at least, are driving, and wherein they must, in time, be satisfied. No one knows better than Leopold that he is a *locum tenens*; and yet the ultimate result is so frightful to the dismembered Prussia, that her movers refuse to look so dire a catastrophe in the face. Once the French are firmly established on the Meuse, and upon the corn-bearing plains of Flanders, adieu Bonn, most learned of universities; adieu Coblenz; adieu Cologne, St. Juliers, and Aix la Chapelle! What, indeed, has Brandenburg and her sandy plains to do with Bacharach and Bingen?”

“If these hostilities settle into serious war, it will be called in history

the Blunder War, in which fleets were swamped, and armies wasted contrary to the inclination, and even the intentions of every body. The movement of troops at this moment is neither more nor less than another step in protocollism ; a species of demonstration : if a man dies, it will be like the spilling of an ink-stand—a mere accident, for which somebody or other will have to apologize while he is wiping up the stain with the sleeve of his diplomatic robe.”

Such are the opinions of our worthy neighbour, and though they are not unanswerable, they are—do not let us disguise the fact—they are not unlikely to be popular. But while at the present moment, and until we have a better opportunity for entering fully into the subject, we content ourselves with adopting the policy of the Vicar of Wakefield, and pray God we may be all the better for it a twelvemonth hence, we must say, that the first opening of the affair redounds marvellously to the honour of the mercantile king. The laying an embargo on the merchants and merchant-vessels, that in the confidence of peace were repairing to our harbours, or reposing in them, seems, to modern spirits, but a barbarous and a treacherous piece of business. It might have been hoped that we had got beyond the age of making war upon the comforts and conveniences of life. What have the merchants to do with this quarrel, or the people for whom they fetch and carry supplies ? The embargo will probably cause not a few bankruptcies, and what a way of making war is this ! Least of all is it worthy of the most enlightened Ministry England has seen. War is in itself a disgrace to the age, even war in all its pomp and paraphernalia ; but here is war in all its naked horror—war against the manufacturer's Saturday-night's wages, against the labourer's hire, the capitalist's profit, against occupation, contentment, and comfort. We were sanguine enough to think that the first stage in improvement in the conduct of future wars would be the exemption of commerce from its destructive grasp, and here is the ruin of all our hopes : commerce is destroyed first of all, and that for this reason only, that it is trusting and defenceless. The King of Holland, in the midst of all his errors, has refused to follow the bad example. He said, why should they suffer who will be the first to exclaim against this war ? We might have applied all our engineers and machinery against the Dutch garrisons, the Dutch army, and the Dutch navy, but why gazette a crusade against the peaceful and beneficent pursuits of the reliever of natural disadvantages, the succourer of labour, the supplier of comfort ? To proclaim an embargo upon the ships and merchandize in our ports, because a particular sovereign has offended us, is as if the Home Secretary should order the shops in Cheapside to be destroyed, because the Lord Mayor in the city refused to conform to the New Police and its arrangements.

Turning to France, the election of Monsieur Dupin to the office of President of the Chamber is fortunate for the Ministry, whom, by this

time, he has probably joined. Yet, on the long-run, that lukewarm politician will lose more for himself by his alliance with the *Doctrinaires* than the *Doctrinaires* will gain by his timid services and hesitating friendship. But at this instant no one can turn his thoughts to France without feeling the capture of the Duchesse de Berri to possess the most engrossing and immediate interest of all the numberless questions by which his interest is excited.

The French are a prudent people with pen and print, but their tongue knows neither forbearance nor decorum;—in this the contrary of us Englishmen. Thus M. Thiers says openly to all his acquaintance that the Duchesse de Berry is taken with Henry VI., in other words that she is pregnant; nay, the very Royalists of the “*Journal des Débats*” do not shrink from uttering similar scandal. It is in every mouth, yet the papers beware repeating it, except indeed the “*Nouveliste*,” who says, “Let us not stir the *tristes mystères du château de Blaye*.”

Louis-Philippe, and still more his Queen, are distressed beyond measure at the capture. The latter was all along in correspondence with the Duchess, who is her niece, entreating her to leave France, and showing her the futility of remaining. Under the Queen’s directions, the efforts of M. Montalivet, the late Minister of the Interior, were employed to chase the female pretender, to allow her no repose, and to drive her out of the country without capturing her. M. Thiers, Montalivet’s successor, won the Queen’s confidence upon a tacit promise of equal forbearance; but having need of success or a *coup d’éclat* to influence the parliamentary majority, Thiers brought on the actual capture.

Its consummation is not only painful to the personal feelings of Louis-Philippe, but it also counteracts his individual views. On the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, a considerable number of Bonapartists, with Boulay de la Meurthe at their head, waited upon Louis-Philippe, and declared, that now the dynasty of the great man was extinct, they rallied to the house of Orleans, as the people’s choice. There was some thought of making the elder Boulay a peer in reward of this adhesion, until it was discovered that he had proposed in the convention a law for the proscription of all nobles—and that, consequently, however fit for a senator, he was not exactly a proper recruit for the peerage.

Having rallied the Bonapartists, Louis-Philippe had conceived the hope of rallying the old Royalists, or Carlists. Absurd! you may exclaim—impossible! Yet to prove it, we need but adduce the creation of a dozen Carlist peers in the last batch, who have already joined the conciliable part of the opposition. When the present ministry objected to these Carlist nominations, the King replied that he had already given his word to these candidates. In other words, he resolved to persevere in his experiment;—and this resolution the capture of the Duchesse de Berri completely interferes with.

This adventurous princess has indeed done more for her party than

the most consummate general ; for the latter could make but an awkward campaign without an army. And how insufficient the immediate adherents of the exiled house, even in La Vendée, were to form one, may be gathered from the fact that the band were formed chiefly of refractory conscripts, deserters, in other words, who had not a political idea, and that the Duchess herself has been obliged to entrust her person for defence and concealment almost as often to liberals and enemies as to royalists and friends. This latter circumstance she has indeed owned.

But, though defeated, she has gained a moral victory. She has infused fresh enthusiasm into the hearts of all Royalists, who rather blushed for the pusillanimity of Charles and his son in the days of July. Her capture too will attract infinitely more sympathy than her exile. Her retention must give birth to everlasting plots for her rescue, since the tragedy of Fotheringhay Castle can scarcely be acted at Blaye, whilst her liberation might occasion an equal *mouvement* amongst the populace. The vigour, in short, of the present administration is likely to militate strongly against itself. It gives the discontented of the *juste milieu* a string to harp on, and a question upon which to divide against the government.

But all conjectures as to the future march and play of parties in France is idle at a moment when the meeting of the Chambers occurs to clear up all the doubts and mysteries which have hung over French affairs during the last few months.

And this reflection recalls our attention homewards, and reminds us that our male readers, most of whom we trust are either electors or candidates, are, by this time, all eagerness to put principles into practice. While we are discussing the affairs of other nations, the great battle in our own is at hand ; and never—no, not at Trafalgar itself, did a deeper and more solemn significance attach itself to the noble watchword, “ ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY ! ”

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## ASMODEUS AT LARGE.—NO. VIII.

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*Leisure—Montaigne's Character—An Egotistical Reverie—The Tacitus—The Pindar—The Apollo's Son—The Rosa Matilda, and the Plato of—THE KEEPSAKE!!!—Scott's Monument—The Duke of Buccleugh's Delicacy—New Edition of Byron—The Supplements to the Spectator—The Dramatic Committee—The Censor—Political Allusions on the Stage, their Expediency considered—Should Theatres be classified?—Mrs. Hall's Buccaneers—The Westminster Election—Mr. D'Israeli and Colonel Grey.*

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LITERARY ease!—what a sentiment of happiness—what a sense of quiet, of deep, of virtuous enjoyment is conveyed in that expression!—How many classical recollections throng around us, when we recall, in that one phrase, the *otium* and the *dignitas* of the wise of old!—Tivoli crowded with its white retreats—Baïæ and its Fountains—the Villa of Cicero—the Gardens of Pliny—the magnificent Palace of Lucullus, equally learned and voluptuous.—Nor, for my own part, can I ever chew the cud of that delightful phrase without especially bringing to my mind's eye a certain antique and venerable chamber in one of the grey *Chateaux* of *Perigord*,—crowded with a medley of well-worn volumes—and the light that enters from one high window resting on the comely front of the Lord of Montaigne. That most persuasive gossip, who, among Essayists, is what *Le Sage* was among Novelists—wisest while most trifling—and most brilliant when most at ease—seems, to my fancy, to have enjoyed the very ideal of a life of literary leisure.—He had seen enough of the actual world to be contented with retirement;—and his natural disposition, so remote from the dread hypochondriasm customary to men of letters, made Solitude the nurse no less of cheerful than of profound thoughts;—the philosophy of a Happy Temper smoothed the pillow of disease, and kept—if I may use the term—the mental as the bodily veins, in a healthful and lively flow,—so that he drank in the blessings of leisure without its ennui: and study never wearied him with a sense of its futility—nor solitude with that of its vegetative sameness. It has been my lot to cultivate letters from my earliest youth—but I have never attained to the leisure and the calm which should belong to the pursuit. At fits and starts I have heaped together what learning I possess—and pardon me the vanity—before I was twenty the elaborate Parr esteemed my correspondence as that of no ordinary bookman—but the wheel at my heart always forbade me rest—and the Passions hurried me from books to men—from study to pleasure—from contemplation to action—with so fierce and restless an alternation, that the life of ease—which I still covet—I have never, save at hasty and brief intervals, enjoyed. Sometimes, indeed, I charm myself with pictures of a future never likely to be mine—and imagine, that when the last days of my youth are over, and that tranquil period in which the Autumn of Life steals over its hot and laborious summer has cooled the pulses which now beat too wildly for repose, some quiet retreat—the *rura et silentium*—among old books and green fields—may afford me the Utopia and the Euthanasia of literary life. Then, too, I charm myself with the hope of weaving slowly and as a luxury, not a task, some such work as the world shall not willingly

let die, and which may bind my name to something more solid than those reeds blown to and fro by the breath of popular opinion, which, as yet, are the only witness of what I am. But as I have said, the chances are that such a future never will be reserved for fruition; my mind has exhausted my body prematurely; and the grave, perhaps, already yawns for its prey; but the spirit that is within me will quail not to the last,—and the despondency of the nerves shall not dim the hope of the soul. O the bright power of endurance that the Great Heart can evoke from its own wrecks! Wisely did the ancients build up a temple to Fortitude—wisely has the Poet told us—

“To bear is to conquer our fate.”

Without courage there is no virtue—with courage we are the emperors of earth—and trample, with an angel’s hope, upon the fiends of hell—

“Rex est qui metuit nihil;

Et hoc Regnum sibi quisque dat!” \*

If it has not often been my fate to take long draughts of that Pierian ease, which is the ordinary nectar of many of the cultivators of letters, the rareness of the luxury makes, perhaps, its excess; and now (as Asmodeus leaves me to myself, to pursue his own avocations in the fertile province of Amorous Intrigue, [which constitutes his proper domain,] marrying some and divorcing others) among my books and papers—“I crop my flowery food.”—I love, in these moments of literary relaxation, to blend every kind and order of literary work; through novels—essays—philosophy—politics—newspapers—pamphlets—annuals—I eat my way.

“All in a lonely study,

Where books are in great plenty,

A scholar can devour

More sense in an hour

Than Brougham can talk in twenty.

In books of geography

He makes the maps to flutter;

A river or a sea

Are to him a dish of tea,

And a kingdom bread-and-butter.” †

But above all my recent reading, commend me to that manual of the magnates—that horn-book of the high-bred—which is bound in red silk, and styled “The Keepsake.” I had just made the above exclamation when my friend M—— entered. Now, M—— is what is called a man of society. He is a table wit, and an oral critic—but he never writes. He is too clever for print—all his essence evaporates after the moment.

“I agree with you,” said he—“commend me to ‘The Keepsake.’ It is admirable: the benevolence of the design is alone sufficient to render it immortal. What a noble idea—to think of a nursery for the baby intellects of the Peerage! It is a great institution of charity for the paupers in mind. It is a sort of copy-book for grown-up masters and misses to write sentences in.”

“Nonsense,” said I—“you are satirical. I praise ‘The Keepsake’ in sober earnest. It has, in the first place, a Tacitus in Lord Dover. The Tacitus of ‘The Keepsake!’—a pretty phrase, is it not? Its lead-

\* Seneca,

† Shenstone.

ing article, unlike the trashy tales of other annuals, is an historical sketch. How profound! The pretty dears like to be instructed as well as amused. The grown-up children are as good and as precise, you see, as Miss Edgeworth's real ones, who always seemed to me to be made of wood. I fancy them sitting down after breakfast, with their chins on their hands, and commencing the leading article—'Vicissitudes in the life of a Princess of the House of Brunswick, by Lord Dover.'

M——. "The style of that article?"—

A——. "Is incomparable—I allow it. Such an aristocratic ease—so utterly unlike the English which people take pains with. Observe, for instance:—'It was to her (*the Countess Koningsmark's*) assistance that the Princess principally owed her escape. *She* collected for *her* whatever of money and of jewels could be found in the palace; *GAVE her* an old and trust-worthy man-servant of *her own*, who spoke French and German, to accompany *her*, and one of *her own femmes de chambre.*' Now pray observe the agreeable confusion of those *hers*—evidently incant on purpose to exercise the attention of the reader—a sort of intellectual puzzle for the drawing-room—a kind of emulative rival to—

'If Tom's father is John's son,  
What relation is Tom to John?'

"Then, too, mark the noble indifference to common people with which the historian announces that the Countess *gave* the Princess *her* servant—an absolute present—like a horse or a *calèche*. *GAVE!*—Oh! the happy expression! But what did she give?—there's the master-stroke. A servant?—Yes! you or I would have said a servant—Lord Dover says emphatically, a *man-servant*. This is worthy the phraseology of Mr. Lister. I should think the author of 'Arlington' said *man-servant*. Oh, what a butler is here undone by being a Lord and an historian!"

M——. Turning over another page. "But lo! an instance of brevity in the Tacitus of 'The Keepsake' surpassing that of Tacitus of the annuals. 'He proposed, at the same time, to the Chevalier, to unite his fortune with theirs in the undertaking. D'Aubant *accepted* (?) with readiness, joined his funds, &c.' Accepted?—accepted what? There is something delicious in this supercilious omission of the substantive—in this haughty disregard for the King's English and the subject's comprehension. None of your Gibbonian superfluity of words with Lord Dover! 'He accepts with readiness,' and leaves you to determine whether it is an invitation to dinner, or a proposition for destroying puppy dogs."

A——. "The Tacitus of 'The Keepsake' is immediately succeeded by its Pindar—the Honourable Henry Liddell—a gentleman who, inspired by the Olympic *Game*—Anglicè grouse—bursts forth into a dihyrambic upon the moors:—

'The moors—the moors—the bonny brown moors.'

This inspired poet—the Bard of the Double-Barrel—is, like his immortal model, very much given to that boldness of phrase which usually contradicts in the end of the verse the assertion of the beginning. For instance, he inquires, with a striking enthusiasm,—

'Oh, know ye the region in spring more fair,  
Than the *banks* and the *glens* of the moorland *bare*.'

Now, if it have banks and glens, how comes it bare? How?—why,

because the last word in the verse before it was 'fair!' The Honourable Henry Liddell is a very joyous poet—cheerful as Homer—but as he proceeds he grows mighty pathetic. The Duke of Athol, with whom he used to dine, is dead:—

'And the coronach rings on the mountains of Blair,  
For the lord of the woods and the moorlands bare.'

Just observe how thoroughly in keeping with the sporting genius of the Honourable Henry Liddell is the cause of his sorrow. It is so like a younger brother to mourn for the loss of the nobleman who cooked his grouse for him. Such are the grand emotions which agitate the soul of the Pindar of 'The Keepsake.' But the Pindar of 'The Keepsake' has a rival in the Honourable John Hobart Cradock, who lately, to the astonishment of the world, elongated that melodious name into Caradoc. A minstrel in 'The Court Journal' informs us that the said Honourable John is—

'Apollo's son in form and lute.'

Apollo's son thus emulates his sire:—

'Then rouse, ye youths! 'tis joy, *not labour*,  
To hurl a lance and wield a *sabre*.'

Apollo must be proud of such an heir to his lyre!"

"But not contented with the laity of genius, the presiding spirit of the Work has invoked also the muse of the hierarchy, and rejoiceth mightily in the minstrelsy of Archdeacon Spencer. The Tacitus, the Pindar, 'the Apollo's son in form and lute,'—all shrink before this Reverend Rosa Matilda of 'The Keepsake.' Hark!

"Where the consecrated willow  
Graceful shades the flowery shore,  
And the sound of distant billow  
*Gently steals from Ocean's roar.*"

There (viz., in the Archdeacon's 'heart of hearts')

"There the eye whose partial blindness  
Could no wayward faults perceive;  
There the voice of answering kindness  
Still, in *fadeless image*, live."

The fadeless image of a voice! Well done, Archdeacon. But enough—

"On the Rose's flushing bosom  
Warm the setting sunbeams play;  
On the violet's *kindred* blossom  
Fonder still the lights delay."

"Who shall laugh at the Church now? Who shall say its Archdeacons are not men of solid intellect and sound doctrine? Every line of the Archdeacon Spencer is a rap on the knuckles of the Radicals. The Honourable Grantley Berkely is not less diverting than his fellow-labourers. He favours us with a moral tale of seduction—it really is quite delightful to see the Aristocracy, poor creatures,—so good, and so industrious. He informs us of a woodcutting poacher, whom "a wholesome punishment given in strict justice, not only reformed in his manner of life, but caused in him such a distaste to the company of the miserable and disgusting objects with whom it was his lot to be confined," &c. This is a prodigiously fine remark—quite original—and proves the propriety of shutting up young offenders with miserable and disgusting objects. Why does not the Hon. Grantley Berkely favour us with hints upon

prison discipline, and the tendency of corrupt company to reform young woodcutters. It would be novel at least. But perhaps the Honourable Grantley Berkely is only profound by fits—poetry is evidently his forte—witness—“The *less* birds had long ceased their summer song, and were seen flocking together in search of the ripening berry that peeped in tempting luxury between the varying and many-coloured leaves, which, like the vest on the bosom of beauty, were about to be withdrawn on the gentle sigh of the waving wind approaching like a welcome lover!” All this is undeniably fine! there is a simple grandeur—a—a—*a je ne sçai quoi* about it, that convinces one that the Honourable Grantley Berkely is the Plato of ‘The Keepsake.’”

M—. “Seriously—it is worth some critic’s while to single out this Annual from its fellows, because it is one with a peculiar ambition—the ambition of having lord and lady contributors: it insults the Public by supposing they value trash by Honourable Henries; it sprouts forth into yearly ineptitude, and attempts to bring silliness into a solar system. So much for the ‘*Icon Lordfannicke!*’”

A—. “What think you of the design of perpetuating Abbotsford to Sir Walter’s family, as being the best monument to himself?”

M—. “Why, it smells of the Aristocracy who managed the Committee, and are always for ‘entails.’ It is a plan open to objections. In the first place, the hereditary transmission of the house is no monument at all to Scott: pilgrims would resort to Abbotsford equally whether in the possession of his children or that of strangers. In the second place, if, by a special act of the Legislature, the house is always to go to the heir-male with only its inadequate estate, it is likely, some years hence, to be an incumbrance rather than a blessing. Thirdly,—There is something offensive in the principle of sanctifying the worst of all laws—that of rigid entail—by one popular instance. Rewards to public men should not partake of the nature of family benefits, especially where the son, who receives the honour, is not publicly distinguished by a single one of the qualities of the father, for whose virtues or talents—not for whose name—they ought to be designed. These reasons make me waver as to the merits of the plan, (although, by the way, my name is included in the list of the Committee;) and the only reflexion that combats them is the feeling that poor Scott himself would have felt the project as the most acceptable homage to his genius.—But *à propos* of the monument. How good in the Duke of Buccleugh to excuse the amount of his donation by saying, it is exactly because he is rich that it would be bad taste in him to be liberal! ‘Only think,’ he says, ‘if I were to outdo the rest of the Peers, would not that be monstrous improper?’ So that his Grace is a niggard merely out of motives of delicacy!”

A—. “What a beautiful edition of Byron this is of Murray’s! It has only one fault—it contains too much. The beauty of the small poems, which used to be so conspicuous in the old editions, is quite drowned in the little rivulets of trash which have been poured into the present. Everything that Byron would most cautiously have banished has been most carefully inserted; and the best joke in the world is, that Mr. Lockhart—(at least I suppose it is that gentleman,—his pardon if I wrong him)—says, with a sanctimonious air,—(on inserting those beautiful and most characteristic lines by Lord Byron, ‘On hearing that his wife was ill,’ which are given in Lady Blessington’s ‘Conversations,’)—that, forsooth, ‘having recently found their way into circulation, he

(we) must include them, though *with reluctance*, in this collection.' Why, what a puling piece of nonsense is this! 'Reluctance!'—when the man's running into every hole and corner to pick up every dirty, thrown-away scrap of Byron's writing, whether intended for publication or not,—whether worthy of publication or not,—not a line of the most despicable doggerel has escaped him. And he prates of 'reluctance' about one, not only of the best of Byron's minor poems, but one which,—affecting, as the editor of this edition ostentatiously does, to illustrate Byron's disposition and feelings,—it would have been a most unpardonable omission *not* to have inserted: but the fact is, that Murray and his *clique* consider poor Byron their own property; and if any one else touches him, they start up, and cry 'sacrilege!' Thus do ordinary men trade upon great ones."

*M*—. "I see on your table two Supplements which 'The Spectator' has published, one on 'the Working of the House of Commons \*,' the other on 'Public Expenditure †.' What admirable documents they are! The first gives a most luminous survey of the internal working of the representative assembly—of its functions, and machinery—of its committees—forms—hours of sitting, &c. It contains a table showing the entire transactions of the last Session; it displays, in the closest and most masterly manner, the obstructions and delays of the present system, and suggests remedies well worthy of attention, and containing at least the principle and germ of a sound reform. The mass of information—the industry—the intelligence—the general fairness of this document—are beyond all praise ‡. A more valuable appendix to the Bill of Reform has not been published. The Supplement on Public Expenditure is not a less extraordinary effort of spirit and ability. It gives a general account of the Expenditure of 1831-2—shows what may be reduced—what not. The Civil List, Pensions, &c.—all are considered. In fact it displays a research, a lucid order of arrangement, one title of which, if displayed by a Member in an opening speech, would have gained him a permanent reputation. It is by efforts like these, made at great risk—at enormous expense—with a noble direction of judgment that consults what may instruct the people, and disdains to pander for lucre to their prejudices and their passions—it is also by philosophical and practical principles, applied to the matter of such facts, and calling the chaos into harmony, that we are made deservedly proud of the better portion of the English Press. And 'The Examiner' and 'The Spectator' have really done what the periodicals in Anne's time vainly boasted, called Wisdom to the breakfast-table, and brought home the best part of ethics (political knowledge) from the closet to men's daily understanding and ordinary business. These, not palaces and columns, are the public works which a people should covet, and of which legislators should be vain."

*A*—. "Apropos of Parliament and Committees, how good 'Blackwood' was, in the 'Noctes' of last month touching the Dramatic Committee!"

*M*—. "Ay, what a poor figure the players make off the stage—their logic is preposterous. But the hardest thing of all is in the strictures of the 'Athenæum,' which visit the follies of the witnesses on

\* For the week ending September 29th.

† For the week ending November 3.

‡ Only in the lists of Divisions do we note some inaccuracies: we speak here from personal experience.

the questions of the Committee, and think the Committee unwise because the actors were ninnies. On the contrary, there never perhaps was a Parliamentary Committee which, in so unprecedentedly short a time, examined so many witnesses, extracted so much information, or, from the contradictory elements of contending interests, wrought out a result so generally satisfactory to the public."

*A*—. "I suppose we shall have a Bill on the Report next session, but I wish to Heaven we could get rid of the vexatious superfluity of the 'Censor!'"

*M*—. "That I fear would be impossible at present, because the Legislature are not prepared to admit the political allusions that would instantly follow an unshackled drama; and yet the effect of political allusions would be new life to the stage—it would keep up that connexion between the Actual and the Romantic which is necessary to sustain the general interest in mimic representations. Every one may perceive how eager the public are to extract from plays the most far-fetched allusions to the present time. If this were made a part of the legitimate province of the author, the theatres would overflow. In the early days of the drama political allusions were common—they abound in our great dramatists—they are redundant even in the dramas of the tyrannical age of Charles II. In Anne's time the cold and heavy tragedy of Cato would never have been popular, but for the political deductions drawn from it by both parties. The English, more than any people in the world, require the strong seasoning of politics to attract them to the stage, because they run more after daily politics than any of their neighbours, and have less sympathy with the abstract and ideal. If there were no censor, political allusions would abound in all new works, and thus the stage would become popular. Of course this would produce evil as well as good, but the good would preponderate in the long run. The monopolists themselves allow, that as regards *morality* the Public are more vigilant than the Censor himself—that what escapes the last has been hissed by the first. They make the office solely one of *political expediency*—but the question ought to be fairly faced—why should politics be banished from the stage of a free people? The same good taste that banishes indecencies would also banish anything that passed the proper bounds of decorum in politics; for politics are morals, and like morals have their *To Prepon*. In fact, so far from inflaming the popular passion for politics, the stage would become an outlet for their expression; and many who now go to Political Unions would, were politics *acted* on the stage, resort to the theatres."

*M*—. "The principle of classifying the play-houses, allowing one to act tragedy, another vaudeville, &c., is warmly embraced by certain parties; the 'Athenæum' advocates that system."

*A*—. "But who will bell the cat? Where are the legal terms by which you can define and classify plays? Who now can define the legitimate drama so strictly but what the definition may be always evaded. Classification is, in fact, impossible, unless the theatres are brought entirely under arbitrary control. In France the government classifies theatres, because it pays for the support of theatres; but any theatre there could, if it please, evade the classification. It does not—why? because it is not its interest to do so. Leave the same grand principle to act upon the English managers. The small theatres will act whatever they can act best, because it will be their interest to do so ;

and plays will thus fall into a natural classification, according to the size, actors, and capacities of a theatre. The interference of legislators cannot do better than common sense, and it may do much worse;—besides, they have no business to controul private speculations unless they first turn them, as in France, into public institutions, and pay, as in that country, 80,000*l.* per annum for their support. It is the height of absurdity and unfairness in the Legislation to interfere only for the purpose of forbidding the direction of other people's capital, except in one channel, and then, if they are ruined, to leave its victims to suffer for the vexatious injustice of the intermeddler."

M——. (taking up a new Novel)—"And what is this?"

A——. "Mrs. Hall's *Buccaneer*—an admirable historical romance—full of interest—and with many new views of character. It is an Historical Romance, and yet unborrowed from Scott—it has not his mannerism—it is *sui generis*, which is saying a great deal. The author has introduced Cromwell in the foreground as the principal character, and done justice to the genius of the man; but he appears too often, and interferes too much in the love-story of the book. It is not that such an introduction does not belong to the *vrai*—it sins against the *vrai-semblable*—it requires great judgment and also great luck to make us feel that a hero is never taken liberties with. I think, therefore, that Cromwell would have been more effective if he had appeared more rarely, and if he had been wholly withdrawn from the love-scenes; but then the story might have been less interesting to the general reader; and perhaps the dignity of Cromwell is designedly sacrificed to the stimulus of the tale. The plot, otherwise, is extremely well conceived—very artful and progressing—the story never flags—and you open at once upon the main interest. The two best characters are a serving-girl (whose simplicity, kindliness, and beauty of heart are delineated with all the delicacy of womanhood and the felicity of genius) and a deformed youth, her lover, who, with the good qualities of a fine nature, unites the ire, the peevishness, the suspicion, that the sense of his personal inferiority produces. It is in charming unison with the character of Barbara (the damsel I have described) to make her love this ill-favoured youth, and to be attracted by the strength of his intellect; you feel that she is just the person to have disregarded beauty in a suitor, and to have been proud of the homage of a superior intellect. The innocent weakness of her nature is such as only a woman could have wrought out—if a man had attempted that character the girl would have been a fool. She is just preserved from silliness by a hand that stays the character at the verge of simplicity—one step more—one step less, and Barbara would have been no creation; as it is, she is at once original and perfect. There is a villain, of course, in the book, but he is too cowardly. Women rarely paint villains well; they don't, like Shakspeare or Massinger, intoxicate themselves with a sense of the great power that accompanies great crimes—they make despicable villains instead of magnificent ones—which last alone belong to tragedy and grave fiction. The Stukelys and Mawworms ought to appertain to comedy. But to give you an idea of the nerve and vigour of the style, just read this passage, in which the villain meets his fate, beginning with "Roupall and the youth crept stealthily down the cliff by a secret path, &c."

M——. "Ah! this is very fine, Mrs. Hall has a considerable mastery of style. Her Irish sketches possess great beauty of composition, and there is a little tale of hers in 'The Amulet' this year, which is written



and conceived with extraordinary skill—the idea is even grand. A woman—simple—kind, but of a high and religious mind, is devotedly attached to a reprobate and ruffian husband; she endures his slights—his alienation—his brutality, with untiring meekness, and unconquered love; but at last, when her young family are growing up, the husband begins to initiate her son in his own career of crime. She remonstrates—implores in vain—she cautions her son against his father. The ruffian discovers it, and threatens her thus—

‘As sure as you are a living woman,’ he continued, with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury, ‘as sure as you are a living woman you shall repent of this. I see the way to punish your wilfulness; if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain, until (he added with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the *Newgate Calendar*.’

The deep and stern heart of the mother is now aroused. The husband fulfils his threat—he commits a robbery, in which he endeavours to entangle his son. A great and solemn determination nerves the mother, and she informs against her guilty husband, as the only means to save the bodies and souls of her guiltless children. Mind, this determination is accomplished with such tenderness, that the awe of it does not revolt. I esteem the conception of this story to be one of the most dread and tragic in modern composition—the struggles of the wife’s heart with the mother’s would have been especially striking on the stage, and I only regret that the development of such a plot should not have been either reserved for tragedy, or elaborated into a prolonged and regular work of fiction. Mrs. Hall evinces in this, as in ‘*The Buccaneer*,’ very marked talents for the stage, and if she would devote her time and skill to a village tragedy, that should contain the simplicity and power of *Grace Henty*, I feel confident that it would have a startling success. Very few writers of the day—male or female—equal this accomplished woman, in the power of touching the heart by pathetic, or exalting it by generous, emotions.—But to turn to politics. What do you think of the Westminster business? Awkward enough. Who is to blame?”

A—. “Nay, let me have your opinion. I am too recently returned—from—chem—I mean—to London, to be *au fait* at these political matters.”

M—. “Why, then, the affair seems to me to stand thus:—I cannot admit with some of the papers, that electors owe no gratitude to a faithful representative: that if he, on the one hand, has acted with honesty and talent in Parliament, they, on the other hand, bestowed on him the opportunity so to act. I hold such a doctrine to be base and fallacious. The obligations which a wise and good legislator confers on the world—the abuses he rectifies—the reforms he supports—the sacrifice of youth—of health—of pleasure—of time to the service of mankind, are not repaid—no, not in a thousandth part—by the mere honour of a seat in Parliament, however large the constituency and important the trust. It is exactly as unjust and as mean in electors to think there can be no gratitude due to the man they elect, because they have elected him, as it would be in a master to deem that he owes nothing to the steward who has protected his property against robbers, economized his income, or established order in his house. What should we think of the master who said, ‘I owe this man nothing, or he could never have thus served me if I had not made him my ser-

vant? What logic and what gratitude! Precisely of the same nature are the logic and the gratitude of those who, admitting that Hobhouse has served his constituents as electors and citizens, yet contend that they owe him nothing for the service. You see that, taking this view of one part of the question, I am not likely to be biased against Hobhouse's claims; but, supposing the electors come to Sir John and say, 'Such and such opinions you advocated out of office, will you originate or support them now you are in?' And supposing Sir John declares he will not answer that question—that the content of his constituents is to him a matter of perfect indifference—and dismisses the deputation with a *brusque* resentment at their merely asking him if his opinions are unchanged, and he will some time or other put those opinions into action, and supposing too that while *now* declaring against pledges, he is known formerly to have advocated—nay—to have insisted upon pledges in these memorable words, 'To any definite questions, I shall think myself bound to give a sincere answer; for it appears to my judgment that the clamour raised against what is called demanding a pledge, has no foundation in theory or practice,'—*then* who can doubt that Hobhouse is in the wrong, and the electors in the right. In vain then would the sophists of the Treasury on the one hand, or of the Peel bench on the other, assert that he is to be turned out because he is in office. He is not to be turned out because he has come into power, but because he has gone out of his opinions. In vain is it to say that he is turned out for not giving pledges—he is turned out because one year he calls himself bound to give pledges, another year bound not even to answer questions. In vain, also, is it to say a Ministry cannot get on, if a Minister is not to sacrifice his individual opinions to the concord of the whole. A Minister of Sir John Hobhouse's rank, talents, eloquence, and character (placed as he is much too low for his claims, he ought at least to have been in the Cabinet), should only have accepted office on the understanding that he was to be allowed to be consistent—that he was to carry into effect the measures he had declared necessary to the welfare of the country. If he did not do this, the electors of Westminster were right to be discontented: if he did, he ought to have been glad to seize the opportunity to declare the new facilities for good of which he had so nobly possessed himself. And here I cannot sufficiently blame that part of Colonel Evans's letter which makes office itself a fault in a Member for Westminster. Are the representatives of the smallest constituencies alone to be in power? or is a man less useful, because he is in a position to put his opinions into effect. This doctrine is not worthy so enlightened a man as Colonel Evans.

"I have a very warm admiration of Hobhouse in many respects, but I think he has evidently committed a mistake at the least. He committed a mistake either in taking office with his hands tied, or in refusing to avow that he retained in office his former opinions—an avowal due to his character.\* Upon the whole, there is something salutary in the business, however

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\* But considering Sir John Hobhouse's great talents and long services—we think every possible facility ought to be given him for explanation. We wish we could say that we are satisfied with his speech of last Monday, but we are not—it is as vague as it is eloquent! We ourselves are among the constituency of Westminster—we have a sincere personal regard for Colonel Evans—and scarce any acquaintance with Sir John Hobhouse—but we should think ourselves bound to give Hobhouse our vote in preference to any other candidate, if he would but say publicly that he not only retains the opinions he once professed, but will labour with equal zeal to bring them into effect. If he will not say this, he leaves the Electors

it turn out. It is salutary that a constituency should be doubly jealous of representatives in office—that it should tie them to their old politics. This, if generally acted upon, would, in the first place, make men more moderate in their alleged opinions, and more cautious how they attack a Government for offences they themselves may commit. In the second place, it would make the remedy of abuses more expeditious—those who come into office would be no longer divided about this measure or that. Able men could only join a Government on the understanding that able measures are to be adopted; and talent will thus be measured by its utilities. As regards Colonel Evans, no one, on reflection, can fairly consider *him* to blame. He had not even the ties of party with Sir John Hobhouse or with the Ministry; he has never associated himself with the Whigs; he has been done scant justice to by the Government. One of the best officers in Europe, he has not had promotion because he has not been a Lord's son. He is perfectly free from all obligations to all parties; and stands alone, with his gallant reputation—his manly character—his enterprising disposition—and his sturdy understanding for his sole friends. The cry that a Reformer should not oppose a Reformer will come with an ill grace from Ministers, when Colonel Maberly, an official, is opposed to Mr. Perry, a young and able Reformer, highly distinguished by his efforts against the taxes on knowledge, and when the Premier's own son, Colonel Grey, was sent down last session to Wycombe to oppose Mr. D'Israeli, already in the field; and who, by his printed addresses, pledged himself to triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, and the abolition of taxes on knowledge. The friends of Colonel Grey (he himself of course could not have sanctioned the hypocrisy) endeavoured to excuse themselves by calling Mr. D'Israeli, in the face of all his printed and pledged annunciations, a Tory, solely because his father was one, and because his father's friends supported him upon private or local grounds (Mr. D'Israeli living in the county).\* Nothing could be more unhandsome than this charge; and the brilliant author of 'Con-  
tarini Fleming' aptly avenged himself on some placard styling him a Tory in disguise, by asserting 'that the only Tory in disguise was a Whig in office!' The Ministry thought themselves entitled to be angry with public men—(equally accredited with themselves for unflinching liberality of opinion)—for giving, previous to Colonel Grey's declaring himself, recommendatory letters to this able and plain-speaking candidate. Certainly such a recommendation would not have been given against the son of Lord Grey—a man to whom the country is so largely indebted—had Colonel Grey *then* been in the field; but to inculcate the doctrine that no Reformer is to oppose a Reformer, and then to oppose and to calumniate a very distinguished and avowed Reformer, solely because he is not one of the Aristocratic Whig *clique*, is a little too bad! With this example of Reformer opposing Reformer, the Ministers must beware how they throw stones."

A—. "Very true—and now let us take a ride."

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*of Westminster no option.* The liberalism which is the ladder to self-interests is the most dangerous of all hypocrisies. Sir John Hobhouse says he relies on the plain-dealing of the Electors,—we give him our vote according as he shew as plain-dealing himself.

\* But some old opinions (now publicly renounced) in works written by Mr. D'Israeli, when a mere boy, may be another cause of accusation? Hardly so we imagine with Lord Palmerston on the same bench as the accuser.

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(To be continued.)

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.\*

[With this paper we conclude the curious and instructive sketches for which we are indebted to the early friend of Shelley. We believe that no writings have been more faithfully illustrative of the character they tend to describe; and we heartily wish their author could be tempted to give the world a complete history of one whose peculiar and subtle nature he so well comprehends.—*Ed.*]

As our attention is most commonly attracted by those departments of knowledge which are striking and remarkable, rather than by those which are really useful, so, in estimating the character of an individual, we are prone to admire extraordinary intellectual powers and uncommon energies of thought, and to overlook that excellence which is, in truth, the most precious—his moral value. Was the subject of biography distinguished by a vast erudition? Was he conspicuous for an original genius; for a warm and fruitful fancy? Such are the implied questions which we seek to resolve by consulting the memoirs of his life. We may sometimes desire to be informed whether he was a man of nice honour and conspicuous integrity; but how rarely do we feel any curiosity with respect to that quality which is, perhaps, the most important to his fellows,—how seldom do we desire to measure his benevolence! It would be impossible faithfully to describe the course of a single day in the ordinary life of Shelley without showing, incidentally and unintentionally, that his nature was eminently benevolent,—and many minute traits, pregnant with proof, have been already scattered by the way; but it would be an injustice to his memory to forbear to illustrate expressly, but briefly, in leave-taking, the ardent, devoted, and unwearied love he bore his kind. A personal intercourse could alone enable the observer to discern in him a soul ready winged for flight, and scarcely detained by the fetters of body: that happiness was, if possible, still more indispensable to open the view of the unbounded expanse of cloudless philanthropy—pure, disinterested, and unvaried,—the aspect of which often filled with mute wonder the minds of simple people, unable to estimate a penetrating genius, a docile sagacity, a tenacious memory, or, indeed, any of the various ornaments of the soul. Whenever the intimate friends of Shelley speak of him in general terms, they speedily and unconsciously fall into the language of panegyric,—a style of discourse that is barren of instruction, wholly devoid of interest, and justly suspected by the prudent stranger. It becomes them, therefore, on discovering the error they have committed, humbly to entreat the forgiveness of the charitable for human infirmity, oppressed and weighed down by the fulness of the subject,—carefully to abstain in future from every vague expression of commendation, and faithfully to relate a plain, honest tale of unadorned facts.

A regard for children, singular and touching, is an unerring and most engaging indication of a benevolent mind. That this characteristic was not wanting in Shelley might be demonstrated by numerous examples which crowd upon the recollection, each of them bearing the strongly impressed stamp of individuality; for genius renders every surrounding circumstance significant and important. In one of our rambles we were

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\* Concluded from page 330.

traversing the bare, squalid, ugly, corn-yielding country, that lies, if I remember rightly, to the south-west of Oxford: the hollow road ascended a hill, and near the summit Shelley observed a female child leaning against the bank on the right: it was of a mean, dull, and unattractive aspect, and older than its stunted growth denoted. The morning, as well as the preceding night, had been rainy: it had cleared up at noon with a certain ungenial sunshine, and the afternoon was distinguished by that intense cold which sometimes, in the winter season, terminates such days. The little girl was oppressed by cold, by hunger, and by a vague feeling of abandonment. It was not easy to draw from her blue lips an intelligible history of her condition. Love, however, is at once credulous and apprehensive; and Shelley immediately decided that she had been deserted, and, with his wonted precipitation (for in the career of humanity his active spirit knew no pause), he proposed different schemes for the permanent relief of the poor foundling, and he hastily inquired which of them was the most expedient. I answered that it was desirable, in the first place, to try to procure some food, for of this the want was manifestly the most urgent. I then climbed the hill to reconnoitre, and observed a cottage close at hand, on the left of the road. With considerable difficulty—with a gentle violence, indeed—Shelley induced the child to accompany him thither. After much delay, we procured from the people of the place, who resembled the dull, uncouth, and perhaps sullen, rustics of that district, some warm milk. It was a strange spectacle to watch the young poet, whilst, with the enthusiastic and intensely earnest manner that characterizes the legitimate brethren of the celestial art—the heaven-born and fiercely-inspired sons of genuine poesy,—holding the wooden bowl in one hand and the wooden spoon in the other, and kneeling on his left knee, that he might more certainly attain to her mouth, he urged and encouraged the torpid and timid child to eat. The hot milk was agreeable to the girl, and its effects were salutary; but she was obviously uneasy at the detention. Her uneasiness increased, and ultimately prevailed: we returned with her to the place where we had found her, Shelley bearing the bowl of milk in his hand. Here we saw some people anxiously looking for the child—a man and, I think, four women, strangers of the poorest class, of a mean, but not disreputable, appearance. As soon as the girl perceived them she was content, and taking the bowl from Shelley, she finished the milk without his help. Meanwhile, one of the women explained the apparent desertion with a multitude of rapid words. They had come from a distance, and to spare the weary child the fatigue of walking farther, the day being at that time sunny, they left her to await their return; those unforeseen delays, which harass all, and especially the poor, in transacting business, had detained them much longer than they had anticipated. Such, in a few words, is the story, which was related in many, and which the little girl, who, it was said, was somewhat deficient in understanding, as well as in stature, was unable to explain. So humble was the condition of these poor wayfaring folks, that they did not presume to offer thanks in words; but they often turned back, and with mute wonder gazed at Shelley, who, totally unconscious that he had done anything to excite surprise, returned with huge strides to the cottage, to restore the bowl and to pay for the milk. As the needy travellers pursued their toilsome, and possibly fruitless journey, they had at least the satisfaction to reflect that all above them were not desolated by a dreary apathy, but that some

hearts were warm with that angelic benevolence towards inferiors in which still higher natures, as we are taught, largely participate.

Shelley would often pause, halting suddenly in his swift course, to admire the children of the country-people ; and after gazing on a sweet and intelligent countenance, he would exhibit, in the language and with an aspect, of acute anguish, his intense feeling of the future sorrows and sufferings—of all the manifold evils of life—which too often distort, by a mean and most disagreeable expression, the innocent, happy, and engaging lineaments of youth. He sometimes stopped to observe the softness and simplicity that the face and gestures of a gentle girl displayed, and he would surpass her gentleness by his own. We were strolling one day in the neighbourhood of Oxford, when Shelley was attracted by a little girl : he turned aside, and stood and observed her in silence. She was about six years of age, small and slight, bareheaded, bare-legged, and her apparel variegated and tattered. She was busily employed in collecting empty snail-shells, so much occupied indeed, that some moments elapsed before she turned her face towards us. When she did so, we perceived that she was evidently a young gipsy ; and Shelley was forcibly struck by the vivid intelligence of her wild and swarthy countenance, and especially by the sharp glance of her fierce blackeyes. “How much intellect is here !” he exclaimed,—“in how humble a vessel, and what an unworthy occupation for a person, who once knew perfectly the whole circle of the sciences ; \* who has forgotten them all, it is true, but who could certainly re-collect them, although most probably she will never do so,—will never recall a single principle of any one of them !” As he spoke, he turned aside a bramble with his foot, and discovered a large shell, which the alert child instantly caught up and added to her store ; at the same moment a small stone was thrown from the other side of the road ; it fell in the hedge near us. We turned round and saw on the top of a high bank a boy some three years older than the girl, and in as rude a guise ; he was looking at us over a low hedge with a smile, but plainly not without suspicion. We might be two kidnappers, he seemed to think : he was in charge of his little sister, and did not choose to have her stolen before his face. He gave the signal therefore, and she obeyed it, and had almost joined him before we missed her from our side. They both disappeared, and we continued our walk. Shelley was charmed with the intelligence of the two children of nature, and with their marvellous wildness : he talked much about them, and compared them to birds, and to the two wild leverets, which that wild mother, the hare, produces. We sauntered about, and half an hour afterwards, on turning a corner, we suddenly met the two children again full in the face. The meeting was unlooked for, and the air of the boy showed that it was unpleasant to him : he had a large bundle of dry sticks under his arm ; these he gently dropped, and stood motionless with an apprehensive smile—a deprecatory smile. We were perhaps the lords of the soil, and his patience was prepared, for patience was his lot—an inalienable inheritance long entailed upon his line—to hear a severe reproof with heavy threats, possibly even to receive blows with a stick gathered by himself, not altogether unwittingly for his own back ; or to find mercy and forbearance. Shelley’s demeanour soon convinced him that he had nothing to fear : he laid a hand on the round, matted, knot-

\* According to the Platonic doctrine, that all our knowledge is but the memory of what we knew in a former state.

ted, bare, and black head of each, viewed their moving, mercurial countenances with renewed pleasure and admiration, and shaking his long locks, suddenly strode away. "That little ragged fellow knows as much as the wisest philosopher," he presently cried—clapping the wings of his soul, and crowing aloud with shrill triumph at the felicitous union of the true with the ridiculous—"but he will not communicate any portion of his knowledge: it is not from churlishness however, for of that his nature is plainly incapable; but the sophisticated urchin will persist in thinking he has forgotten all that he knows so well. I was about ask him myself to communicate some of the doctrines Plato unfolds in his Dialogues; but I felt that it would do no good: the rogue would have laughed at me, and so would his little sister. I wonder you did not propose to them some mathematical questions: just a few interrogations in your geometry; for that being so plain and certain, if it be once thoroughly understood, can never be forgotten!"

A day or two afterwards (or it might be on the morrow) as we were rambling in the favourite region at the foot of Shotover-hill, a Gipsy's tent by the roadside caught Shelley's eye: men and women were seated on the ground in front of it, watching a pot suspended over a smoky fire of sticks. He cast a passing glance at the ragged group, but immediately stopped on recognizing the children, who remembered us, and ran laughing into the tent. Shelley laughed also, and waved his hand, and the little girl returned the salutation. There were many striking contrasts in the character and behaviour of Shelley, and one of the most remarkable was a mixture, or alternation, of awkwardness with agility,—of the clumsy with the graceful. He would stumble in stepping across the floor of a drawing-room;—he would trip himself up on a smooth shaven grass-plot, and he would tumble in the most inconceivable manner in ascending the commodious, facile, and well-carpeted staircase of an elegant mansion, so as to bruise his nose, or his lip, on the upper steps, or to tread upon his hands, and even occasionally to disturb the composure of a well-bred footman;—on the contrary, he would often glide without collision, through a crowded assembly, thread with unerring dexterity a most intricate path, or securely and rapidly tread the most arduous and uncertain ways. As soon as he saw the children enter the tent, he darted after them with his peculiar agility, followed them into their low, narrow, and fragile tene-ment, penetrated to the bottom of the tent without removing his hat, or striking against the woven edifice. He placed a hand on each round, rough head, spoke a few kind words to the skulking children, and then returned not less precipitately, and with as much ease and accuracy, as if he had been a dweller in tents from the hour when he first drew air and milk to that day,—as if he had been the descendant, not of a gentle house, but of a long line of Gipsies. His visit roused the jealousy of a stunted, feeble dog, which followed him and barked with helpless fury: he did not heed it, nor perhaps hear it. The company of Gipsies were astonished at the first visit that had ever been made by a member of either University to their humble dwelling; but as its object was evidently benevolent, they did not stir or interfere, but greeted him on his return with a silent and unobserved salutation. He seized my arm, and we prosecuted our speculations, as we walked briskly to our college.

The marvellous gentleness of his demeanour could conciliate the least sociable natures, and it had secretly touched the wild things which he

had thus briefly noticed. We were wandering through the roads and lanes at a short distance from the tent soon afterwards, and were pursuing our way in silence; I turned round at a sudden sound;—the young Gipsy had stolen upon us unperceived, and with a long bramble had struck Shelley across the skirts of his coat: 'e had dropped his rod, and was returning softly to the hedge. Certain misguided persons, who, unhappily for themselves, were incapable of understanding the true character of Shelley, have published many false and injurious calumnies respecting him;—some for hire, others drawing largely out of the inborn vulgarity of their own minds, or from the necessary malignity of ignorance,—but no one ever ventured to say that he was not a good judge of an orange! At this time, in his nineteenth year, although temperate, he was less abstemious in his diet than he afterwards became, and he was frequently provided with some fine samples. As soon as he understood the rude but friendly welcome to the heaths and lanes, he drew an orange from his pocket, and rolled it after the retreating Gipsy along the grass by the side of the wide road. The boy started with surprise as the golden fruit passed him, quickly caught it up, and joyfully bore it away, bending reverently over it, and carrying it with both his hands, as if, together with almost the size, it had also the weight of a cannon-ball.

The passionate fondness of the Platonic philosophy seemed to sharpen his natural affection for children, and his sympathy with their innocence. Every true Platonist, he used to say, must be a lover of children, for they are our masters and instructors in philosophy: the mind of a newborn infant, so far from being, as Locke affirms, a sheet of blank paper, is a pocket edition, containing every dialogue, a complete Elzevir Plato, if we can fancy such a pleasant volume; and, moreover, a perfect encyclopedia, comprehending not only the newest discoveries, but all those still more valuable and wonderful inventions that will hereafter be made!

One Sunday we had been reading Plato together so diligently, that the usual hour of exercise passed away unperceived: we sallied forth hastily to take the air for half an hour before dinner. In the middle of Magdalen Bridge we met a woman with a child in her arms. Shelley was more attentive at that instant to our conduct in a life that was past, or to come, than to a decorous regulation of the present, according to the established usages of society, in that fleeting moment of eternal duration, styled the nineteenth century. With abrupt dexterity he caught hold of the child. The mother, who might well fear that it was about to be thrown over the parapet of the bridge into the sedgy waters below, held it fast by its long train. "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, Madam?" he asked, in a piercing voice, and with a wistful look. The mother made no answer, but perceiving that Shelley's object was not murderous, but altogether harmless, she dismissed her apprehension, and relaxed her hold. "Will your baby tell us any thing about pre-existence, Madam?" he repeated, with unabated earnestness. "He cannot speak, Sir," said the mother, seriously. "Worse and worse," cried Shelley, with an air of deep disappointment, shaking his long hair most pathetically about his young face; "but surely the babe can speak if he will, for he is only a few weeks old. He may fancy perhaps that he cannot, but it is only a silly whim; he cannot have forgotten entirely the use of speech in so short a time; the thing is absolutely impossible." "It is not for me to dispute with you, Gentlemen," the woman meekly replied, her eye glancing at our academical



garb; "but I can safely declare that I never heard him speak, nor any child, indeed, of his age." It was a fine placid boy: so far from being disturbed by the interruption, he looked up and smiled. Shelley pressed his fat cheeks with his fingers, we commended his healthy appearance and his equanimity, and the mother was permitted to proceed, probably to her satisfaction, for she would doubtless prefer a less speculative nurse. Shelley sighed deeply as we walked on. "How provokingly close are those new-born babes," he ejaculated; "but it is not the less certain, notwithstanding their cunning attempts to conceal the truth, that all knowledge is reminiscence: the doctrine is far more ancient than the times of Plato, and as old as the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the child of Invention!"

In consequence of this theory, upon which his active imagination loved to dwell, and which he was delighted to maintain in argument with the few persons qualified to dispute with him on the higher metaphysics, his fondness for children—a fondness innate in generous minds—was augmented and elevated, and the gentle instinct expanded into a profound and philosophical sentiment. The Platonists have been illustrious in all ages, on account of the strength and permanence of their attachments. In Shelley the parental affections were developed at an early period to an unusual extent: it was manifest, therefore, that his heart was formed by nature and by cultivation to derive the most exquisite gratification from the society of his own progeny, or the most poignant anguish from a natural or unnatural bereavement. To strike him here was the cruel admonition which a cursory glance would at once convey to him who might seek where to wound him most severely with a single blow, should he ever provoke the vengeance of an enemy to the active and fearless spirit of liberal investigation and to all solid learning—of a foe to the human race. With respect to the theory of the pre-existence of the soul, it is not wonderful that an ardent votary of the intellectual should love to uphold it in strenuous and protracted disputation, as it places the immortality of the soul in an impregnable castle, and not only secures it an existence independent of the body, as it were, by usage and prescription, but moreover, raising it out of the dirt on tall stilts—elevates it far above the mud of matter. It is not wonderful that a subtle sophist, who esteemed above all riches and ~~terrene~~ honours victory in well-fought debate, should be willing to maintain a dogma that is not only of difficult eversion by those, who, struggling as mere metaphysicians, use no other weapon than unassisted reason, but which one of the most illustrious Fathers of the Church—a man of amazing powers and stupendous erudition, armed with the prodigious resources of the Christian theology, the renowned Origen—was unable to dismiss; retaining it as not dissonant from his informed reason, and as affording a larger scope for justice in the moral government of the universe.

In addition to his extreme fondness for children, another, and a not less unequivocal, characteristic of a truly philanthropic mind, was eminently and still more remarkably conspicuous in Shelley,—his admiration of men of learning and genius. In truth, the devotion, the reverence, the religion, with which he was kindled towards all the masters of intellect, cannot be described, and must be utterly inconceivable to minds less deeply enamoured with the love of wisdom. The irreverent many can-

not comprehend the awe—the careless apathetic worldling cannot imagine the enthusiasm—nor can the tongue that attempts only to speak of things visible to the bodily eye,—express the mighty emotion that inwardly agitated him, when he approached, for the first time, a volume which he believed to be replete with the recondite and mystic philosophy of antiquity: his cheeks glowed, his eyes became bright, his whole frame trembled, and his entire attention was immediately swallowed up in the depths of contemplation. The rapid and vigorous conversion of his soul to intellect can only be compared with the instantaneous ignition and combustion, which dazzle the sight, when a bundle of dry reeds, or other light inflammable substance, is thrown upon a fire already rich with accumulated heat.

The company of persons of merit was delightful to him, and he often spoke with a peculiar warmth of the satisfaction he hoped to derive from the society of the most distinguished literary and scientific characters of the day in England, and the other countries of Europe, when his own attainments would justify him in seeking their acquaintance. He was never weary of recounting the rewards and favours that authors had formerly received; and he would detail in pathetic language, and with a touching earnestness, the instances of that poverty and neglect, which an iron age assigned as the fitting portion of solid erudition and undoubted talents. He would contrast the niggard praise and the paltry payments, that the cold and wealthy moderns reluctantly dole out, with the ample and heartfelt commendation, and the noble remuneration, which were freely offered by the more generous but less opulent ancients. He spoke with an animation of gesture and an elevation of voice of him who undertook a long journey, that he might once see the historian Livy; and he recounted the rich legacies which were bequeathed to Cicero and to Pliny the younger, by testators venerating their abilities and attainments,—his zeal, enthusiastic in the cause of letters, giving an interest and a novelty to the most trite and familiar instances. His disposition being wholly munificent, gentle, and friendly, how generous a patron would he have proved had he ever been in the actual possession of even moderate wealth! Out of a scanty and somewhat precarious income, inadequate to allow the indulgence of the most ordinary superfluities, and diminished by various casual but unavoidable incumbrances, he was able, by restricting himself to a diet more simple than the fare of the most austere anchorite, and by refusing himself horses and the other gratifications that appear properly to belong to his station, and of which he was in truth very fond, to bestow upon men of letters, whose merits were of too high an order to be rightly estimated by their own generation, donations large indeed, if we consider from how narrow a source they flowed. But to speak of this his signal and truly admirable bounty, save only in the most distant manner, and the most general terms, would be a flagrant violation of that unequalled delicacy with which it was extended to undeserved indigence, accompanied by well founded and most commendable pride. To allude to any particular instance, however obscurely and indistinctly, would be unpardonable; but it would be scarcely less blameable to dismiss the consideration of the character of the benevolent young poet without some imperfect testimony of this rare excellence.

That he gave freely, when the needy scholar asked, or in silent, hopeless poverty seemed to ask, his aid, will be demonstrated most clearly

by relating shortly one example of his generosity, where the applicant had no pretensions to literary renown, and no claim whatever, except perhaps honest penury. It is delightful to attempt to delineate from various points of view a creature of infinite moral beauty,—but one instance must suffice: an ample volume might be composed of such tales, but one may be selected, because it contains a large admixture of that ingredient which is essential to the conversion of alms-giving into the genuine virtue of charity—self-denial. On returning to town after the long vacation, at the end of October, I found Shelley at one of the hotels in Covent Garden. Having some business in hand he was passing a few days there alone. We had taken some mutton chops lastly at a dark place in one of the minute courts of the city, at an early hour, and we went forth to walk; for to walk at all times, and especially in the evening, was his supreme delight. The aspect of the fields to the north of Somers-Town, between that beggarly suburb and Kentish-Town, has been totally changed of late. Although this district could never be accounted pretty, nor deserving a high place even amongst suburban scenes, yet the air, or often the wind, seemed pure and fresh to captives emerging from the smoke of London: there were certain old elms, much very green grass, quiet cattle feeding, and groups of noisy children playing with something of the freedom of the village green. There was, oh blessed thing! an entire absence of carriages and of blood-horses; of the dust and dress and affectation and fashion of the parks: there were, moreover, old and quaint edifices and objects which gave character to the scene. Whenever Shelley was imprisoned in London,—for to a poet a close and crowded city must be a dreary gaol,—his steps would take that direction, unless his residence was too remote, or he was accompanied by one who chose to guide his walk. On this occasion I was led thither, as indeed I had anticipated: the weather was fine, but the autumn was already advanced; we had not sauntered long in these fields when the dusky evening closed in, and the darkness gradually thickened. “How black those trees are,” said Shelley, stopping short, and pointing to a row of elms; “it is so dark the trees might well be houses, and the turf, pavement,—the eye would sustain no loss; it is useless therefore to remain here, let us return.” He proposed tea at his hotel, I assented; and hastily buttoning his coat, he seized my arm, and set off at his great pace, striding with bent knees over the fields and through the narrow streets. We were crossing the New Road, when he said shortly, “I must call for a moment, but it will not be out of the way at all,” and then dragged me suddenly towards the left. I inquired whither we were bound, and, I believe, I suggested the postponement of the intended call till the morrow. He answered, it was not at all out of our way. I was hurried along rapidly towards the left; we soon fell into an animated discussion respecting the nature of the virtue of the Romans, which in some measure beguiled the weary way. Whilst he was talking with much vehemence and a total disregard of the people who thronged the streets, he suddenly wheeled about and pushed me through a narrow door; to my infinite surprise I found myself in a pawnbroker’s shop! It was in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street; for he had no idea whatever in practice either of time or space, nor did he in any degree regard method in the conduct of business. There were several women in the shop in brown and grey cloaks with squalling children; some of

them were attempting to persuade the children to be quiet, or at least to scream with moderation ; the others were enlarging upon and pointing out the beauties of certain coarse and dirty sheets that lay before them to a man on the other side of the counter. I bore this substitute for our proposed tea some minutes with tolerable patience, but as the call did not promise to terminate speedily, I said to Shelley, in a whisper, " Is not this almost as bad as the Roman virtue ? " Upon this he approached the pawnbroker : it was long before he could obtain a hearing, and he did not find civility. The man was unwilling to part with a valuable pledge so soon, or perhaps he hoped to retain it eventually ; or it might be, that the obliquity of his nature disqualified him for respectful behaviour. A pawnbroker is frequently an important witness in criminal proceedings : it has happened to me, therefore, afterwards to see many specimens of this kind of banker ; they sometimes appeared not less respectable than other tradesmen, and sometimes I have been forcibly reminded of the first I ever met with, by an equally ill-conditioned fellow. I was so little pleased with the introduction, that I stood aloof in the shop, and did not hear what passed between him and Shelley. On our way to Covent-Garden, I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction at our strange visit, and I learned that when he came to London before, in the course of the summer, some old man had related to him a tale of distress,—of a calamity which could only be alleviated by the timely application of ten pounds ; five of them he drew at once from his pocket, and to raise the other five he had pawned his beautiful solar microscope ! He related this act of beneficence simply and briefly, as if it were a matter of course, and such indeed it was to him. I was ashamed of my impatience, and we strode along in silence.

It was past ten when we reached the hotel ; some excellent tea and a liberal supply of hot muffins in the coffee-room, now quiet and solitary, were the more grateful after the wearisome delay and vast deviation. Shelley often turned his head, and cast eager glances towards the door ; and whenever the waiter replenished our teapot, or approached our box, he was interrogated whether any one had yet called. At last the desired summons was brought ; Shelley drew forth some bank notes, hurried to the bar, and returned as hastily, bearing in triumph under his arm a mahogany box, followed by the officious waiter, with whose assistance he placed it upon the bench by his side. He viewed it often with evident satisfaction, and sometimes patted it affectionately in the course of calm conversation. The solar microscope was always a favourite plaything or instrument of scientific inquiry ; whenever he entered a house his first care was to choose some window of a southern aspect, and, if permission could be obtained by prayer or by purchase, straightway to cut a hole through the shutter to receive it. His regard for his solar microscope was as lasting as it was strong ; for he retained it several years after this adventure, and long after he had parted with all the rest of his philosophical apparatus.

Such is the story of the microscope, and no rightly judging person who hears it will require the further accumulation of proofs of a benevolent heart ; nor can I, perhaps, better close these sketches than with that impression of the pure and genial beauty of Shelley's nature which this simple anecdote will bequeath.

## IXION IN HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTARINI FLEMING," AND "VIVIAN GREY."

"Ixion, King of Thessaly, famous for its horses, married Dia, daughter of Deioneus, who, in consequence of his son-in-law's non-fulfilment of his engagements, stole away some of the monarch's steeds. Ixion concealed his resentment under the mask of friendship. He invited his father-in-law to a feast at Larissa, the capital of his kingdom; and when Deioneus arrived according to his appointment, he threw him into a pit which he had previously filled with burning coals. This treachery so irritated the neighbouring princes, that all of them refused to perform the usual ceremony, by which a man was then purified of murder, and Ixion was shunned and despised by all mankind. Jupiter had compassion upon him, carried him to heaven, and introduced him to the Father of the Gods. Such a favour, which ought to have awakened gratitude in Ixion, only served to inflame his lust; he became enamoured of Juno, and attempted to seduce her. Juno was willing to gratify the passion of Ixion, though, according to others, &c."—*Lempriere's Classical Dictionary*.

## I.

THE thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents, impenetrable darkness covered the earth.

A blue and forky flash darted a momentary light over the landscape. A Doric temple rose in the centre of a small and verdant plain, surrounded on all sides by green and hanging woods.

"Jove is my only friend," exclaimed a wanderer, as he muffled himself up in his mantle; "and were it not for the porch of his temple, this night, methinks, would complete the work of my loving wife and my dutiful subjects."

The thunder died away, the wind sank into silence, the rain ceased, and the parting clouds exhibited the glittering crescent of the young moon. A sonorous and majestic voice sounded from the skies:—

"Who art thou that hath no other friend but Jove?"

"One whom all mankind unite in calling a wretch."

"Art thou a philosopher?"

"If philosophy be endurance. But for the rest, I was sometime a king, and am now a scatterling."

"How do they call thee?"

"Ixion of Thessaly."

"Ixion of Thessaly! I thought he was a happy man. I heard that he was just married."

"Father of Gods and men! for I deem thee such, Thessaly is not Olympus. Conjugal felicity is only the portion of the Immortals!"

"Hem!—What! was Dia jealous, which is common,—or false, which is commoner,—or both, which is commonest?"

"It may be neither. We quarrelled about nothing. Where there is little sympathy, or too much, the splitting of a straw is plot enough for a domestic tragedy. I was careless, her friends stigmatised me as callous; she cold, her friends styled her magnanimous. Public opinion was all on her side, merely because I did not choose that the world should interfere between me and my wife. Dia took the world's advice upon every point, and the world decided that she always acted rightly. However, life is life, either in a palace or a cave. I am glad you ordered ~~to~~ to leave off thundering."

"A cool dog this.—And Dia left thee!"

"No; I left her."

"What, craven!"

"Not exactly. The truth is—'tis a long story. I was over head and ears in debt."

"Ah! that accounts for everything. Nothing is so harassing as a want of money. But what lucky fellows you Mortals are with your *post-obits*! We Immortals are deprived of this resource. I was obliged to get up a rebellion against my father, because he kept me so short, and could not die."

"You could have married for money. I did."

"I had no opportunity, there was so little female society in those days. When I came out, there were no heiresses, except the Parcae, confirmed old maids; and no very rich dowager, except my grandmother, old Terra."

"Just the thing; the older the better. However, I married Dia, the daughter of Deioneus, with a prodigious portion; but after the ceremony, the old gentleman would not fulfil his part of the contract without my giving up my stud. Can you conceive anything more unreasonable? I smothered my resentment at the time; for the truth is, my tradesmen all renewed my credit on the strength of the match, and so we went on very well for a year; but at last they began to smell a rat, and grew importunate. I entreated Dia to interfere; but she was a paragon of daughters, and always took the side of her father. If she had only been dutiful to her husband, she would have been a perfect woman. At last I invited Deioneus to the Larissa races, with the intention of conciliating him. The unprincipled old man bought the horse that I had backed, and by which I intended to have redeemed my fortunes, and withdrew it. My book was ruined. I dissembled my rage. I dug a pit in our garden, and filled it with burning coals. As my father-in-law and myself were taking a stroll after dinner, the worthy Deioneus fell in, merely by accident. Dia proclaimed me as the murderer of her father, and, as a satisfaction to her wounded feelings, earnestly requested her subjects to decapitate her husband. She certainly was the best of daughters. There was no withstanding public opinion, an infuriated rabble, and a magnanimous wife at the same time. They surrounded my palace: I cut my way through the greasy-capped multitude sword in hand, and gained a neighbouring court, where I solicited my brother princes to purify me from the supposed murder. If I had only murdered a subject, they would have supported me against the people; but Deioneus being a crowned head, like themselves, they declared they would not countenance so immoral a being as his son-in-law. And so, at length, after much wandering, and shunned by all my species, I am here, Jove, in much higher society than I ever expected to mingle."

"Well, thou art a frank dog, and in a sufficiently severe scrape. The Gods must have pity on those for whom men have none. It is evident that Earth is too hot for thee at present, so I think thou hadst better come and stay a few weeks with us in Heaven."

"Take my thanks for hecatombs, great Jove. Thou art, indeed, a God!"

"I hardly know whether our life will suit you. We dine at sunset; for Apollo is so much engaged, that he cannot join us sooner, and no dinner goes off well without him. In the morning you are your own master, and must find amusement where you can. Diana will show you some tolerable sport. Do you shoot?"

"No arrow surer. Fear not for me, Ægiochus: I am always at home. But how am I to get to you?"

"I'll send Mercury; he is the best travelling companion in the world. What, ho! my Eagle!"

The clouds joined, and darkness again fell over the earth.

## II.

"So! tread softly. Don't be nervous. Are you sick?"

"A little nausea; 'tis nothing."

"The novelty of the motion. The best thing is a beef-steak. We will stop at Taurus and take one."

"You have been a great traveller, Mercury?"

"I have seen the world."

"Ah! a wondrous spectacle. I long to travel."

"The same thing over and over again.\* Little novelty and much change. I am wearied with exertion, and if I could get a pension would retire."

"And yet travel brings wisdom."

"It cures us of care. Seeing much we feel little, and learn how very petty are all those great affairs which cost us such anxiety."

"I feel that already myself. Floating in this blue æther, what the devil is my wife to me, and her dirty earth! My persecuting enemies seem so many pismires; and as for my debts, which have occasioned me so many brooding moments, honour and infamy, credit and beggary, seem to me alike ridiculous."

"Your mind is opening, Ixion. You will soon be a man of the world. To the left, and keep clear of that star."

"Who lives there?"

"The Fates know, not I. Some low people who are trying to shine into notice. 'Tis a parvenu planet, and only sprung up into space within this century. We don't visit them."

"Poor devils! I feel hungry."

"All right. We shall get into heaven by the first dinner bolt. You cannot arrive at a strange house at a better moment. We shall just have time to dress. I would not spoil my appetite by luncheon. Jupiter keeps a capital cook."

"I have heard of Nectar and Ambrosia."

"Poh! nobody touches them. They are regular old-fashioned celestial food, and merely put upon the side-table. Nothing goes down in Heaven now but infernal cookery. We took our chef from Proserpine."

"Were you ever in Hell?"

"Several times. 'Tis the fashion now among the Olympians to pass the winter there."

"Is this the season in Heaven?"

"Yes; you are lucky. Olympus is quite full."

"It was very kind of Jupiter to invite me."

"Ay! he has his good points. And, no doubt, he has taken a liking to you, which is all very well. But be upon your guard. He has no heart, and is as capricious as he is tyrannical."

"Gods cannot be more unkind to me than men have been."

"All those who have suffered think they have seen the worst. A great mistake. However, you are now in the high road to preferment, so we will not be dull. There are some good fellows enough amongst us. You will like old Neptune."

"He is there now?"

"Yes, he generally passes his summer with us. There is little stirring in the ocean at that season."

"I am anxious to see Mars."

"Oh! a brute, more a bully than a hero. Not at all in the best set. These mustachioed gentry are by no means the rage at present in Olympus. The women are all literary now, and Minerva has quite eclipsed Venus. Apollo is our hero. You must read his last work."

"I hate reading."

"So do I. I have no time, and seldom do anything in that way but glance at a newspaper. Study and action will not combine."

"I suppose I shall find the Goddesses very proud?"

"You will find them as you find women below, of different dispositions with the same object. Venus is a flirt; Minerva a prude, who fancies she has a correct taste and a strong mind; and Juno a politician. As for the rest, faint heart never won fair lady, take a friendly hint, and don't be alarmed."

"I fear nothing. My mind mounts with my fortunes. We are above the clouds. They form beneath us a vast and snowy region, dim and irregular, as I have sometimes seen them clustering upon the horizon's ridge at sunset, like a raging sea stilled by some sudden supernatural frost and frozen into form! How bright the air above us, and how delicate its fragrant breath! I scarcely breathe, and yet my pulses beat like my first youth. I hardly feel my being. A splendour falls upon your presence. You seem indeed a God! Am I so glorious? This—this is Heaven!"

### III.

The travellers landed on a vast flight of sparkling steps of lapis-lazuli. Ascending, they entered beautiful gardens; winding walks that yielded to the feet, and accelerated your passage by their rebounding pressure; fragrant shrubs covered with dazzling flowers, the fleeting tints of which changed every moment, groups of tall trees with strange birds of brilliant and variegated plumage, singing and reposing in their sheeny foliage, and fountains of perfumes.

Before them rose an illimitable and golden palace, with high spreading domes of pearl, and long windows of crystal. Around the huge portal of ruby was ranged a company of winged genii, who smiled on Mercury as he passed them with his charge.

"The father of Gods and men is dressing," said the son of Maia. "I shall attend his toilette and inform him of your arrival. These are your rooms. Dinner will be ready in half an hour. I will call for you as I go down. You can be formally presented in the evening. At that time, inspired by liqueurs and his matchless band of wind instruments, you will agree with the world that Ægiochus is the most finished God in existence."

### IV.

"Now, Ixion, are you ready?"

"Even so. What says Jove?"

"He smiled, but said nothing. He was trying on a new robe. By this time he is seated. Hark! the thunder. Come on!"

They entered a cupolaed hall. Seats of ivory and gold were ranged round a circular table of cedar, inlaid with the campaigns against the Titans in silver exquisitely worked, a nuptial present of Vulcan. The



service of gold plate threw all the ideas of the King of Thessaly as to royal magnificence into the darkest shade. The enormous plateau represented the constellations. Ixion viewed the father of Gods and men with great interest, who, however, did not notice him. He acknowledged the majesty of that countenance whose nod shook Olympus. Majestically robust and luxuriantly lusty, his tapering waist was evidently immortal, for it defied Time, and his splendid auburn curls, parted on his forehead with celestial precision, descended over cheeks glowing with the purple radiance of perpetual manhood.

The haughty Juno was seated on his left hand and Ceres on his right. For the rest of the company there was Neptune, Latona, Minerva, and Apollo, and when Mercury and Ixion had taken their places, one seat was still vacant.

"Where is Diana?" inquired Jupiter, with a frown.

"My sister is hunting," said Apollo.

"She is always too late for dinner," said Jupiter. "No habit is less Goddess-like."

"Godlike pursuits cannot be expected to induce Goddess-like manners," said Juno, with a sneer.

"I have no doubt Diana will be here directly," said Latona, mildly.

Jupiter seemed pacified, and at that instant the absent guest returned.

"Good sport, Di?" inquired Neptune.

"Very fair, uncle. Mamma," continued the sister of Apollo, addressing herself to Juno, whom she ever thus styled when she wished to conciliate her—"I have brought you a new peacock."

Juno was fond of pets, and was conciliated by the present.

"Bacchus made a great noise about this wine, Mercury," said Jupiter, "but I think with little cause. What think you?"

"It pleases me, but I am fatigued, and then all wine is agreeable."

"You have had a long journey," replied the Thunderer. "Ixion, I am glad to see you in heaven."

"Your Majesty arrived to-day?" inquired Minerva, to whom the King of Thessaly sat next.

"Within this hour."

"You must leave off talking of Time now," said Minerva, with a severe smile. "Pray is there anything new in Greece?"

"I have not been at all in society lately."

"No new edition of Homer? I admire him exceedingly."

"All about Greece interests me," said Apollo, who, although handsome, was a somewhat melancholy lack-a-daisical looking personage, with his shirt collar thrown open, and his long curls very theatrically arranged. "All about Greece interests me. I always consider Greece my peculiar property. My best poems were written at Delphi. I travelled in Greece when I was very young. I envy mankind."

"Indeed?" said Ixion.

"Yes: they at least can look forward to a termination of the ennui of existence, but for us Celestials there is no prospect. Say what they like, Immortality is a bore."

"You eat nothing, Apollo," said Ceres.

"Nor drink," said Neptune.

"To eat, to drink, what is it but to live; and what is life but death, if death be that which all men deem it, a thing insufferable, and to be shunned. I refresh myself now only with soda-water and biscuits, Ganymede, give me some."

Now, although the *cuisine* of Olympus was considered perfect, the forlorn poet had unfortunately fixed upon the only two articles which were not comprised in its cellar or larder. In Heaven, there was neither soda-water nor biscuits. A great confusion consequently ensued; but at length the bard, whose love of fame was only equalled by his horror of getting fat, consoled himself with a swan stuffed with truffles, and a bottle of strong Tenedos wine.

"What do you think of Homer," inquired Minerva of Apollo. "Is he not delightful?"

"If you think so."

"Nay, I am desirous of your opinion."

"Then you should not have given me yours, for your taste is too fine for me to dare to differ with it."

"I have suspected, for some time, that you are rather a heretic."

"Why, the truth is," replied Apollo, playing with his rings, "I do not think much of Homer. Homer was not esteemed in his own age, and our contemporaries are generally our best judges. The fact is, there are very few people who are qualified to decide upon matters of taste. A certain set, for certain reasons, resolve to cry up a certain writer, and the great mass soon join in. All is cant. And the present admiration of Homer not less so. They say I have borrowed a great deal from him. The truth is, I never read Homer since I was a child, and I thought of him then what I think of him now, a writer of some wild irregular power, totally deficient in taste. Depend upon it, our contemporaries are our best judges, and his contemporaries decided that Homer was nothing. A great poet cannot be kept down. Look at my case. Marsyas said of my first volume that it was pretty good poetry for a God, and in answer I wrote a satire, and flayed Marsyas alive. But what is poetry, and what is criticism, and what is life? Air. And what is Air? Do you know, I don't. All is mystery, and all is gloom, and ever and anon from out the clouds a star breaks forth, and glitters, and that star is Poetry."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Minerva.

"I do not exactly understand you," said Neptune.

"Have you heard from Proserpine, lately?" inquired Jupiter of Ceres.

"Yesterday," said the domestic mother. "They talk of soon joining us. But Pluto is at present so busy, owing to the amazing quantity of wars going on now, that I am almost afraid he will be scarcely able to accompany her."

Juno exchanged a telegraphic nod with Ceres. The Goddesses rose, and retired.

"Come, old boy," said Jupiter to Ixion, instantly throwing off all his chivalric majesty, "I drink your welcome in a magnum of Maraschino. Damn your poetry, Apollo, and Mercury give us one of your good stories."

## V.

"Well! what do you think of him?" asked Juno.

"He appears to have a very fine mind," said Minerva.

"Poh! he has very fine eyes," said Juno.

"He seems a very nice, quiet, young gentleman," said Ceres.

"I have no doubt he is very amiable," said Latona.

"He must have felt very strange," said Diana

## VI.

Hercules arrived with his bride Hebe ; soon after the Graces dropped in, the most delightful personages in the world for a *soirée*, so useful and ready for any thing. Afterwards came a few of the Muses, Thalia, Melpomene, and Terpsichore, famous for a charade or a proverb. Jupiter liked to be amused in the evening. Bacchus also came, but finding that the Gods had not yet left their wine, retired to pay them a previous visit.

## VII.

Ganymede announced coffee in the saloon of Juno. Jupiter was in superb good humour. He was amused by his mortal guest. He had condescended to tell one of his best stories in his best style, about Leda, not too scandalous, but gay.

"Those were bright days," said Neptune.

"We can remember," said the Thunderer, with a twinkling eye. "These youths have fallen upon duller times. There are no fine women now. Ixion, I drink to the health of your wife."

"With all my heart, and may we never be nearer than we are at present."

"Good! i'faith; Apollo, your arm. Now for the ladies. La, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!"

## VIII.

The Thunderer entered the saloon of Juno with that bow, which no God could rival; all rose, and the King of Heaven seated himself between Ceres and Latona. The melancholy Apollo stood apart, and was soon carried off by Minerva to an assembly at the house of Mnemosyne. Mercury chatted with the Graces, and Bacchus with Diana. The three Muses favoured the company with singing, and the Queen of Heaven approached Ixion.

"Does your Majesty dance?" she haughtily inquired.

"On earth; I have few accomplishments even there, and none in Heaven."

"You have led a strange life! I have heard of your adventures."

"A king who has lost his crown may generally gain at least experience."

"Your courage is firm."

"I have felt too much to care for much. Yesterday I was a vagabond exposed to every pitiless storm, and now I am the guest of Jove. While there is life there is hope, and he who laughs at Destiny will gain Fortune. I would go through the past again to enjoy the present, and feel that, after all, I am my wife's debtor, since, through her conduct, I can gaze upon you."

"No great spectacle. If that be all, I wish you better fortune."

"I desire no greater."

"You are moderate."

"I am perhaps more unreasonable than you imagine."

"Indeed!"

Their eyes met; the dark orbs of the Thessalian did not quail before the flashing vision of the Goddess. Juno grew pale. Juno turned away.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.  
 BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. V.

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WHENEVER Byron found himself in a difficulty,—and the occasions were frequent,—he had recourse to the example of others, which induced me to tell him that few people had so much profited by friends as he had; they always served “to point a moral and adorn a tale,” being his illustrations for all the errors to which human nature is heir, and his apologetic examples whenever he wished to find an excuse for unpoetical acts of worldly wisdom. Byron rather encouraged than discouraged such observations; he said they had novelty to recommend them, and has even wilfully provoked their recurrence. Whenever I gave him my opinions, and still oftener when one of the party, whose sentiments partook of all the chivalric honour, delicacy, and generosity of the *beau idéal* of the poetic character, expressed his, Byron used to say, “Now for a Utopian system of the good and beautiful united; Lord B. ought to have lived in the heroic ages, and if all mankind would agree to act as *he* feels and acts, I agree with you we should all be certainly better and, I do believe, happier than at present; but it would surely be absurd for a few—and to how few would it be limited—to set themselves up ‘doing as they would be done by,’ against the million who invariably act *vice versa*. No; if goodness is to become *a-la-mode*,—and I sincerely wish it were possible,—we must have a fair start, and all begin at the same time, otherwise it will be like exposing a few naked and unarmed men against a multitude in armour.” Byron was never *de bonne foi* in giving such opinions; indeed the whole of his manner betrayed this, as it was playful and full of *plaisanterie*, but still he wanted the accompaniment of habitual acts of disinterested generosity to convince one that his practice was better than his theory. He was one of the many whose lives prove how much more effect *example* has than precept. All the elements of good were combined in his nature, but they lay dormant for want of emulation to excite their activity. He was the slave of his passions, and he submitted not without violent, though, alas! unsuccessful struggles to the chains they imposed, but each day brought him nearer to that age when reason triumphs over passion—when, had life been spared him, he would have subjugated those unworthy tyrants, and asserted his empire over that most rebellious of all dominions—self.

Byron never wished to live to be old; on the contrary, I have frequently heard him express the hope of dying young; and I remember his quoting Sir William Temple’s opinion,—that life is like wine; who would drink it pure must not draw it to the dregs,—as being his way of

thinking also. He said it was a mistaken idea that passions subsided with age, as they only changed, and not for the better, Avarice usurping the place vacated by Love, and Suspicion filling up that of Confidence. "And this (continued Byron) is what age and experience brings us. No; let me not live to be old: give me youth, which is the fever of reason, and not age, which is the palsy. I remember my youth, when my heart overflowed with affection towards all who showed any symptom of liking towards me; and now, at thirty-six, no very advanced period of life, I can scarcely, by raking up the dying embers of affection in that same heart, excite even a temporary flame to warm my chilled feelings." Byron mourned over the lost feelings of his youth, as we regret the lost friends of the same happy period; there was something melancholy in the sentiment, and the more so, as one saw that it was sincere. He often talked of death, and never with dread. He said that its certainty furnished a better lesson than all the philosophy of the schools, as it enabled us to bear the ills of life, which would be unbearable were life of unlimited duration. He quoted Cowley's lines—

"Oh Life! thou weak-built isthmus, which doth proudly rise  
Up betwixt two eternities!"

as an admirable description, and said they often recurred to his memory. He never mentioned the friends of whom Death had deprived him without visible emotion: he loved to dwell on their merits, and talked of them with a tenderness as if their deaths had been recent, instead of years ago. Talking of some of them, and deploring their loss, he observed, with a bitter smile, "But perhaps it is as well that they are gone: it is less bitter to mourn their deaths than to have to regret their alienation; and who knows but that, had they lived, they might have become as faithless as some others that I have known. Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that can know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed: the seal of death is the only seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who loved us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last. The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow-creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection, and secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it,—to the memory of those we have lost; but the regret we prove at the alienation or unkindness of those we trusted and loved, is so mingled with bitter feelings, that they sear the heart, dry up the fountain of kindness in our breasts, and disgust us with human nature, by wounding our self-love in its most vulnerable part—the showing that we have failed to excite affection where we had lavished ours. One may learn to bear this uncomplainingly, and with outward calm; but the impression is indelible, and he must be made of different materials to the generality of men who does

not become a cynic, if he become nothing worse, after once suffering such a disappointment."

I remarked that his early friends had not given him cause to speak feelingly on this subject, and named Mr. Hobhouse as a proof: he answered, "Yes, certainly, he has remained unchanged, and I believe is unchangeable; and if friendship, as most people imagine, consists in telling one truth—unvarnished, unadorned truth—he is indeed a friend; yet, hang it, I must be candid, and say I have had many other, and more agreeable, proofs of Hobhouse's friendship than the truths he always told me; but the fact is, I wanted him to sugar them over a little with flattery, as nurses do the physic given to children, and he never would, and therefore I have never felt quite content with him, though, *au fond*, I respect him the more, while I respect myself very much less for this weakness of mine.

"William Bankes is another of my early friends. He is very clever, very original, and has a fund of information: he is also very good-natured; but he is not much of a flatterer. How unjust it is to accuse you ladies of loving flattery so much; I am quite sure that we men are quite as much addicted to it, but have not the amiable candour to show it, as you all do. Adulation is never disagreeable when addressed to ourselves, though let us hear only half the same degree of it addressed to another, and we vote the addresser a parasite, and the addressed a fool for swallowing it. But even though we may doubt the sincerity or the judgment of the adulator, the incense is nevertheless acceptable, as it proves we must be of some importance to induce him to take the trouble of flattering us. There are two things that we are all willing to take, and never think we can have too much of (continued Byron), money and flattery; and the more we have of the *first* the more we are likely to get of the second, as far as I have observed, at all events in England, where I have seen wealth excite an attention and respect that virtue, genius, or valour would fail to meet with.

"I have frequently remarked (said Byron), that in no country have I seen *pre-eminence* so universally followed by envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, as in England; those who are deterred by shame from openly attacking, endeavour to depreciate it, by holding up mediocrity to admiration, on the same principle that women, when they hear the beauty of another justly extolled, either deny, or assent with faint praise, to her claims, and lavish on some merely passable woman the highest encomiums, to prove they are not envious. The English treat their celebrated men as they do their climate, abuse them amongst themselves, and defend them out of *amour propre*, if attacked by strangers. Did you ever know a person of powerful abilities really liked in England? Are not the persons most popular in society precisely those who have no qualities to excite envy? Amiable, good-natured people, but negative characters; their very goodness (if mere good-nature can be called

goodness) being caused by the want of any positive excellence, as white is produced by the absence of colour. People feel themselves equal, and generally think themselves superior to such persons; hence, as they cannot wound vanity, they become popular; all agree to praise them, because *each* individual, while praising, administers to his own self-complacency, from his belief of superiority to him whom he praises. Notwithstanding their faults, the English, (said Byron,) that is to say, the well bred and well educated among them, are better calculated for the commerce of society than the individuals of other countries, from the simple circumstance that they *listen*. This makes one cautious of *what* one says, and prevents the hazarding the *mille petits riens* that escape when one takes courage from the noise of all talking together, as in other places; and this is a great point gained. In what country but England could the epigrammatic repartées and spiritual anecdotes of a Jekyll have flourished? Place him at a French or Italian table, supposing him *au fait* of the languages, and this, our English Attic bee, could neither display his honey nor his sting; both would be useless in the hive of drones around him. St. Evremond, I think it is, who says that there is no better company than an Englishman who talks, and a Frenchman who thinks; but give me the man who *listens*, unless he can talk like a Jekyll, from the overflowing of a full mind, and not, as most of one's acquaintances do, make a noise like drums, from their emptiness. An animated conversation has much the same effect on me as champagne—it elevates and makes me giddy, and I say a thousand foolish things while under its intoxicating influence: it takes a long time to sober me after; and I sink, under re-action, into a state of depression—half cross, half hippish, and out of humour with myself and the world. I find an interesting book the only sedative to restore me to my wonted calm; for, left alone to my own reflections, I feel so ashamed of myself—*vis-à-vis* to myself—for my levity and over-excitement, that all the follies I have uttered rise up in judgment against me, and I am as sheepish as a schoolboy, after his first degrading abandonment to intemperance.”

“Did you know Curran? (asked Byron)—he was the most wonderful person I ever saw. In him was combined an imagination the most brilliant and profound, with a flexibility and tenderness, that would have justified the observation applied to —, that his heart was in his head. I remember his once repeating some stanzas to me, four lines of which struck me so much, that I made him repeat them twice, and I wrote them down before I went to bed.

‘While memory, with more than Egypt’s art,  
 Embalming all the sorrows of the heart,  
 Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,  
 And feeds the source whence tears eternal flow!’

I have caught myself repeating these lines fifty times; and, strange to

say, they suggested an image on memory to me, with which they have no sort of resemblance in any way, and yet the idea came while repeating them; so unaccountable and incomprehensible is the power of association. My thought was—Memory, the mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied.” He seemed pleased at my admiring his idea.\* I told him that his thoughts, in comparison with those of others, were eagles brought into competition with sparrows. As an example, I gave him my definition of memory, which I said resembled a telescope bringing distant objects near to us. He said the simile was good; but I added it was mechanical, instead of poetical, which constituted the difference between excellence and mediocrity, as between the eagle and sparrow. This amused him, though his politeness refused to admit the verity of the comparison.

Talking of tact, Byron observed that it ought to be added to the catalogue of the cardinal virtues, and that our happiness frequently depended more on it than on all the accredited ones. “A man (said he) may have prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude: yet wanting tact may, and must, render those around him *uncomfortable* (the English synonyme for unhappy); and, by the never-failing retributive justice of Nemesis, be unhappy himself, as all are who make others so. I consider tact the real *panacea* of life, and have observed that those who most eminently possessed it were remarkable for feeling and sentiment; while, on the contrary, the persons most deficient in it were obtuse, frivolous, or insensible. To possess tact it is necessary to have a fine perception, and to be sensitive; for how can we know what will pain another without having some criterion in our own feelings, by which we can judge of his? Hence, I maintain that our tact is always in proportion to our sensibility.”

Talking of love and friendship, Byron said, that “friendship may, and often does, grow into love, but love never subsides into friendship.” I maintained the contrary, and instanced the affectionate friendship which replaces the love of married people; a sentiment as tender, though less passionate, and more durable than the first. He said, “You should say more *enduring*; for, depend on it, that the good-natured passiveness, with which people submit to the conjugal yoke, is much more founded on the philosophical principle of what can’t be cured must be endured, than the tender friendship you give them credit for. Who that has felt the all-engrossing passion of love (continued he) could support the stagnant calm you refer to for the same object? No, the humiliation of discovering the frailty of our own nature, which is in no instance more

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\* “E’en as a broken mirror which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies, and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,” &c.



proved than by the short duration of violent love, has something so painful in it, that, with our usual selfishness, we feel, if not a repugnance, at least an indifference to the object that once charmed, but can no longer charm us, and whose presence brings mortifying recollections; nay, such is our injustice, that we transfer the blame of the weakness of our own natures to the person who had not power to retain our love, and discover blemishes in her to excuse our inconstancy. As indifference begets indifference, vanity is wounded at both sides; and though good sense may induce people to support and conceal their feelings, how can an affectionate friendship spring up like a phoenix, from the ashes of extinguished passion? I am afraid that the friendship, in such a case, would be as fabulous as the phoenix, as the recollection of burnt-out love would remain too mortifying a memento to admit the successor, friendship." I told Byron that this was mere sophistry, and could not be his real sentiments; as also that, a few days before, he admitted that passion subsides into a better, or at least a more durable feeling. I added, that persons who had felt the engrossing love he described, which was a tempestuous and selfish passion, were glad to sink into the refreshing calm of milder feelings, and looked back with complacency on the storms they had been exposed to, and with increased sympathy to the person who had shared them. The community of interest, of sorrows, and of joys, added new links to the chain of affection, and habit, which might wear away the gloss of the selfish passion he alluded to, gave force to friendship, by rendering the persons every day more necessary to each other. I added, that dreadful would be the fate of persons, if, after a few months of violent passion, they were to pass their lives in indifference, merely because their new feelings were less engrossing and exciting than the old. "Then (said Byron), if you admit that the violent love does, or must, subside in a few months, and, as in coursing, that we are mad for a minute to be melancholy for an hour, would it not be wiser to choose the friend, I mean the person most calculated for friendship, with whom the long years are to be spent, than the idol who is to be worshipped for some months, and then hurled from the altar we had raised to her, and left defaced and disfigured by the smoke of the incense she had received? I maintained that as the idols are chosen nearly always for their personal charms, they are seldom calculated for friendship; hence the disappointment that ensues, when the violence of passion has abated, and the discovery is made that there are no solid qualities to replace the passion that has passed away with the novelty that excited it. When a man chooses a friend in a woman, he looks to her powers of conversation, her mental qualities, and agreeability; and as these win his regard the more they are known, love often takes the place of friendship, and certainly the foundation on which he builds is more likely to be lasting, and, in this case, I admit that affection, or, as you more prettily call it, tender friendship, may last for ever." I replied that I be-

lieved the only difference in our opinions is, that I denied that friendship could not succeed love, and that nothing could change my opinion. "I suppose (said Byron) that (a woman like)

'A man convinced against his will

Is of the same opinion still.'

So that all my fine commentaries on my text have been useless; at all events I hope you give me credit for being *ingenious*, as well as *ingenuous* in my defence. Clever men (said Byron) commit a great mistake in selecting wives who are destitute of abilities; I allow that *une femme savante* is apt to be a bore, and it is to avoid this that people run into the opposite extreme, and condemn themselves to pass their lives with women who are incapable of understanding or appreciating them. Men have an idea that a clever woman must be disputative and dictatorial, not considering that it is only pretenders who are either, and that this applies as much to one sex as the other. Now, my *beau idéal* would be a woman with talent enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. All men with pretensions desire this, though few, if any, have courage to avow it: I believe the truth is, that a man must be very conscious of superior abilities to endure the thought of having a rival near the throne, though that rival was his wife; and as it is said that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, it may be concluded that few men can retain their position on the pedestal of genius *vis-à-vis* to one who has been behind the curtain, unless that one is unskilled in the art of judging, and consequently admires the more because she does not understand. Genius, like greatness, should be seen at a distance, for neither will bear a too close inspection. Imagine the hero of a hundred fights in his cotton night-cap, subject to all the infirmities of human nature, and there is an end of his sublimity,—and see a poet whose works have raised our thoughts above this sphere of common every-day existence, and who, Prometheus-like, has stolen fire from heaven to animate the children of clay,—see him in the throes of poetic labour, blotting, tearing, re-writing the lines that we suppose him to have poured forth with Homeric inspiration, and, in the intervals, eating, drinking and sleeping, like the most ordinary mortal, and he soon sinks to a level with them in our estimation. I am sure (said Byron), we can never justly appreciate the works of those with whom we have lived on familiar terms; I have felt this myself, and it applies to poets more than all other writers. They should live in solitude, rendering their presence more desired by its rarity; never submit to the gratification of the animal appetite of eating in company, and be as distinct in their general habits, as in their genius, from the common herd of mankind." He laughed heartily when he had finished this speech, and added, "I have had serious thoughts of drawing up a little code of instructions for my brethren of the craft. I don't think my friend Moore would adopt it, and he, perhaps, is the

only exception who would be privileged to adhere to his present regime, as he can certainly pass the ordeal of dinners without losing any of his poetical reputation, since the brilliant things that come from his lips reconcile one to the solid things that go into them."

"We have had 'Pleasures of Hope,' 'Pleasures of Memory,' 'Pleasures of Imagination,' and 'Pleasures of Love;' I wonder that no one has thought of writing Pleasures of Fear (said Byron). It surely is a poetical subject, and much might be made of it in good hands." I answered, why do you not undertake it? He replied, "Why, I have endeavoured through life to make believe that I am unacquainted with the passion, so I must not now show an intimacy with it, lest I be accused of cowardice, which is, I believe, the only charge that has not yet been brought against me. But, joking apart, it would be a fine subject, and has more of the true sublime than any of the other passions. I have always found more difficulty in hitting on a subject than in filling it up, and so I dare say do most people; and I have remarked that I never could make much of a subject suggested to me by another. I have sometimes dreamt of subjects and incidents (continued he) nearly filled up an outline of a tale while under the influence of sleep but have found it too wild to work up into anything. Dreams are strange things; and here, again, is one of the incomprehensibilities of nature. I could tell you extraordinary things of dreams, and as true as extraordinary, but you would laugh at my superstition. Mine are always troubled and disagreeable; and one of the most fearful thoughts that ever crossed my mind during moments of gloomy scepticism, has been the possibility that the *last* sleep may not be dreamless. Fancy an endless dream of horror—it is too dreadful to think of—this thought alone would lead the veriest clod of animated clay that ever existed to aspirations after immortality. The difference between a religious and an irreligious man (said Byron) is, that the one sacrifices the present to the future; and the other, the future to the present." I observed, that grovelling must be the mind that can content itself with the *present*; even those who are occupied only with their pleasures find the insufficiency of it, and must have something to look forward to in the morrow of the future, so unsatisfying is the to-day of the present. Byron said that he agreed with me, and added, "The belief in the immortality of the soul is the only true panacea for the ills of life."

"You will like the Italian women (said Byron), and I advise you to cultivate their acquaintance. They are natural, frank, and good-natured, and have none of the affectation, petitesse, jealousy and malice, that characterize our more polished countrywomen. This gives a raciness to their ideas as well as manners, that to me is peculiarly pleasing; and I feel with an Italian woman as if she was a full-grown child, possessing the buoyancy and playfulness of infancy with the deep feeling of womanhood; none of that conventional *maniérisme* that one meets with from the

first patrician circles in England, justly styled the marble age, so cold and polished, to the second and third coteries, where a coarse caricature is given of the unpenetrated and *impenetrable* mysteries of the *first*. When dullness, supported by the *many*, silences talent and originality, upheld by the few, Madame de Staël used to say, that our great balls and assemblies of hundreds in London, to which all flocked, were admirably calculated to reduce all to the same level, and were got up with this intention. In the torrid zone of suffocating hundreds, mediocrity and excellence had equal chances, for neither could be remarked or distinguished; conversation was impracticable, reflection put *hors de combat*, and common sense, by universal accord, sent to Coventry; so that after a season in London one doubted one's own identity, and was tempted to repeat the lines in the child's book, 'If I be not I, who can I be?' So completely was one's faculties reduced to the conventional standard. The Italians know not this artificial state of society; their circles are limited and social; they love or hate; but then they 'do their hating gently;' the clever among them are allowed a distinguished place, and the less endowed admires, instead of depreciating, what he cannot attain, and all and each contribute to the general stock of happiness. Misanthropy is unknown in Italy, as are many of the other exotic passions, forced into flower by the hot-beds of civilization; and yet in *moral* England you will hear people express their horror of the freedom and immorality of the Italians, whose errors are but as the weeds that a too warm sun brings forth, while ours are the stinging-nettles of a soil rendered rank by its too great richness. Nature is all-powerful in Italy, and who is it that would not prefer the sins of her exuberance to the crimes of art? Lay aside ceremony, and meet them with their own warmth and frankness, and I answer for it you will leave those whom you sought as acquaintances friends, instead of, as in England, scarcely retaining as acquaintances those with whom you had started in life as friends. Who ever saw in Italy the nearest and dearest relations, bursting asunder all the ties of consanguinity, from some worldly and interested motive? And yet this so frequently takes place in England, that, after an absence of a year or two, one dare hardly enquire of a sister after a sister, or a brother after a brother, as one is afraid to be told not that they are dead—but that they have cut each other."

"I ought to be an excellent comic writer (said Byron) if it be true, as some assert, that melancholy people succeed best in comedy, and gay people in tragedy; and Moore would make, by that rule, a first-rate tragic writer. I have known, among amateur authors, some of the gayest persons, whose compositions were all of a melancholy turn; and for myself, some of my nearest approaches to comic have been written under a deep depression of spirits: this is strange, but so is all that appertains to our strange natures; and the more we analyze the anomalies in ourselves or others, the more incomprehensible they appear. I

believe (continued Byron) the less we reflect on them the better, at least I am sure those that reflect the least are the happiest. I once heard a clever medical man say, that if a person were to occupy himself a certain time in counting the pulsations of his heart, it would have the effect of accelerating its movements, and, if continued, would produce disease. So it is with the mind and nature of man; our examinations and reflections lead to no definitive conclusions, and often engender a morbid state of feeling, that increases the anomalies for which we sought to account. We know that we live (continued Byron), and to live and to suffer are, in my opinion, synonymous. We know also, that we shall die, though the how, the when, and the where, we are ignorant of, the whole knowledge of man can pierce no farther, and centuries revolving on centuries have made us no wiser. I think it was Luther who said that the human mind was like a drunken man on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other: who that has entered into the recesses of his own mind, or examined all that is exposed in the minds of others, but must have discovered this tendency to weakness, which is generally in proportion to the strength in some other faculty. Great imagination is seldom accompanied by equal powers of reason, and *vice versa*, so that we rarely possess superiority in any one point, except at the expense of another. It is surely then unjust (continued Byron, laughing,) to render poets responsible for their want of common sense, since it is only by the excess of imagination they can arrive at being poets, and this excess debars reason; indeed the very circumstance of a man's yielding to the vocation of a poet, ought to serve as a voucher that he is no longer of sound mind."

Byron always became gay when any subject afforded him an opportunity of ridiculing poets; he entered into it *con amore*, and generally ended by some sarcasm on the profession, or on himself. He has often said, "We of the craft are all crazy, but *I* more than the rest; some are affected by gaiety, others by melancholy, but all are more or less touched, though few except myself have the candour to avow it, which I do to spare my friends the pain of sending it forth to the world. This very candour is another proof that I am not of sound mind (continued he), for people will be sure to say how far gone he must be, when he admits it; on the principle that when a belle or beau owns to thirty-five, the world gives them credit for at least seven years more, from the belief that if we seldom speak the truth of others, we never do of ourselves, at least on subjects of personal interest or vanity."

Talking of an acquaintance, Byron said,—“Look at —, and see how he gets on in the world—he is as unwilling to do a bad action as he is incapable of doing a good: fear prevents the first, and *mechanceté* the second. The difference between — and me is, that I abuse many, and really, with one or two exceptions, (and mind you, *they are males*), hate none; and he abuses none and hates many, if not all. Fancy—in

the Palace of Truth, what good fun it would be, to hear him, while he believed himself uttering the most honied compliments, giving vent to all the spite and rancour that has been pent up in his mind for years, and then to see the persons he has been so long flattering hearing his real sentiments for the first time: this would be rare fun! Now, I would appear to great advantage in the Palace of Truth (continued Byron), though you look ill-naturedly incredulous; for while I thought I was vexing friends and foes with spiteful speeches, I should be saying good-natured things, for, *au fond*, I have no malice, at least none that lasts beyond the moment." Never was there a more true observation: Byron's is a fine nature, spite of all the weeds that may have sprung up in it; and I am convinced that it is the excellence of the poet, or rather let me say, the effect of that excellence, that has produced the defects of the man. In proportion to the admiration *one* has excited, has been the severity of the censure bestowed on the other, and often most unjustly. The world has burnt incense before the poet, and heaped ashes on the head of the man. This has revolted and driven him out of the pale of social life: his wounded pride has avenged itself, by painting his own portrait in the most sombre colours, as if to give a still darker picture than has yet been drawn by his foes, while glorying in forcing even from his foes an admiration as unbounded for his genius as has been their disapprobation for his character. Had his errors met with more mercy, he might have been a less grand poet, but he would have been a more estimable man; the good that is now dormant in his nature would have been called forth, and the evil would not have been excited. The blast that withers the rose destroys not its thorns, which often remain, the sole remembrancer of the flower they grow near; and so it is with some of our finest qualities,—blighted by unkindness, we can only trace them by the faults their destruction has made visible.

Lord Byron, in talking of his friend, La Comte Pietro Gamba, (the brother of La Contessa Guiccioli,) whom he had presented to us soon after our arrival at Genoa, remarked, that he was one of the most amiable, brave, and excellent young men, he had ever encountered, with a thirst for knowledge, and a disinterestedness rarely to be met with. "He is my grand *point d'appui* for Greece," said he, "as I know he will neither deceive nor flatter me." We have found La Comte Pietro Gamba exactly what Lord Byron had described him; sensible, mild, and amiable, devotedly attached to Lord B., and dreaming of glory and Greece. He is extremely good-looking, and Lord Byron told us he resembled his sister very much, which I dare say increased his partiality for him not a little.

Habit has a strong influence over Byron; he likes routine, and detests what he calls being put out of his way. He told me that any infringement on his habitual way of living, or passing his time, annoyed him. Talking of thin women, he said, that if they were young and pretty, they reminded him of dried butterflies; but if neither, of spiders,

whose nets would never catch him were he a fly, as they had nothing tempting. A new book is a treasure to him, provided it is really new ; for having read more than perhaps any man of his age, he can immediately discover a want of originality, and throws by the book in disgust at the first wilful plagiary he detects.

Talking of Mr. Ward,\* Lord Byron said—"Ward is one of the best informed men I know, and, in a *tête-à-tête*, is one of the most agreeable companions. He has great originality, and, being *tres distrait*, it adds to the piquancy of his observations, which are sometimes somewhat *trop naïve*, though always amusing. This naïveté of his is the more piquant from his being really a good-natured man, who unconsciously thinks aloud. Interest Ward on a subject, and I know no one who can talk better. His expressions are concise without being poor, and terse and epigrammatic without being affected. He can compress (continued Byron) as much into a few words as any one I know ; and if he gave *more* of his attention to his associates, and *less* to himself, he would be one of the few whom one could praise, without being compelled to use the conjunction *but*. Ward has bad health, and unfortunately, like all valetudinarians, it occupies his attention too much, which will probably bring on a worse state, (continued Byron,)—that of confirmed egoism,—a malady, that, though not to be found in the catalogue of ailments to which man is subject, yet perhaps is more to be dreaded than all that are."

• I observed that egoism is in general the malady of the aged ; and that, it appears, we become occupied with our own existence in proportion as it ceases to be interesting to others. "Yes, (said Byron,) on the same principle as we see the plainest people the vainest,—nature giving them vanity and self-love to supply the want of that admiration they never can find in others. I can therefore pity and forgive the vanity of the ugly and deformed, whose sole consolation it is ; but the handsome, whose good looks are mirrored in the eyes of all around them, should be content with that, and not indulge in such egregious vanity as they give way to in general. But to return to Ward, (said Byron,) and this is not *apropos* to vanity, for I never saw any one who has less. He is not properly appreciated in England. The English can better understand and enjoy the *bon mots* of a *bon vivant*, who can at all times set the table in a roar, than the neat *répliques* of Ward, which, exciting reflection, are more likely to silence the rabble-riot of intemperance. They like better the person who makes them laugh, though often at their own expense, than he who forces them to think,—an operation which the mental faculties of few of them are calculated to perform : so that poor Ward, finding himself undervalued, sinks into self, and this, at the long-run, is dangerous:—

'For well we know, the mind, too finely wrought,  
Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought.'

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\* Now Lord Dudley.

“ There are many men in England of superior abilities, (continued Byron,) who are lost from the habits and inferiority of their associates. Such men, finding that they cannot raise their companions to their level, are but too apt to let themselves down to that of the persons they live with; and hence many a man condescends to be merely a wit, and man of pleasure, who was born for better things. Poor Sheridan often played this character in society; but he maintained his superiority over the herd, by having established a literary and political reputation; and as I have heard him more than once say, when his jokes have drawn down plaudits from companions, to whom, of an evening at least, sobriety and sadness were alike unknown,—‘ It is some consolation, that if I set the table in a roar, I can at pleasure set the senate in a roar;’ and this was muttered while under the influence of wine, and as if apologizing to his own mind for the profanation it was evident he felt he had offered to it at the moment. Lord A—ley is a delightful companion, (said Byron,) brilliant, witty, and playful; he can be irresistibly comic when he pleases, but what could he not be if he pleased? for he has talents to be anything. I lose patience when I see such a man throw himself away; for there are plenty of men, who could be witty, brilliant, and comic, but who could be nothing else, while he is all these, but could be much more. How many men have made a figure in public life, without half his abilities! But indolence and the love of pleasure will be the bane of A—y, as it has been of many a man of talent before.”

The more I see of Byron, the more am I convinced that all he says and does should be judged more leniently than the sayings and doings of others—as his proceed from the impulse of the moment, and never from premeditated malice. He cannot resist expressing whatever comes into his mind; and the least shade of the ridiculous is seized by him at a glance, and portrayed with a facility and felicity that must encourage the propensity to ridicule which is inherent in him. All the malice of his nature has lodged itself on his lips and the fingers of his right hand—for there is none I am persuaded to be found in his heart, which has more of good than most people give him credit for, except those who have lived with him on habits of intimacy. He enters into society as children do their play-ground, for relaxation and amusement, when his mind has been strained to its utmost stretch, and that he feels the necessity of unbending it. Ridicule is his play; it amuses him perhaps the more that he sees it amuses others, and much of its severity is mitigated by the boyish glee, and laughing sportiveness, with which his sallies are uttered. All this is felt when he is conversing, but unfortunately it cannot be conveyed to the reader: the narrator would therefore deprecate the censure his sarcasms may excite, in memory of the smiles and gaiety that palliated them when spoken.

Byron is fond of talking of Napoleon; and told me that his admira-



tion of him had much increased since he had been in Italy, and witnessed the stupendous works he had planned and executed. "To pass through Italy without thinking of Napoleon, (said he,) is like visiting Naples without looking at Vesuvius." Seeing me smile at the comparison, he added—"Though the works of one are indestructible, and the other destructive, still one is continually reminded of the power of both." "And yet (said I) there are days, that, like all your other favourites, Napoleon does not escape censure." "That may be, (said Byron,) but I find fault, and quarrel with Napoleon, as a lover does with the trifling faults of his mistress, from excessive liking, which tempts me to desire that he had been all faultless; and, like the lover, I return with renewed fondness after each quarrel. Napoleon (continued Byron) was a grand creature, and though he was hurled from his pedestal, after having made thrones his footstool, his memory still remains, like the colossal statue of the Menmon, though cast down from its seat of honour, still bearing the ineffable traces of grandeur and sublimity, to astonish future ages. When Metternich (continued Byron) was depreciating the genius of Napoleon, in a circle at Vienna where his word was a law and his nod a decree, he appealed to John William Ward if Bonaparte had not been greatly overrated,—Ward's answer was as courageous as admirable. He replied, that 'Napoleon had rendered past glory doubtful, and future fame impossible.' This was expressed in French, and such pure French, that all present were struck with admiration, no less with the thought than with the mode of expressing it." I told Byron that this reminded me of a reply made by Mr. Ward to a lady at Vienna, who somewhat rudely remarked to him, that it was strange that all the best society at Vienna spoke French as well as German, while the English scarcely spoke French at all, or spoke it ill. Ward answered, that the English must be excused for their want of practice, as the French army had not been twice to London to teach them, as they had been at Vienna. "The coolness of Ward's manner (said Byron) must have lent force to such a reply: I have heard him say many things worth remembering, and the neatness of their expression was as remarkable as the justness of the thought. It is a pity (continued Byron) that Ward has not written anything: his style, judging by letters of his that I have seen, is admirable, and reminded me of Sallust."

Having, one day, taken the liberty of (what he termed) scolding Lord Byron, and finding him take it with his usual goodnature, I observed that I was agreeably surprised by the patience with which he listened to my lectures; he smiled, and replied, "No man dislikes being lectured by a woman, provided she be not his mother, sister, wife, or mistress: first, it implies that she takes an interest in him, and, secondly, that she does not think him irreclaimable: then, there is not that air of superiority in women when they give advice, that men, particularly one's contemporaries, affect; and even if there was, men

think their own superiority so acknowledged, that they listen without humiliation to the *gentler*, I don't say weaker, sex. There is one exception, however, for I confess I could not stand being lectured by Lady —; but then she is neither of the weak nor gentle sex—she is a non-descript,—having all the faults of both sexes, without the virtues of either. Two lines in the ‘*Henriade*,’ describing Catherine de Medicis, seem made for Lady — (continued Byron)—

“ ‘ Possédant en un mot, pour n'en pas dire plus,  
Les défauts de son sexe et peu de ses vertus.’ ”

I remember only one instance of Byron's being displeased with my frankness. We were returning on horseback from Nervi, and in defending a friend of mine, whom he assailed with all the slings and arrows of ridicule and sarcasm, I was obliged to be more frank than usual; and having at that moment arrived at the turn of the road that led to Albaro, he politely, but coldly wished me good-bye, and galloped off. We had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he came galloping after us, and reaching out his hand, said to me, “ Come, come, give me your hand, I cannot bear that we should part so formally: I am sure what you have said was right, and meant for my good, so God bless you, and to-morrow we shall ride again, and I promise to say nothing that can produce a lesson.” We all agreed that we had never seen Byron appear to so much advantage. He gives me the idea of being the man the most easily to be managed I ever saw: I wish Lady Byron had discovered the means, and both might now be happier.

Lord Byron told me that La Contessa Guiccioli had repeatedly asked him to discontinue *Don Juan*, as its immorality shocked her, and that she could not bear that anything of the kind should be written under the same roof with her. “ To please her (said Byron) I gave it up for some time, and have only got permission to continue it on condition of making my hero a more moral person; I shall end by making him turn Methodist; this will please the English, and be an *amende honorable* for his sins and mine. I once got an anonymous letter, written in a very beautiful female hand (said Byron), on the subject of *Don Juan*, with a beautiful drawing, beneath which was written—‘ When Byron wrote the first Canto of *Don Juan*, Love, that had often guided his pen, resigned it to Sensuality—and Modesty, covering her face with her veil, to hide her blushes and dry her tears, fled from him for ever.’ The drawing (continued Byron) represented Love and Modesty turning their backs on wicked Me,—and Sensuality, a fat, flushed, wingless Cupid, presenting me with a pen. Was not this a pretty conceit? at all events, it is some consolation to occupy the attention of women so much, though it is but by my faults; and I confess it gratifies me. Apropos to Cupid—it is strange (said Byron) that the ancients, in their mythology, should represent Wisdom by a woman, and Love by a boy; how do

you account for this? I confess I have little faith in Minerva, and think that Wisdom is, perhaps, the last attribute I should be inclined to give woman; but then I do allow, that Love would be more suitably represented by a female than a male; for men or boys feel not the passion with the delicacy and purity that women do; and this is my real opinion, which must be my peace-offering for doubting the wisdom of your sex."

Byron is infirm of purpose—decides without reflection—and gives up his plans if they are opposed for any length of time; but, as far as I can judge of him, though he yields he does it not with a good grace: he is a man likely to show that such a sacrifice of self-will was offered up more through indolence than affection, so that his yielding can seldom be quite satisfactory, at least to a delicate mind. He says that all women are *exigéante*, and apt to be dissatisfied: he is, as I have told him, too selfish and indolent not to have given those who had more than a common interest in him cause to be so. It is such men as Byron who complain of women; they touch not the chords that give sweet music in woman's breast, but strike—with a bold and careless hand—those that jar and send forth discord. Byron has a false notion on the subject of women; he fancies that they are all disposed to be tyrants, and that the moment they know their power they abuse it. We have had many arguments on this point—I maintaining that the more disposed men were to yield to the empire of woman, the less were they inclined to exact, as submission disarmed, and attention and affection enslaved them.

Men are capable of making great sacrifices, who are not willing to make the lesser ones, on which so much of the happiness of life depends. The great sacrifices are seldom called for, but the minor ones are in daily requisition; and the making them with cheerfulness and grace enhances their value, and banishes from the domestic circle the various misunderstandings, discussions, and coldnesses, that arise to embitter existence, where a little self-denial might have kept them off. Woman is a creature of feeling,—easily wounded, but susceptible of all the soft and kind emotions: destroy this sensitiveness, and you rob her of her greatest attraction;—study her happiness, and you insure your own.

"One of the things that most pleases me in the Italian character (said Byron) is the total absence of that belief which exists so generally in England in the mind of each individual, that the circle in which he lives, and which he dignifies by calling *The World*, is occupied with him and his actions,—an idea founded on the extreme vanity that characterizes the English, and that precludes the possibility of living for oneself or those immediately around one. How many of my *soi-disant* friends in England are dupes to this vanity (continued Byron)—keeping up expensive establishments they can ill afford—living in crowds, and with people who do not suit them—feeling ennuyés day after day, and yet

submitting to all this tiresome routine of vapid reunions,—living, during the fashionable season, if living it can be called, in a state of intermitting fever, for the sake of being considered to belong to a certain set. During the time I passed in London, I always remarked that I never met a person who did not tell me how bored he or she had been the day or night before at Lady This or Lady That's; and when I've asked why do you go if it bores you? the invariable answer has been—'One can't help going; it would be so odd not to go.' Old and young, ugly and handsome, all have the rage in England of losing their identity in crowds; and prefer conjugating the verb *ennuyer, en masse* in heated rooms, to conning it over in privacy in a purer atmosphere. The constancy and perseverance with which our compatriots support fashionable life have always been to me a subject of wonder if not of admiration, and proves what they might be capable of in a good cause. I am curious to know (continued Byron) if the rising generation will fall into the same inane routine; though it is to be hoped the march of intellect will have some influence in establishing something like society, which has hitherto been only to be found in country-houses. I spent a week at Lady J——y's once, and very agreeably it passed: the guests were well chosen—the host and hostess on 'hospitable thoughts intent'—the establishment combining all the luxury of a *maison montée en prince* with the ease and comfort of a well-ordered home. How different do the same people appear in London and in the country!—they are hardly to be recognized. In the latter they are as natural and unaffected as they are insipid or over-excited in the former. A certain place (continued Byron) not to be named to 'ears polite,' is said to be paved with good intentions, and London (viewing the effect it produces on its fashionable inhabitants) may really be supposed to be paved by evil passions, as few can touch its *pavé* without contamination. I have been reading Lord John Russell's Essays on London Society, and find them clever and amusing (said Byron), but too microscopic for my taste: he has, however, treated the subject with a lightness and playfulness best suited to it, and his reflections show an accuracy of observation that proves he is capable of better things. He who would take a just view of the world must neither examine it through a microscope nor a magnifying-glass. Lord John is a sensible and amiable man, and bids fair to distinguish himself.

"Do you know Hallam? (said Byron.) Of course I need not ask you if you have read his *Middle Ages*: it is an admirable work, full of research, and does Hallam honour. I know no one capable of having written it except him; for, admitting that a writer could be found who could bring to the task his knowledge and talents, it would be difficult to find one who united to these his research, patience, and perspicuity of style. The reflections of Hallam are at once just and profound—his language well chosen and impressive. I remember (continued Byron),

being struck by a passage, where, touching on the Venetians, he writes—‘Too blind to avert danger, too cowardly to withstand it, the most ancient government of Europe made not an instant’s resistance; the peasants of Underwald died upon their mountains—the nobles of Venice clung only to their lives.’ This is the style in which history ought to be written, if it is wished to impress it on the memory; and I found myself, on my first perusal of the Middle Ages, repeating aloud many such passages as the one I have cited, they struck my fancy so much. Robertson’s State of Europe, in his ‘Charles the Fifth,’ is another of my great favourites (continued Byron); it contains an epitome of information. Such works do more towards the extension of knowledge than half the ponderous tomes that lumber up our libraries: they are the rail-roads to learning; while the others are the neglected <sup>old</sup> roads that deter us from attempting the journey.

“It is strange (said Byron) that we are in general much more influenced by the opinions of those whose sentiments ought to be a matter of indifference to us, than by that of near or dear friends; nay, we often do things totally opposed to the opinions of the latter (on whom much, if not all, our comfort depends), to cultivate that of the former, who are or can be nothing in the scale of our happiness. It is in this opposition between our conduct and our affections that much of our troubles originates; it loosens the bonds of affection between us and those we ought to please, and fails to excite any good will in those whom our vanity leads us to wish to propitiate, because they are regardless of us and of our actions. With all our selfishness, this is a great mistake (continued Byron); for, as I take for granted, we have all some feelings of natural affection for our kindred or friends, and consequently wish to retain theirs, we never wound or offend them without its re-acting on ourselves, by alienating them from us: hence *selfishness* ought to make us study the wishes of those to whom we look for happiness; and the principle of doing as you would be done by, a principle, which, if acted upon, could not fail to add to the stock of general good, was founded in wisdom and knowledge of the selfishness of human nature.”

Talking of Mr. D. K.—, Byron said, “My friend Dug is a proof that a good heart cannot compensate for an irritable temper: whenever he is named, people dwell on the last and pass over the first; and yet he really has an excellent heart, and a sound head, of which, I, in common with many others of his friends, have had various proofs. He is clever too, and well-informed, and I do think would have made a figure in the world, were it not for his temper, which gives a dictatorial tone to his manner, that is offensive to the *amour propre* of those with whom he mixes; and when you alarm that (said Byron) there is an end of your influence. By tacitly admitting the claims of vanity of others, you make at least acquiescent beholders of your own, and this is something gained; for, depend on it, disguise it how we will, vanity is the prime

mover in most, if not all of us, and some of the actions and works that have the most excited our admiration, have been inspired by this passion that *none* will own to yet that influences *all*.

"The great difference between the happy and unhappy (said Byron) is, that the former are afraid to contemplate death, and the latter look forward to it as a release from suffering. Now as death is inevitable, and life brief and uncertain, unhappiness, viewed in this point, is rather desirable than otherwise; but few, I fear, derive consolation from the reflection. I think of death often, (continued Byron) as I believe do most people who are not happy, and view it as a refuge 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' There is something calm and soothing to me in the thought of death; and the only time that I feel repugnance to it is on a fine day, in solitude, in a beautiful country, when all nature seems rejoicing in light and life. The contrast then between the beautiful and animated world around me, and the dark narrow grave, gives a chill to the feelings; for, with all the boasted philosophy of man, his physical *being* influences his notions of that state where they can be felt no more. The nailed-down coffin, and the dark gloomy vault, or grave, always mingle with our thoughts of death; then the decomposition of our mortal frames, the being preyed on by reptiles, add to the disgusting horror of the picture, and one has need of all the hopes of immortality to enable one to pass over this bridge between the life we know and the life we hope to find.

"Do you know (said Byron) that when I have looked on some face that I love, imagination has often figured the changes that Death must one day produce on it—the worm rioting on lips now smiling, the features and hues of health changed to the livid and ghastly tints of putrefaction; and the image conjured up by my fancy, but which is as true as it is a fearful anticipation of what *must* arrive, has left an impression for hours that the actual presence of the object, in all the bloom of health, has not been able to banish: this is one of *my* pleasures of imagination."

Talking of hypochondriasm, Byron said that the world had little compassion for two of the most serious ills that human nature is subject to,—mental or bodily hypochondriasm: "Real ailments may be cured, (said he,) but imaginary ones, either moral or physical, admit of no remedy. People analyze the supposed causes of maladies of the mind; and if the sufferer be rich, well born, well looking, and clever in any way, they conclude he, or she, can have no cause for unhappiness; nay, assign the cleverness, which is often the source of unhappiness, as among the adventitious gifts that increase, or ought to increase, felicity, and pity not the unhappiness they cannot understand. They take the same view of imaginary physical ailments, never reflecting that 'happiness (or health) is often but in opinion;' and that he who believes himself wretched or ill suffers perhaps more than he who has real cause for wretchedness,

or who is labouring under disease with less acute sensibility to feel his troubles, and nerves subdued by ill health, which prevents his suffering from bodily ills as severely as does the hypochondriac from imaginary ones. The irritability of genius (continued Byron) is nothing more or less than a delicacy of organization, which gives a susceptibility to impressions to which coarser minds are never subject, and cultivation and refinement but increase it, until the unhappy victim becomes a prey to mental hypochondriasm."

Byron furnished a melancholy illustration of the fate of genius; and, while he dwelt on the diseases to which it is subject, I looked at his fine features, already marked by premature age, and his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and stamped with decay, until I felt that *this* was no hypothetical statement. Alas!—

"Noblest minds

Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree

That, with the weight of its own golden fruitage,

Is bent down to the dust."

"Do you know Mackintosh? (asked Lord Byron)—his is a mind of powerful calibre. Madame de Staël used to extol him to the skies, and was perfectly sincere in her admiration of him, which was not the case with all whom she praised. Mackintosh also praised her; but his is a mind that, as Moore writes, 'rather loves to praise than blame,' for with a judgment so comprehensive, a knowledge so general, and a critical acumen rarely to be met with, his sentences were never severe. He is a powerful writer and speaker; there is an earnestness and vigour in his style, and a force and purity in his language, equally free from inflation and loquacity. Lord Erskine is, I know, a friend of yours (continued Byron), and a most gifted person he is: the Scotch are certainly very superior people; with intellects naturally more acute than the English, they are better educated and make better men of business. Erskine is full of imagination, and in this he resembles your countrymen the Irish more than the Scotch. The Irish would make better poets, and the Scotch philosophers; but this excess of imagination gives a redundancy to the writings and speeches of the Irish that I object to: they come down on one with similies, tropes, and metaphors, a superabundance of riches that makes one long for a little plain matter of fact. An Irishman, of course I mean a clever one, (continued Byron,) educated in Scotland, would be perfection, for the Scots professors would prune down the over-luxuriant shoots of his imagination, and strengthen his reasoning powers. I hope you are not very much offended with me for this critique on your countrymen (continued Byron); but *enrêvanche*, I give you *carte blanche* to attack mine, as much as you please, and will join you in your strictures to the utmost extent to which you wish to go. Lord Erskine is, or was, (said Byron,)—for I suppose age has not improved him more than it generally does people,—the most brilliant person imaginable;—quick, vivacious, and sparkling, he spoke so well that I never

felt tired of listening to him, even when he abandoned himself to that subject of which all his other friends and acquaintances expressed themselves so fatigued—*self*. His egotism was remarkable, but there was a *bonhomme* in it that showed he had a better opinion of mankind than they deserved; for it implied a belief that his listeners could be interested in what concerned him, whom they professed to like. He was deceived in this (continued Byron) as are all who have a favourable opinion of their fellow-men: in society all and each are occupied with self, and can rarely pardon any one who presumes to draw their attention to other subjects for any length of time. Erskine had been a great man, and he knew it; and in talking so continually of self, imagined that he was but the echo of fame. All his talents, wit, and brilliancy were insufficient to excuse this weakness in the opinion of his friends; and I have seen bores, acknowledged bores, turn from this clever man, with every symptom of ennui, when he has been reciting an interesting anecdote, merely because he was the principal actor in it.

“ This fastidiousness of the English (continued Byron), and habit of pronouncing people bores, often impose on strangers and stupid people, who conceive that it arises from delicacy of taste and superior abilities. I never was taken in by it, for I have generally found that those who were the most ready to pronounce others bores had the most indisputable claims to that title in their own persons. The truth is (continued Byron) the English are very envious, being *au fond*, conscious that they are dreadfully dull—being loquacious without liveliness, proud without dignity, and *brusque* without sincerity, they never forgive those who show that they have made the same discovery, or who occupy public attention, of which they are jealous. An Englishman rarely condescends to take the trouble of conciliating admiration (though he is jealous of esteem), and he as rarely pardons those who have succeeded in attaining it. They are jealous (continued Byron) of popularity of every sort, and not only depreciate the talents that obtain it, whatever they may be, but the person who possesses them. I have seen in London, in one of the circles the most *riche*, a literary man *à-la-mode* universally attacked by the *élite* of the party, who were daunting his merits with faint praise, and drawing his defects into notice, until some other candidate for approbation as a conversationist, a singer, or even a dancer, was named, when all fell upon him—proving that a superiority of tongue, voice, or heel was as little to be pardoned as genius or talent. I have known people (continued Byron) talk of the highest efforts of genius as if they had been within the reach of each of the commonplace individuals of the circle; and comment on the acute reasonings of some logician as if they could have made the same deductions from the same premises, though ignorant of the most simple syllogism. Their very ignorance of the subjects on which they pronounce is perhaps the cause of the fearless decisions they give, for,



knowing nought, they think everything easy; but this impertinence (continued Byron) is difficult to be borne by those who know 'how painful 'tis to climb,' and who having, by labour, gained some one of the eminences in literature—which alas! as we all know, are but as mole-hills compared to the acclivity they aim at ascending—are the more deeply impressed with the difficulties that they have yet to surmount. I have never yet been satisfied with any one of my own productions; I cannot read them over without detecting a thousand faults; but when I read critiques upon them by those who could *not* have written them, I lose my patience."

"There is an old and stupid song (said Byron) that says—'Friendship with woman is sister to love.' There is some truth in this; for let a man form a friendship with a woman, even though she be no longer young or handsome, there is a softness and tenderness attached to it that no male friendship can know. A proof of this is, that Lady M——, who might have been my mother, excited an interest in my feelings that few young women have been able to awaken. She was a charming person—a sort of modern Aspasia, uniting the energy of a man's mind with the delicacy and tenderness of a woman's. She wrote and spoke admirably, because she felt admirably. Envy, malice, hatred, or uncharitableness, found no place in her feelings. She had all of philosophy, save its moroseness, and all of nature, save its defects and general *faiblesse*; or if some portion of *faiblesse* attached to her, it only served to render her more forbearing to the errors of others. I have often thought, that, with a little more youth, Lady M—— might have turned my head—at all events she often turned my heart, by bringing me back to mild feelings, when the demon passion was strong within me. Her mind and heart were as fresh as if only sixteen summers had flown over her, instead of four times that number; and the mind and heart always leave external marks of their state of health. Goodness is the best cosmetic that has yet been discovered, for I am of opinion that, not according to our friend Moore—

'As the shining casket's worn,  
The gem within will tarnish too,'—

but, *au contraire*, the decay of the gem will tarnish the casket—the sword will wear away the scabbard. Then how rare is it to see age give its experience without its hardness of heart! and this was Lady M——'s case. She was a captivating creature, *malgré* her eleven or twelve lustres, and I shall always love her.

"Did you know William Spencer, the Poet of Society as they used to call him? (said Byron.) His was really what your countrymen call an elegant mind, polished, graceful, and sentimental, with just enough gaiety to prevent his being lachrymose, and enough sentiment to prevent his being too anacreontic. There was a great deal of genuine fun in Spencer's conversation, as well as a great deal of refined sentiment in

his verses. I liked both, for both were perfectly aristocratic in their way; neither one nor the other was calculated to please the *canaille*, which made me like them all the better. England was, after all I may say against it, very delightful in my day; that is to say, there were some six or seven very delightful people among the hundred commonplace that one saw every day,—seven stars, the pleiades, visible when all others had hid their diminished heads; and look where we may, where is the place that we can find so many stars united elsewhere? Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Spencer, as poets; and how many conversationists to be added to the galaxy of stars,—one set irradiating our libraries of a morning, and the other illuminating our dining-rooms of an evening! All this was, and would be, very delightful, could you have confined the stars within their own planets; but, alas! they were given to wander into other spheres, and often set in the arctic circles, the frozen zones of nobility. I often thought at that time (continued Byron), that England had reached the pinnacle,—that point where, as no advance can be made, a nation must retrograde,—and I don't think I was wrong. Our army had arrived at a state of perfection before unknown; Wellington's star was in the ascendant, and all others paled before its influence. We had Grey, Grenville, Wellesley, and Holland in the House of Peers, and Sheridan, Canning, Burdett, and Tierney in the Commons. In society we were rich in poets, then in their zenith, now alas! fallen into the sear and yellow leaf; and in wits of whom one did not speak in the past tense. Of these, those whom the destroyer Time has not cut off he has mutilated,—the wine of their lives has turned sour,—and lost its body, and who is there to supply their places? The march of intellect has been preceded by pioneers, who have levelled all the eminences of distinction, and reduced all to the level of decent mediocrity.

“It is said that as people grow old they magnify the superiority of past times, and detract from the advantages of the present: this is natural enough; for, admitting that the advantages were equal, we view them through a different medium,—the sight, like all the other senses, loses its fine perceptions, and nought looks as bright through the dim optics of age as through the bright ones of youth; but as I have only reached the respectable point of middle age, (continued Byron,) I cannot attribute my opinion of the falling off of the present men to my senility; and I really see or hear of no young men, either in the literary or political fields of London, who promise to supply the places of the men of my time—no successional crop to replace the passing or the past.” I told Byron that the march of intellect had rendered the spread of knowledge so general, that young men abstained from writing, or at least from publishing, until they thought they had produced something likely to obtain attention, which was now much more difficult to be obtained than formerly, as people grew more fastidious every day. He would not agree to this, but maintained that mediocrity was the distinguishing

feature of the present times, and that we should see no more men like those of his day. To hear Byron talk of himself, one would suppose that instead of thirty-six he was sixty years old: there is no affectation in this, as he says he feels all the languor and exhaustion of age.

Byron always talks in terms of high admiration of Mr. Canning; says he is a man of superior abilities, brilliant fancy, cultivated mind, and most effective eloquence; and adds that Canning only wanted to be born to a good estate to have made a great statesman. Fortune (continued Byron) would have saved him from tergiversation, the bare suspicion of which is destructive to the confidence a statesman ought to inspire. As it is, said he, Canning is brilliant but not great, with all the elements in him that constitute greatness.

Talking of Lord ———, Byron observed that his success in life was a proof of the weight that fortune gave a man, and his popularity a certain sign of his mediocrity: “the first (said Byron) puts him out of the possibility of being suspected of mercenary motives; and the second precludes envy; yet you hear him praised at every side for his independence!—and a great merit it is truly (said he) in a man who has high rank and large fortune,—what can he want, and where could be the temptation to barter his principles since he already has all that people seek in such a traffic? No, I see no merit in Lord ———’s independence; give me the man who is poor and untitled, with talents to excite temptation and honesty to resist it, and I will give him credit for independence of principle, because he deserves it. People (continued Byron) talk to you of Lord ———’s high character,—in what does it consist? Why in being, as I before said, put by fortune and rank beyond the power of temptation,—having an even temper, thanks to a cool head and a colder heart!—and a mediocrity of talents that insures his being ‘content to live in decencies for ever,’ while it exempts him from exciting envy or jealousy, the followers of excellence.”

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ENGLISH ABROAD :

## OR, THE PRINCE OF SEIDLITZ POWDERS.

IT is generally said that, in the good old times, when it was only your man of quality who made the grand tour, the name of our countrymen was in better repute than at present ; and that, with the exception of that reputation for bull-dog ferocity, which Smollett tells us was always considered an excuse for laying violent hands on the police, we really passed for a decent, respectable people. To this opinion we, as democrats, cannot cordially incline. We remember the Milor Anglaise of a former day was, according to his description, little better than his tailor, who travels with his title in *the present*. Still without drawing comparisons, we admit the fact, that it is impossible now to visit a town or village on the Continent without having to blush for the grotesque caricatures that are disfiguring our national reputation. Only go to Calais or Boulogne, reader, and see the queer figures who are passing themselves off as models of English elegance ! Just look at their pinched-up or broadened-out brimmed hats—their indescribably cut coats—their whiskers, their mustachios, their swagger, their ignorance, their insolence, and recollect that the costume and the ton, which would not be tolerated in the saloon at Covent Garden, is soberly considered by the good French people who have never crossed the channel as a fair specimen of the taste and breeding of their outlandish neighbours. Pass wherever you will on the Continent, and be sure if any thing very extraordinary, very ridiculous, very impertinent be done, that its perpetrator is an Englishman ! If any man lives in a more scandalous indecency than the habits even of Italy will allow it is a citizen of the nation which prides itself on its morality and religion ; if any lady is noted for a grosser freedom of language and a more unconscionable incivility of conduct than another, it is one of a country which we are taught to believe is remarkable for the modest purity of its women. England abroad and England at home are two countries of as different characteristics as Kamtschatka and Otaheite. People of all sexes and all classes seem to take a pride in convincing the world that they change their skins with their climate ; and that if they conduct themselves with decency and propriety in May Fair and Fleet Street, they can be guilty of every absurdity and indecorum within sight of the Champs Elysées or the Coliseum. We see no objection to transporting some of the stories, related of our countrymen on the spots where they have exhibited themselves, to one in which they quail beneath the lash of public opinion ; and though we do not wish to be so hard upon the follies as upon the vices by which our travellers are distinguished, still there is one folly, which, partly of home growth, sprouts forth so ridiculously, and sometimes so fatally, abroad ; a folly which makes our honest citizens and country gentlemen such frequent dupes and laughing-stocks—we mean the desire of mixing with people whom they imagine finer than themselves—that we shall not, when we find, be inclined to spare it.

ONCE upon a time, and since the year 1815, there was an English family that had taken up its abode at Paris. The family was a respectable one, as far as an honest sufficiency and a decent genealogy could constitute it such. It consisted of a gentleman and lady and their two

daughters. The gentleman was an excellent, good-hearted man, entirely led by his wife, who, after having impaired his fortune by an ostentatious vulgarity in England, now carried him a passive victim to France in order to economize. Even when in London he knew little—and interested himself about little—beyond the local relations of his county. He knew, for instance,—no one better,—the number of acres possessed by his neighbours, the capabilities and soil of those several acres, and the time at which they fell into the possession of the family they belonged to. He was also fairly qualified to say whether Lord Bombast's or Viscount Truppington's preserves afforded the best sport ; and whether Sir John Stepfast or Sir Thomas Freebooter had the best chance for the county. An inactive magistrate, a good-natured and easy man, he enjoyed a quiet popularity, which, when anything happened to disturb, the fault was attributed to his lady. Such a gentleman, transported to Paris, had only to enquire where he could find an English newspaper, and a quiet rubber of whist ; and these points once ascertained, but few occasions could afterwards occur for the exercise of his loquacity. It was a very different case with Mrs. Broughton : accustomed to angle for a lord to adorn her dinner-table, and even to make a fuss in order to get a baronet to her ball, the whole animation of her nature was aroused when she found herself in a sphere where chevaliers, counts, and barons were as plentiful as truffles ; and the acquaintance of even a duke or a prince might be attained with a little manœuvring. She ate and drank not, neither did she sleep, until she had placed herself in that position which she thought most advantageous to her social views. An apartment, with a good *salle à manger* and two excellent sitting-rooms, was taken. It is true the bed-rooms were bad in proportion—but nobody saw them ; and if Mr. Broughton was crammed into a closet, what did that signify, since Mr. Broughton was just that kind of man who did not care where he was put ! A good cook, too, was procured, and carriage-horses were hired for six months in the year ; as for the other six, since nobody need know where they were, or how they lived, a pony chaise and a kitchen-maid and a cottage in the country would be quite sufficient. Thus established, Mrs. Broughton was ready to commence her Parisian career. In order to get a *proper* letter to the ambassador, Mr. Broughton, who had hitherto been from family recollections a whig, was made to promise his votes and interest to the Honourable Charles Turnspit, the tory candidate for his county, and son of the Lord Lieutenant, who was himself first cousin to Lady Caroline Politic, the ambassador's daughter. In consequence, Lady Caroline, who felt deeply, as every great lady does for the success of her cousin, became, since the event of the contest was doubtful, peculiarly civil to the Broughtons : such an opportunity was not to be lost ; Sir Charles and Lady Caroline Politic were boldly invited to dinner, and did not refuse. Mrs. B. knew what she was about, and now very properly considered the whole matter easy. It is true she knew no one to ask to meet her distinguished guests ; but it was a different thing for a Mr. and Mrs. Broughton to ask anybody simply to dine with them, or to ask anybody to dine with them to meet Sir Charles and Lady Caroline Politic. “ Fanny, you are going to the Embassy to-night, if you look hard at the young Prince Tomotowski, he'll ask you to dance ; and if he does, my love, ask him for next Friday to dine here and meet the ambassador. Mr. Broughton, you know that tall old gentleman, who

always stands by the fire-place to the right in the second room—it's the Duc de St. Germain's; go and stand by him, and when you have got into conversation, which you can easily do, observe the ambassador is a very charming man, and then say, just accidentally, in going away, will your Excellency come and meet him at dinner on Friday? Remember, Mr. Broughton, on Friday!" Mr. Broughton, who was used to these kind of missions, and was too old-fashioned and simple-hearted to think that he was taking a liberty in asking any one to dine with him, particularly a Frenchman, fulfilled his commission. The polite Frenchman thought he must have met the odd English gentleman somewhere when he was an *émigré*, and tapping his chased snuff-box, and offering it to Mr. Broughton, said, "Qu'il serait charmé." Miss Fanny had not been so successful. The heart of the Prince Tomotowski was occupied that evening with a new actress, and stood consequently proof against all her modest allurements. At length came the ominous Friday, big with the fate of the Broughtons. Sir Charles Politic could not come, being particularly engaged with a *dansesuse* and despatches; and the whole dinner-party, notwithstanding various well-directed efforts to obtain recruits, was confined to Lady Caroline and the Duc de St. Germain. We also had been asked to dinner, but only went in the evening; and never shall we forget Mrs. Broughton's joyous and embarrassed appearance, as, seated at the piano-forte between her two victims, she looked like a small spider, who had caught two large blue-bottles, with whose possession it was delighted, though it hardly knew what to do with them.

This ridiculous failure, however, answered as well to Mrs. Broughton as the most perfect success could have done. Lady Caroline Politic and the Duc de St. Germain were personages both too great in their way to be very intimate; and each supposed their hostess to be the particular friend of the other. None, in fact, but a particular friend could be asked to a *tête-à-tête* dinner of that description; and Lady Caroline went away, thinking, that though certainly Mrs. Broughton would be thought exceedingly vulgar in England, still she seemed very intimate with the best French society; while Monsieur le Duc made many sensible and philosophic reflections on the variety of breeding which passed for the best in different countries, so that, "I dare say," said he, softly, "that vulgar woman whom I have just left may appear charming to Madame l'Ambassadrice."

From this evening, then, Mrs. and the Miss Broughtons were firmly launched in society at Paris, and their salon and their dinner-table as crowded as they chose to make them.

The Miss Broughtons, Fanny and Caroline, were really very amiable and pretty young persons; and had they been blessed with another mother, and a different education, there would have been no reason for their being supremely ridiculous. As it was, their accomplishments were confined to singing badly, dancing well, speaking French fluently, and, moreover, English: a qualification which, though her birth fairly entitled her to it, Mrs. B. was never able to obtain. The conversation of this lady was governed by a learned rule which we dare say many of our readers will remember—

"Accusativus pluralis tertiâ personâ singulari gaudet;" so that "them that is," was a turn of expression in which she much de-

lighted. Neither was she craniologically endowed with the organ of perception: hard words she was rather apt to confuse, and had once been known to ask a gentleman to come and see the Diarrhœa on the Boulevards, who excused himself on the plea of having a diorama in his bowels. But to these slight grammatical peculiarities her foreign acquaintance were perfectly insensible; so that, what with the good apartments, the good cook, the pretty daughters, and the quiet, whist-playing husband, the society of the Broughtons became in great repute with the Parisians, and, as a rendezvous for good French society, was equally sought by the English. Mrs. Broughton then had gained her point: true—she could not help being universally accounted an ignorant, vulgar woman, but still her house was a club to the best company, and this had been the summit of her ambition. She was ridiculed, as all such people are, by those who did her the honour of visiting her; but this she did not see, or did not care for, the whole powers of her mind being now bent upon finding proper matches for her dear girls; and as none of the old habitués of her salon seemed that way inclined, all the new comers were anxiously inquired after, and whenever they possessed wealth and title, their acquaintance as eagerly secured. But four or five years had rapidly whirled away, and no offers, such as to Mrs. B.'s exalted views appeared eligible, had been made, when a very distinguished stranger was rumoured to have arrived at Paris. He was announced by Mr. Carlton, the Secretary of the English Embassy, to be a man in the middle age of life, with curly hair and dark mustachios, a nose half Grecian, half Roman, a peculiarly fascinating eye, and a remarkably melancholy and interesting expression of countenance. "This expression, indeed," said Mr. Carlton, "may be partly attributed to a recent misfortune. A wife, whom he adored, has lately fallen a victim to consumption; and it is, in a great measure, to distract his mind from her remembrance, and in some measure also," said the Secretary, "to supply her place—for it was necessary to give his noble house an heir—that the Prince de Seidlitz Powders had come to Paris."

"What a very sad story!" said Miss Fanny. "What a very interesting person!" said Miss Caroline. "Is he very rich?" asked Mrs. Broughton. "Immensely," replied the Secretary. "His family, as you know, Mrs. Broughton, is semi-royal—(here Mrs. B. nodded assent)—the Seidlitz Powders are of the same line as the Wolfenhangars, who were derived from the Bearbietzers, who descended from the Foxbanoeni, who were but ten degrees removed from the Hapsburgs;—but who is so well acquainted with the 'Almanac de Gotha,' as you, Mrs. Broughton? As for his wealth, you may judge of it, when I tell you it consists in mines of that invaluable medicine called after his title, and which has now spread his princely name through every pharmacopœia in Europe." Mrs. Broughton seemed particularly delighted at the last phrase, as it contained a hard word, which she was not acquainted with, but which, she had no doubt, was to be found in the *aforesaid* "Almanac de Gotha."

"Does he play at whist?" said the father. "Does he waltz?" said the daughters. "Does he dine out?" said the mother. "That is the worst of the business," continued Mr. Carlton, replying to Mr. Broughton, "hardly ever: the Prince is a man of very intellectual pursuits, and of a very concentrated character. He is now about to publish a work from which

Goethe, who was born on his estate, was allowed to take the Faust, which formed a mere episode in his wonderful romance. It is spoken of by those who have seen it, as the most extraordinary performance of ancient or modern genius ; and being thus occupied, and travelling for the sake of marrying and being amused, he never goes anywhere where he is not assured that he is likely to find a wife, and is certain not to meet a bore. He lives indeed in perfect retirement ; and his only reason for receiving me is, that my uncle and his brother had once the same mistress, which he is polite enough to say constitutes a kind of relationship between us." The Miss Broughtons blushed, and Mrs. Broughton, tapping the Secretary on the arm, told him not to be incontinuous in his language. Her meditated attack on the Prince of Seidlitz Powders she reserved for another opportunity, and determined in the meantime to make inquiries. Two of Mr. Carlton's friends, attachés to the English Embassy, shortly afterwards called, and also M. Chanulier, of the Russian Embassy. The two first spoke of the Prince, whom Mr. Carlton had introduced them to, in raptures. The latter moderated his praise by saying that he was "*un sacré liberal*," and supposed by his talent to have almost sufficient influence to upset the Holy Alliance. In short, Mrs. Broughton had more than her usual number of visitors that day, and but one person was in the mouth of all—"the Prince de Seidlitz Powders." Some had seen him, some had only heard of him ; some had only heard of his large black bear, which he fed upon ice and biscuit. Never was curiosity and interest more powerfully awakened in the female breast than in the bosoms of Mrs. and the Misses Broughton.

The next morning as the ladies were looking out of their window in the Rue Royale, Mr. Carlton passed them on a beautiful curvetting Arab. He (the Arab) was singular for his beauty, but still more singular for his colour. The muzzle of his nose and the lower part of his head were jet black, as were his ears, his mane and tail were of a bright gold, and the rest of his body was a spotless white. The ladies tried to catch the Secretary's eye, but could not. They met him in the evening,—“Whose beautiful horse were you riding this morning?” “Horse, horse—I don't remember that I did ride ;—oh, yes,” after a pause, “it was a pony of the Prince de Seidlitz Powders.” “What a strange odd colour!” “Oh, that's his breed—he has twenty now at Paris just the same: they are brought up in the mines, and never eat anything but vegetable marrow.” “Only think what a singular man the Prince of Seidlitz Powders must be, Mamma, to have a bear that feeds on ice and biscuit, and twenty white horses with black noses and ears, and golden tails and manes, which live entirely on vegetable marrow!” The next morning, Mr. Carlton, indefatigable, as it would appear, in obliging his friend the Prince, was seen again passing the windows, not, however, on horseback, but in a large cart, containing a kind of platform of beautiful aromatic flowers. This time, he immediately saw the ladies, who laughingly inquired into the nature of his pursuit. “Devil take the Prince!” said he, “by heavens he has so bewitched me, that I don't know what I sha'n't do next to please him!—I am airing his flowers.” “Airing his flowers—nonsense!” said Miss Fanny ; “You don't mean it?” said Miss Caroline. “Why,” said the Secretary, approaching nearer to the window, which was exceedingly near the ground, “it is rather a long story, but if you'd like to hear it”—“Oh, yes !” said both ladies at once. “Well then, you must know, that when the Prince's wife died, he had not even a picture of



her : some token of remembrance he wanted ; and his poetical imagination suggested that nothing could bring the idea of her perfections so clearly before his senses, and appeal so powerfully to his memory, as the odour of a variety of appropriate and carefully selected flowers. This platform which you see there is the Princess's picture, which the Prince always carries about with him ; and finding by his exquisite organs and his profound knowledge, that all female plants, such as these, of course, are, require constant amusement and recreation, in order to preserve their fragrance, he sends them every day, when it is fine weather, into the country in order to breathe the fresh air, and see their relations and friends ; and the lady who usually escorts them being unwell, and the Prince himself in the fervour of composition, he begged me to accompany them on their excursion." " Oh, I see you are quizzing us," said both the young ladies at once. " Nobody ever heard of a picture of flowers. You're very clever, but it won't do, Mr. Carlton." " Quizzing you !" said the astonished Secretary, most seriously : " Ask your mamma, nobody's reading on these subjects is more extensive." Mrs. Broughton nodded her head. " Ask your mamma, whether in Greece, in Germany, in Morocco, and Mesopotamia, songs are not composed, letters written, and serenades sung all by the means of flowers ? As for pictures of flowers, they are the commonest things in the world ; the only difficulty is to take a correct likeness. Now, anybody who ever saw the Princess says that this platform is her perfect image : *au reste*, you may ask the Prince yourself, if you come to the Champs Elysées to-day, when, if you like it, I'll have the honour of introducing him to you." The proposition was, as might be expected, eagerly accepted, and the ladies' minds, once turned in that direction, became too much occupied with imagining the dresses they could appear in that morning to the best advantage, to continue the conversation.

To the Champs Elysées then they went. For the first hour every gentleman, who at a distance was seen to have curly hair and dark mustachios, was eagerly eyed ; for the second hour, the Secretary was as anxiously looked for ; the last was passed in a state of alternate fury and despondency.

Miss Fanny knew that Mr. Carlton would *not* be there—he took a pleasure in teasing. Miss Caroline suggested that if the Prince was of melancholy habits he might have expected to meet them in the more private parts of the Bois de Boulogne. Mrs. Broughton told them not to be impatient ; for impatience disordered the stomach, and the complexion depended on the digestion.

" How provoking !" exclaimed the three ladies at once—joy, however, sparkling in all their eyes—as the porter put Mr. Carlton's card and a beautiful piece of pasteboard into their hands, on which was exquisitely engraved the name of " The Prince de Seidlitz Powders"—" Hôtel de Castille" was written, in a small hand, in the corner ;—perhaps the Prince's own hand !

The porter was examined as to the gentleman who had left the card, and the equipage he had come in.

All he knew was, that a very splendid carriage had stopped at the door, and that a chasseur, in a magnificent costume, had asked if the ladies were at home ; and, on hearing they were out, had left the card in question.

Mr. Broughton had received his orders to call the next day at the

Hôtel de Castille, and if he saw the Prince to invite him, for the first day he was disengaged, to dinner. "Le Prince n'est pas chez lui," said the porter, "mais son ours y est."

"Well, give this card and make my compliments," said Mr. B., absently. "Au Prince ou à l'ours!" said the porter, smiling and bowing very politely; but Mr. Broughton did not hear him, having already turned off on his way to Galignani's. Mr. Carlton then was to be consulted as to the best mode of proceeding in respect to the dinner invitation. "One would not look too forward," said Mrs. Broughton. "No; that would never do," said Mr. Carlton, putting his hand to his chin, and looking reflectively. "Well, I'll arrange it for you. Have you got an almanac—for the Prince never dines out but on a full moon!" An almanac was brought: there was a full moon on the third day following; and the Secretary engaged that if the Prince had no prior engagement, which he would know in half an hour, his Highness would on that day dine with Mrs. Broughton. "But," said he, "think well before you ask him; he is a troublesome guest; and always insists upon seeing a list of the company he is invited to meet." "Oh! providing we get the Prince, you shall have a *carte-blanche*," said Mrs. B., delighted, "to ask anybody you please."

In about an hour's time Mr. Carlton returned, saying that the Prince had actually sent an excuse to a great Kamskatkan nobleman, who was staying at Paris in disguise, and that he would certainly do himself the honour of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Broughton. Mr. Carlton brought also a list of the party to be invited; and insisted, as one principal condition, that the most perfect secrecy was to be observed to all the rest of the world as to the intentions of the illustrious stranger, who would otherwise be involved in endless quarrels with many whose invitations he had refused; "and, indeed," said the Secretary, "if the Prince were to know that any one out of this list (all of whom must be sworn to secrecy) were informed that you expected him, he would, most assuredly, turn back, even if he were half way up your staircase."

For the two next days every one observed a peculiar expression of joy and satisfaction darting from the three ladies' eyes, and a certain pursed-up, consequential air about their mouths; which, if Mr. B.'s politics had not been so well known, would, in all probability, have awakened the attention of the police. The eventful day came: Mr. Carlton had been asked whether there were any particular dishes to which his Highness was peculiarly attached. "Now that you remind me," said he, "there are. He is especially fond of rose soup and geranium patés: in short, he hardly lives upon anything else." "Rose soup and geranium patés!" said Mrs. Broughton—"Well, I'm sure I never heard of such things." "No; I dare say not," said Mr. Carlton; "no more, perhaps, has your cook. They are royal dishes—hereditary in the family of the Seidlitz Powders; and indeed in the Prince's own states, where the government is of the most liberal description, any one who presumed to make or to eat rose soup or geranium patés would be, for the first offence, imprisoned three years—for the second, sent for ten years to the galleys—and, for the third, hanged; and yet so fascinating is this kind of food, that no one who has suffered the first punishment is ever able to resist subjecting himself to the second and the third. But as the Prince might not like to communicate his secret to your kitchen, perhaps you

will excuse his sending the articles from his own." "To be sure, by all means!" said Mrs. Broughton; "but only think of roses and geraniums being eaten!" "Why not? surely they are more inviting than mushrooms and truffles,—nasty, dirty, toadlike-looking things, of which chance only could have discovered the excellency; while roses and geraniums are evidently pointed out by one organ as exquisite for the satisfaction of another. It was the ear—as nobody knows better than you, Mrs. Broughton—which invented the famous Roman dish of nightingales' tongues; so it was the nose which recommended to the Seidlitz Powders their hereditary passion for rose soup and geranium patés."

The company were assembled—the soup and the patés had arrived—Mr. Carlton, too, was there. The Prince, whom he had left tweezing his mustachios, might be expected every moment.

All present had heard of him—some thought they had seen him smoking at the window—some that they had heard him whistle as they were passing under it—but no one had the honour of the Prince's personal acquaintance, save the Secretary of the British Embassy; and every eye, as carriage after carriage rattled by the door, was turned upon him.

Every nerve in the frames of the Broughtons was in the most irritating state of excitement and expectation. It was useless to disguise the fact;—an hour beyond the appointed dinner-time had passed away—and everybody but Mr. Carlton seemed to be alarmed at the Prince's non-appearance. He was quite sure, quite satisfied, that nothing would prevent his coming. "He might be a little late—that often happened;—perhaps he had received a despatch—perhaps he was just finishing an ode—a style of composition he was always given to when washing his hands. It might be better if he did not come soon, to sit down to dinner;—but as to his arriving, any fears of that were quite out of the question." Conjecture, however, succeeded conjecture. The bear, and the ice, and the biscuits—the horses and the vegetable marrow—the Princess and her aromatic picture—the rose soup and the geranium patés—all the singular habits of the Prince, and then his singular name, were the alternate subjects of conversation. The gentlemen of the various diplomatic corps spoke with emphasis—the dandies with lisps—the military with oaths—the ladies with agitation.

"It is a very odd—a very odd name, certainly," said the Prince de Bouval—who was turned of seventy, and half an idiot—"a very odd name, and I never remember hearing it before the Revolution." "Not at all an odd name!" said Mr. Carlton. "Not an odder name than 'Truefit,' exclaimed Lord H—t;" "Nor 'Little,'" lisped Miss Fanny;" "Nor 'Jasmin,'" sighed Miss Caroline;" "Nor 'Sheepshanks,'" said Comte P—i;" "Nor 'Higginbottom,'" said Lady A—h;" "Nor 'Ramsbottom,'" said Mrs. Broughton. But at length all marvels as to the Prince's name were swallowed up in the still greater marvel at his continued absence; and Mrs. Broughton, when the old Comte de Soissons complained, for a second time, of cramps in his stomach, was obliged to order up dinner; with many injunctions, however, that the rose soup and the geranium patés should be kept carefully hot.

Dinner was served, and the party seated, when every voice was silenced—every soup-spoon suspended—as a letter, written on saf-

fron-coloured paper, and compressed by a seal of about the circumference of a five-franc piece, representing (as it was afterwards observed) a box of Seidlitz powders, and supported by two tumblers, was brought to Mrs. Broughton. "Good God!" said Mr. Carlton, "that's the Prince's seal—some accident must have happened!—Don't derange yourself, my dear Mrs. Broughton;—pray permit me to read the letter, Mrs. Broughton." Her heart heaving with disappointment and vexation, had hardly given a sigh of assent, when Mr. Carlton had torn open the envelope, and reading to himself—"Ha! I said so! nothing, I was sure, but the most serious calamity, could possibly have prevented the Prince's arrival. Shall I read?"—All eyes said yes; all ears were "*arrect*" and listening——

"The Prince of Seidlitz Powders is very sorry that he cannot do himself the honour of waiting on Mrs. Broughton, in consequence of his sister, the Duchess of Epsom Salts, being suddenly taken ill at Cheltenham."

It is needless to say that Mrs. and the Misses Broughton were universally condoled with. Most persons expressed themselves deeply grieved at the Prince's misfortune: some of this age of incredulity affected to believe that his existence was all "a hoax;" and that the various persons who supported it—including the porter of the Hôtel de Castille—were in the secret. Nay, some there were (foreigners themselves) who maintained that Mrs. Broughton's affection for foreign dignitaries had especially invited Mr. Carlton (so celebrated for the elaborate sarcasm of his temper) to this play on her credulity; and that the hoax of the spurious title, however extravagant, was not half so ridiculous as the lady's passion for real ones!

## CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."  
*Wordsworth.*

A DIM and mighty minster of old Time!  
A Temple shadowy with remembrances  
Of the majestic Past!—the very Light  
Streams with a colouring of heroic days  
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle  
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back  
To other years;—and the rich fretted roof,  
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,  
Ivy and Vine, and many a sculptured Rose,—  
The tenderest image of Mortality—  
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts  
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things  
Tell of a Race that nobly, fearlessly,  
On their heart's worship poured a Wealth of Love!

Honour be with the Dead !—The People kneel  
 Under the Helms of antique Chivalry,  
 And in the crimson gloom from Banners thrown,  
 And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved  
 Of Warriors on their tombs.—The People kneel  
 Where mail-clad Chiefs have knelt ; where jewelled crowns  
 On the flushed brows of Conquerors have been set ;  
 Where the high Anthems of old Victories  
 Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain thoughts !  
 Memories of Power and Pride, which, long ago,  
 Like dim Processions of a dream, have sunk  
 In twilight depths away.—Return, my Soul !  
 The Cross recalls thee—Lo ! the blessed Cross !  
 High o'er the Banners and the Crests of Earth,  
 Fixed in its meek and still supremacy !  
 And lo ! the throng of beating human hearts,  
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,  
 All their full treasures of immortal Hope,  
 Gathered before their God !—Hark ! how the flood  
 Of the rich Organ-harmony bears up  
 Their voice on its high waves !—a mighty burst !—  
 A forest-sounding music !—every tone  
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings  
 From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent :  
 And the old Munster—forest-like itself—  
 With its long avenues of pillared shade,  
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain  
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not  
 One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy  
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my Soul !  
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,  
 And thine own solitude, the glorious Hymn.

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Rise, like an altar-fire !  
 In solemn joy aspire,  
 Deepening thy passion still, O Choral strain !  
 On thy strong-rushing wind  
 Bear up from Humankind  
 Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain !  
 Father, which art on high !  
 Weak is the melody  
 Of Harp or Song to reach Thine awful ear ;  
 Unless the heart be there,  
 Winging the words of Prayer,  
 With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.  
 Let, then, thy Spirit brood  
 Over the multitude—  
 Be Thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest !  
 So shall their cry have power  
 To win from Thee a shower  
 Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.  
 What Griefs, that make no sign,  
 That ask no aid but Thine,  
 Father of Mercies ! here before Thee swell !  
 As to the open sky,  
 All their dark waters lie  
 To thee revealed, in each close bosom-cell.

The sorrow for the Dead,  
 Mantling its lowly head  
 From the world's glare, is, in Thy sight, set free;  
 And the fond, aching Love,  
 Thy Minister, to move  
 All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.  
 And doth not Thy dread eye  
 Behold the agony  
 In that most hidden chamber of the heart,  
 Where darkly sits Remorse,  
 Beside the secret source  
 Of fearful Visions, keeping watch apart?  
 Yes!—here before Thy throne  
 Many—yet each alone—  
 To Thee that terrible unveiling make;  
 And still small whispers clear  
 Are startling many an ear,  
 As if a Trumpet bade the Dead awake.  
 How dreadful is this place!  
 The glory of Thy face  
 Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight:  
 Where shall the guilty flee?  
 Over what far-off Sea?  
 What Hills, what Woods, may shroud him from that Light?  
 Not to the Cedar shade  
 Let his vain flight be made;  
 Nor the old mountains, nor the Desert Sea;  
 What, but the Cross, can yield  
 The Hope—the Stay—the Shield?  
*Thence* may the Atoner lead him up to Thee!  
 Be Thou, be Thou his Aid!  
 Oh! let thy Love pervade  
 The haunted Caves of self-accusing Thought!  
 There let the living stone  
 Be cleft—the seed be sown—  
 The song of Fountains from the silence brought!  
 So shall Thy breath once more  
 Within the soul restore  
 Thy own first Image—Holiest and most High!  
 As a clear Lake is filled  
 With hues of Heaven, instilled  
 Down to the depths of its calm Purity.  
 And if, amidst the throng  
 Linked by the ascending song,  
 There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar;  
 Thanks, Father! that the power  
 Of joy, man's early dower,  
 Thus, even midst tears, can fervently adore!  
 Thanks for each gift divine!  
 Eternal Praise be Thine,  
 Blessing and Love, O Thou that hearest Prayer!  
 Let the Hymn pierce the sky,  
 And let the Tombs reply!  
 For seed, that waits thy Harvest-time, is there.

## MODERN BIOGRAPHIES.\*

## THE THIEF AND THE COURTIER COMPARED.

"Euclid was beaten in Boccaline for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed that all the lives, both of princes and private men, tended to one centre,—*con gentilezza*—handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and into their own."—*Selden's Table-Talk*.

IT has been the principal object of this paper to expose, in its unrelieved nakedness, the base nature of the greater culprit's character, by placing it in familiar juxtaposition with that of the lesser. With this end in view, we have selected the Memoirs of Doddington and Vaux from the autobiographic group of which they form a part; but, absolutely considered, they are very far from possessing the interest of many of their fellows. It was a happy thought, that, of publishing in one series the lives of so many famous or infamous individuals, who, having played parts the most diverse in various scenes and times, have themselves told their own tales for their own amusement and that of mankind. The effect of a medley of names so palpably heterogeneous is irresistibly comic. Could some of the narrators wake into life again, they would be of opinion, we "calculate," that poverty is not the only thing which brings men into strange company. It is scarcely outdone by the late advertisement of performances at Covent Garden, in which, after a detail of scenic honours paid to that mighty departed, whose genius was only surpassed by his moral excellence,—when the imagination had been stretched to the full by those well-known names—the "old familiar faces" of our mind's boyhood—which swelled the apotheosis,—the play-bill adds, with peculiar pathos, "to conclude with 'Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.'" But though the first emotion excited by casting the eye over this catalogue of "Memorialists" be that of the ridiculous, it is by no means the sole, the chief, or the abiding one,—nay, the imagination soon learns to revel in the commixture of unlikes or contrasts. We proceed, with the aid of fancy, to quicken the mass of paper and printer's ink into veritable beings of flesh and blood, each telling his chequered tale to eager and attentive listeners; and then, in the warmth of our roused sympathies, every conventional notion (on which was built the first sentiment of that "*absurd*" which was the result of apparent difference) being lost in the recognition of so many fellow-pilgrims, brought from far sources to one common point, we listen attentively too, and thank our stars which permit us to do so. Like that delightful painting of Stothard's of "Chaucer's Pilgrims," on an engraving from which we have gazed enraptured so often and so long, every figure of it glowing with its own marked character, from the miller, with his most miller-like mongrels and white-faced nag with nose of aquiline, to the form—so "beautiful and brave"—of the gallant squire;—so, in this "series" of ours, there they stand—the pilgrims of a younger generation. Here we may suppose the fair and frail (we love to speak gently

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\* "Autobiography: a Collection of the most instructive and amusing Lives ever published. Written by the Parties themselves." Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnott.

of the sex) Du Barri holding free converse with the learned Mr. John Lilly, of astrological fame. Not much a-head, we have Lord Herbert of Cherbury,—the noble, the knightly, the earnest; devout, though a deist, and deeply imbued with the spirit of reverence; and he is relating the strange story of the sign that was vouchsafed to his petition to Voltaire and David Hume. Mark well the expression of lively and fiery scorn on the face of that incarnation of mockery! and contrast it with the mild and unwondering placidity of the Scot, too sceptical of everything—his own scepticism not excepted—for any energy of unbelief, and far too gentle and well bred to show it if it were otherwise. Here, again, is Gibbon, with his full-dress suit, and slow and pompous delivery of gallicised English, drawing in draughts of knowledge from the thief-taker Vidocq, from whose stores of adventure he is carefully entering notes in an ample, and not ungorged, common-place book. He is right well pleased; for he has discovered a new height from which to point a “solemn sneer” at human nature, while generalizing from the brazen simplicity of his comrade’s revelations. He has long been wont to

“Hive in knowledge every studious year”

from the world of books, and now he is dealing in like way with man. Our hero, Bubb, is, we lament to say, the only one of the party who gives himself airs; for, upon Mr. Vaux putting a civil question to him on some passing topic, he draws himself up, and turning his head aside, mutters something between his teeth about “a low fellow,” and sighs as he thinks of his dear court and his six rotten boroughs.

In sober truth, the work is a good work, and deserves public support. Biography is, perhaps, of all studies the most generally interesting; and of biographies, there is no kind like autobiography. True is it that no man paints himself exactly as he is: he could not if he would—he would not if he could; but still—intentionally or unintentionally, directly or indirectly—the life of any man written by himself is a fairer specimen of that man than any work by a third person. Nor is the objection which might be raised,—that he would studiously cloak his evil *acts*, or at least the *motives* which produced them,—of much weight in the matter. For the *acts*, it is ten to one that he is really most proud of those which he ought to be most ashamed of, and so, from very vanity, out they come: for the *motives*, we always take the liberty of inferring those for ourselves, taking the acts as our data. And what though a thousand little trivial matters be brought forward and dilated on,—what is *not* trivial in the eye of reason, and what *is* trivial in the eye of humanity?

• “These little things are great to little man!”

In this brief summing up must concur the extremes of frivolity and of wisdom.

But now to our comparison—Bubb Doddington and Hardy Vaux. And first it may be observed, that they form two different species of a common genus—the great genus “*Latro*”; or, in Selden’s words, their common purpose was this:—“Handsomely to get money out of other men’s pockets, and into their own.”

All men love respect; none more so than those who deserve it least. Once, therefore, propose an object, the acquisition of which will consti-



tute, in the eyes of their fellows, a claim to this respect, and its pursuit—heart and soul—is already half secured. What, then, is this object?

Everybody knows that on the trial of John Thurtell, the murderer, one of the witnesses deposed that he or she had always considered John to be “a highly respectable man;” and on being further pressed as to what he meant by the term, the reply was, that “he had known him for many years, and that *he had always kept a gig*.” Now, this simple-minded exposition of the idea “respectability,” has afforded much entertainment to many whose notions are really and essentially the same with those of the witness in question. What “the gig” was in his eyes, “a carriage” is in the eyes of another class, half a dozen carriages in those of another, a house in Grosvenor Square or Park Lane to the criterion of a third. “I am happy to hear,” says A. to B., “that an able and independent man like C. is to stand for your town.” “He has not a shadow of a chance,” retorts B. “Indeed,” says A.; “don’t you like his politics, then, or don’t you consider him firm and trustworthy?” “Oh!” replies B., “he’s as true as steel, and nothing can be better than his principles; but then,—you know well enough, A., that I’m a *liberal* as well as you, —but still I *do* think that such a wealthy town as ours ought to be represented by a *highly respectable* man, and C.,—I have the highest opinion of him too, mind,—but you must be aware that in *that* way he’s quite a third-rate. Why, there are F., and G., and H., and K., would buy him out and out.” Upon this, A., who is a quiet man, inquires after Mrs. B. and the little ones.

Now, what is the aim of all the parties in all these supposed cases? What is the great *reality*, of which the gig, and the carriage, and the house in Grosvenor Square, and the adulation of the elector, are but symbols? Reader, is it not *Wealth*?

Thus, then, we have arrived at the first point in which Doddington and Vaux are fully agreed in a deep and fervent reverence for “the thing;” and a determination to possess it, they heartily coincide. They worship this, their deity, with a double devotion,—with the respect due to the “*Dí Majores*,” and with the love which clings through chance and change to the dear, familiar “*Penates*.”

But, truly desirable as it is to be a “respectable man,” there is a something yet beyond this—an “Alp upon Alp.” What says the Bard of Indolence?

“Oh, mortal man, that livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate!  
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date.”

Aye, Jamie Thomson, “of an ancient date” indeed, if you allude to those fearful words—“in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!” But some things of “ancient date”—old Almanacs, for instance—are as well forgotten as not; and what is there in the word *Man*, to those whose “delicate cars” so delight in the “prænomen,” when compared with the silvery sound of *Gentle-man*? If it be a fine thing to have much, to do nothing for it is a refinement upon bliss. That “*dolce far niente*”—that “*otium*”—which the tempest-tossed mariner of the starless *Ægean* wearied his gods to bestow, is as much in vogue as ever in these latter days. And herein also do the kindred hearts of Bubb

and Hardy beat in happy unison. Their desires were alike raised above the puny level of those who toil that they may eat; they would alike be gentlemen, and "live at ease;" yet, in truth, they laboured hard enough!—and who does not, asks an Edinburgh Reviewer, in God's service or the Devil's?

Having thus discovered how far they agree, it remains to be inquired in what respects they differ? Principally in this: that the lot of George Bubb Doddington was cast among the patricians of the second George's era, and that of James Hardy Vaux among the plebeians of his successor. This difference of time and rank involved a difference in pursuit,—the result of which difference was developed in their respective callings of place-hunter and pickpocket. After the labour of a life, in which the energies of either were devoted unsparingly, each to its own end, the termination was, a peerage to the one, and Botany Bay to the other! "*Ille crucem—hic diadema*"—so wags the world!

Doddington's whole book is redolent of his age. Every page breathes the starchiness and the corruption of that most starch and corrupt of times. The atmosphere of dress-swords and hoops, of sedans, and Dutch pugs, of China cabinets and chintzes, of old lady "Madams" and young lady "Misses," of little boys in knee-breeches and three-cornered hats, is above, below, and about it. Nor does it tell less clearly of that debasing laxity of public and private morals which was found to subsist so well with the old world formality of manner. The arch, profligate Walpole had indeed gone to that bourne where there is no more buying and selling; but another Premier bribed in his stead, and Newcastle followed with scarce unequal steps in the track of his predecessor. As for the private sayings and doings of the nation, alack a day! the less that is said about them the better. The violent party spirit that had since the revolution raged like a plague in the land, had long been doing its worst to petrify every kindly and generous feeling. The fierce hatred of Jacobite and Whig, which envenomed the reign of William, had been refreshed and increased by the stimulus of a new warfare in that of Anne, when High Church and Low Church divided the lieges between them; and though in the tremendous crash of the South-sea bubble the din of politics was momentarily lost in the outcry of ruined thousands, yet another and a worse phrenzy—a thirst for audacious speculation, and for unearned gold, succeeded, until Walpole's unparalleled extravagance of corruption found a meet body whereon to act with sure and fatal efficiency. The example of the Court too, at that time, must have been perniciously felt by the community at large. If it be admitted to have been less vile than that of its contemporary under the Regent Orleans (which was perhaps never exceeded in infamy amid the most fearful abominations of the old Heathen world), still it was undoubtedly very gross, very debased. With a King at its head who had coolly burnt his father's will, and pocketed the proceeds destined for other hands, the standard of honesty could hardly have been very high. Then the perpetual minings and counterminings of those who courted the Queen, and those who courted the Mistress, and subsequently the rival factions of the Father and Son, kept the courtiers and their dependants in a fever of little hopes and fears, where nothing calm or noble could expand. As for elegance—a prince like George the Second, himself the very model of narrow-minded brutality, would, at

all events, take care that in his presence it should not feel itself at home. But our hero Bubb has been almost forgotten; so, to return:—his stock in trade consisted of a connexion with some of the most influential intriguers of that day, a determined appetite for place which no scruples interfered with, and no rebuffs could overcome; considerable tact in the management of his resources; and, though last not least, the power of returning half-a-dozen Members to the Lower House. His main principle was that of the political economists, to sell as dear, and to buy as cheap as might be. And here it may be well to note a point wherein the great amusement of the Diary consists. It is in the apparently entire unconsciousness of the noble author that he is writing himself down a rogue. He would fain persuade his readers—perhaps he had persuaded himself,—that nothing can be purer and fairer than the tenor of his way. This “sweet peace within,” (as Mrs. Trollope has it,) is contrasted with the plain matter of fact rascalities of the memoirs so strongly, as quite to baffle description. The only thing that at all comes up to it is the pertinacious gravity with which one observes monkeys perform the most comical actions in the world. Here you see a little blear-eyed brute, seated *à la Grand Turc*, in the corner of his cage, and to all appearance occupied in a plan for the extinction of the national debt. You hand him a nut, which he scrutinizes as a conchologist would scrutinize a unique, and then deposits in his pouch, first, however, cracking the shell, which he lodges in the eye of his next neighbour. Then, rising with a sidelong jerk, he thrusts one paw through the bars for more, while the other is busily reclaiming some stray wanderers from behind; and all the while, though half disgusted, you cannot choose but laugh at Jocko’s philosophical indecencies. The comparison is homely, but true, and for the future we shall never see a monkey without thinking of George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

The Diary opens about the time when our worthy had, with infinite reluctance, but not, we may be sure, without due deliberation, resigned his snug post of Treasurer of the Navy, and ranged himself with the decided friends of the Prince of Wales, then at daggers drawn with the Court. Flushed with the glorious anticipation of good things to come, we find him, on July 19th, 1749, already arranging his plans for the future. “Promised Mr. Ralph that he should be my secretary *if I lived to have the seals*.” Indeed, the exuberance of his spirits seems to have vented itself in poetry, for soon after we hear that he “*sent an Ode to the Princess, with a letter, by her command*.” From this time until the Prince’s death, in March, 1751, he continued to hang about his person, though his life appears not to have been the smoothest in the world, and we find continual complaints in the Diary of mischief-making calumniators, and “the many lies which were told of me to the Prince.” We cannot, however, forbear extracting his entry for the 26th June, 1750, as a specimen of the fashionable mode of killing the enemy a hundred years ago:—

“Lady Middlesex, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Breton, and I, waited on their Royal Highnesses to Spitalfields to see the manufactory of silk, and to Mr. Carr’s shop in the morning. In the afternoon the same company, with Lady Torrington in waiting, went in private coaches to Norwood Forest to see a settlement of Gipsies. We returned, *and went to Bettesworth the Conjuror* in hackney-coaches: not finding him, *we went in search of the little*

*Dutchman*, but were disappointed ; and concluded the particularities of this day by supping with Mrs. Cannon, the Princess' midwife."

As the event of the Prince's death cut off all expectations from that quarter, we soon after find Doddington doing all in his power to regain the interest with the Minister which he had possessed before he had entered the Prince's service. Not a stone is left unturned in order to effect this. Mr. Pelham is coaxed, the Duke of Newcastle is coaxed, and King George is coaxed. The glittering bait of six Members in the Commons is held up to the Premier's notice, and every species of abject submission practised to obliterate from the mind of the monarch the recollection of his former desertion. But he had to deal with folks as cunning as himself. The King's prejudice against him was, or was pretended to be, inexorably strong, while the brother Pelhams contrived to secure his services by a feigned regard, and repeated promises to do their utmost to persuade their incensed master to receive him into favour. But a pious resolve of the noble place-hunter, somewhat prior to this, on the failure of an attempt to frame a compact party of the late Prince's friends, that should carry the Treasury by storm, is too good to be omitted here.

"Dined at Sir Francis Dashwood's. Find, by Lord Talbot, that we are not likely to come to a union; for now the terms they propose to sign are of a sort that imply an exclusion of coming into office. *Now, as no good can be done to this country but by good men coming into office, it is all over, and I give up all thoughts of ever being any further useful to mankind.*"

True. How, possibly, is unhappy England to be saved, while any other than Bubb Doddington is Treasurer of the Navy? And then the pathos of that despair! "I give up all thoughts of being useful to mankind!" It is too affecting! We must pause awhile to recover!

While thus made a cat's-paw of by the Duke and his brother, Bubb's great solace consisted in trotting backwards and forwards to the Princess of Wales, and complaining of the King's resentment and the Minister's want of spirit. The Princess, who really seems to have had more in her than any of those by whom she was surrounded, laughed to scorn the notion of Newcastle's *inability* to move his Majesty if only he chose to insist; and her observation on this occasion is worth quoting, whether considered as applying particularly or generally. She said—

"It was their cowardice only which hindered them; that if they talked of the King she was out of patience; it was as if they should tell her that her little Harry below would not do what was proper for him; that just so the King would sputter and make a bustle, but when they told him that it must be done from the necessity of his service, *he must do it*—as little Harry must when she came down."

Had this speech been made by a plebeian in these latter days, some Lord Rossville of the age (see that charming novel, "The Inheritance,") would assuredly have traced it to the accursed principles of the French Revolution. But to return. In vain Doddington presses and besecches; in vain he desires Mr. Pelham to lay his case before his Majesty; in vain that

"to induce him to forgive me, I humbly offered him my services and all the interest I had in the House and out of it, for the rest of my life; and added, that I thought this submission, *and this offer of five members at least*, should

be sufficient to wipe away impressions even if I had been a declared Jacobite."

He is still kept in hot-water, while the wily Duke has the advantage of his interest by luring him on with hopes of the King's change. And here we light upon a curious little morsel in the following agreement on the "subdivision of labour" in bribing matters. Touching the election for Bridgewater, then pending, and in which Bubb had some influence, we find—

"I then told him (the Duke) that in these matters those who would take money *I would pay, and not bring him in a bill*: those that would *not* take *he must pay*; and I recommended my two parsons of Bridgewater and Weymouth, Burroughs and Franklin; he entered into it very cordially, and assured me they should have the first Crown livings that should be vacant in their parts, if we would look out and send him the first intelligence."

And, again, what delicacy in the concluding part of the following dialogue between our hero and the Minister.

"He considered a little, and said, 'Pray go on.' I said I would particularly support him in the House, *where* he would chiefly want it. He said he knew he would. I said, 'there is my old place, Treasurer of the Navy; that must be vacant: I should like that better than any thing.' But, I added, *why should I enter into these things?—I leave it wholly to your Grace.*"

Next, we come on him in a new character—

"Doddington, Tonans, April 13th. He and me walked the town (Bridgewater, during the election :) we found nothing unexpected as far as we went.

April 14) *Spent in the infamous and disagreeable compliance with the low*  
15) *habits of venal wretches!*  
16)

And is such hypocrisy possible?

"Will not God smite thee black—thou whited wall?"

But to waste anger upon one like Bubb is too absurd; and yet it does make the gorge rise to hear the people thus spoken of by the very men who corrupt them. We hear of the "brutish multitude," and the "swinish multitude," and the "besotted multitude," and the "groveling herd," and the "rabble rout." Be it so, then; and who are they who systematically support every thing that can tend to *debase*, and decry every thing which can tend to *exalt* them in the scale of being? Who are they that hate schools because "it makes the people above their business?" Who are they that uphold bull-baitings and boxing-matches, because "it keeps up the old English spirit?" Who, on every public occasion, pander to the grossest appetites of their dependants, and joy to see them stuff and swill like brute beasts, because "John Bull, honest fellow, always loved a bellyful?" Why, for the most part, the same persons who are the first to complain of the debasement they themselves have so studiously produced and cherished. Oh, truly has a philosopher declared that "man is ever better than his circumstances!" Were it not so, society, in its humbler grades, would be little else than one mighty Pandemonium!

After all Doddington's efforts—and he expended nearly 4000*l.*—the election went against him, and to add to his mortification, his favorite berth of "Treasurer of the Navy," which had become vacant, was promised to him, and bestowed upon another, the Duke still lamenting,

and condoling, and protesting, in the most orthodox and approved fashion. Again does Bubb, in despair, betake himself to the Princess of Wales, and expatiate upon "the weakness, meanness, cowardice, and baseness of the Duke of Newcastle," and again does he cringe and plot to hold place under him. But enough has already been said to prove of what stuff the animal was made, and we have yet to scan, moreover, the character of his brother Thief. In the remainder of his Diary, however, between 1755 and 1760, there is much to amuse and instruct. The exposition of the miserable imbecility of Newcastle and his Ministry is complete and overwhelming. Even those who know well "with what little talent the world is governed," may yet lift up hands and eyes, while glancing over the pages of this book; while, to the uninitiated, it will realise the description of philosophy by Mr. Coleridge, that "in wonder it begins, and in wonder it ends!" So much for Bubb.

James Hardy Vaux is a rogue of a merrier stamp. Unlike Doddington, he does not affect to be honest, or patronise "the hypocrisies." There is, therefore, none of that somewhat sickening, though most laughable contradiction, staring one in the face at every page of the would-be man of honour and the absolute scoundrel. To be a plunderer of the public, *quasi* public, or in its corporate capacity, is one thing; in its capacity of an aggregate of individuals, another. John, Dick, and Harry club their mites together for mutual protection and accommodation. Tom steps in as trustee, and appropriates two-thirds to *his* own *private* purposes, and as to *their* *public* ones, John, Dick, and Harry may go whistle for them. Now John is rather a testy fellow,—one who piques himself on being a man of mettle,—and to prove that he has a tongue in his head, he charges Tom *sans ceremonie* with being a swindling rascal, who, having been intrusted with money for the common good, has squandered the whole of it on his own extravagancies. "Have I?" says Tom, "we'll soon see to that;" and forthwith, with the remaining third, he hires a couple of lusty fellows, who seize John by the collar, and haul him away to the stocks, to cool his heels at his leisure;—while Dick and Harry applaud the act as a "vigorous measure" on Tom's part to support "the established course of things,"—and who the devil is John, that he should be dissatisfied with what is good enough for his betters? But should any individual presume, on the good-natured, harmless propensity of these two gentlemen, to be led by the nose, and venture to borrow a silver snuff-box or a silk handkerchief from Dick or Harry's pocket, assuredly he does it at his peril. Such is, or at least *was*, national morality; and thus it happens that while Bubb can swagger and talk big, and speak with lordly loathing of the "venal wretches" whom his gold has debauched, Hardy Vaux—albeit no lily of the vale at all—must hang down his head, and try to look sheepish, while confessing his manifold iniquities to the most thinking public. Yet it is evident, notwithstanding, that Hardy has, under the rose, quite as good an opinion of himself as Doddington has. If not so scrupulous as some folks as to the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, he thinks every body must admit him to be a very clever fellow, or, to use his own words, that his talents are "above mediocrity." Then, too, he is a jolly boon companion, one who will not let his friend want a bottle while a pocket is left to be picked; and really possesses

not a few of those social amiabilities which are wont to pass, in higher circles than Vaux's, for somewhat more than their intrinsic worth. In short, like Mrs. Cole in the farce, he "knows he's a thief; but, barring *that*, nobody can say black's the white of his eye." Such is Mr. James Hardy Vaux, who dates his Memoirs from that desirable place of residence, Newcastle, New South Wales, September 17th, 1815. His life is shortly this:—His grandfather, a retired attorney, brought him up and educated him fairly enough as times went;—that is to say, he went to the school of the country town in which he lived, and exhausted in his leisure hours the contents of the circulating library. Having a turn for drawing, some friends procured several prints of running-horses, with their pedigrees attached, and this circumstance it was which first turned his attention to sporting matters. "I now," says he, "eagerly perused the 'Racing Calendar,' took in the 'Sporting Magazine,' purchased a stud-book, and was so indefatigable in my researches, that before I was fourteen I could repeat the pedigree of any celebrated horse, and could discourse of handicaps and give-and-take plates, of the Beacon-course and the Devil's-ditch with the fluency of a veteran jockey." At the usual age he is apprenticed to a linen-draper at Liverpool, gets into bad company, takes to low "sporting," is dismissed as incorrigible, and goes to town. Here he passes through a series of employments, with no credit to himself; thence his next step is swindling tradesmen, "bilk-ing" his lodgings, and various creditable arts, which he terms "living upon his wits." He then fancies a sea-life, obtains a berth as midshipman on board a man of war, which he changes for that of captain's-clerk; gets tired, runs away, returns to London, spends his money, and having formed an intimacy with a pickpocket named Bromley, commences that honorable profession regularly on his own account, till, "as it fell upon a day," he and his friend being convicted of stealing a handkerchief, value eleven-pence, are sentenced to transportation for seven years. He returns, at the expiration of this period, with the full determination of amendment, which good resolution he proves by making free with a parcel in the coach on his first journey from the coast to town. He betakes himself to his old courses, is again convicted, and again crosses the salt-seas at his Majesty's cost, and for life. Here he finds that there is, "in the lowest depth, a deeper still," for being involved, guiltlessly he declares, by a young peculator's falsehood, who accuses him of confederacy, he is, without delay, removed to Newcastle, a place which is to Sydney what Sydney is to England,—and there, for aught we know, he may remain to this very day.

Such is the outline of James Hardy's history: for the filling up, it is well worth the reading. He, indeed, who expects a Gil Blas, will be disappointed; for Vaux is no Spanish rogue, but only a clever London pickpocket; yet, with much trash, such as our Old Bailey annals, as preserved in every newspaper, will afford, there is not a little spirited adventure. There is, too, considerable humour in the fellow after all, which, with his very ludicrous conceit, which shows itself in a thousand ways, keeps the attention awake. We are often inclined to laugh *with* him, and often to smile *at* him; and this last, perhaps, is still better than the first, as it flatters our self-love by implied superiority; besides, he teaches us something of the hopes and fears—the joys and sorrows—of a class unhappily numerous enough. The admirable "*homo sum*,

—*humanum nihil a me alienum puto!*” will not exclude even the pick-pocket from its pale. Doddington and Vaux, alike worthless, are neither without worth, the moment they write a biography; and what the former is to courts of one kind, the latter is to courts of another. A peep at St. James's and at Newgate may not be unamusing, or even uninteresting, to those who perchance are practically ignorant of both.

It is, by the bye, some time before our hero settles down into the determined thief: before that, he gradually prepares himself, by various minor frauds, for the degree of Master of Arts in that profession to which his wishes tend. Among other adventures, there occurs a droll sketch of his journey with a young companion, not much more *particular* than himself, to obtain a berth on board a ship at Portsmouth. Their finances fail them when no farther from town than Kingston; and in order to recruit, they adopt the well-known plan of the “Letter Racket.” Young Vaux, then about sixteen, undertakes to raise the wind while his comrade remains at a public-house. He carries a letter, full of the usual details of misery, to various houses in the town and around it; and the result of the day's business is a clear netting of between four and five pounds; indeed, Vaux, speaking from repeated experience, declares the begging trade to be a highly lucrative one. He says,

“The donations I commonly received were from one shilling to five; sometimes, but rarely, I was presented with gold, particularly at the seats of the nobility and gentry, all which, laying within a short distance of the road I travelled, I made a point of calling at; and for my information on this subject, I provided myself with a comprehensive book of roads, in which those objects are correctly laid down. Some truly charitable persons, but whose means were limited, relieved me with sixpence, and of course I was bound to accept such a trifle with as much appearance of thankfulness as I would a larger sum; and frequently when I called at a farm-house by the road-side, I have been compelled to take some cold meat, or other eatables, which I afterwards bestowed on the first more needy beggar I met on my way. It was my custom, in general, to travel on foot, making short stages, and putting up at a good inn in every town I entered, where I lived upon the best during my stay, and associated with London riders and other respectable guests. When tired of walking, I availed myself of a passing stage-coach, or return post-chaise; and my only equipage was a spare shirt, handkerchief, &c., which, with my book of roads, I carried in a small bundle under my arm.”

The affected pity, and but half-concealed contempt, of the persons of “limited means,” whose “sixpences” he, “of course,” accepted with every appearance of thankfulness, is a rich specimen of the man, and is much of a piece with Doddington's scorn of the “low and venal wretches” who were bringing him into Parliament. “*Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.*” And again, we trace the vanity of the gallant in the observation that “where there were any young ladies in the family I was an object of particular solicitude, and the recital of my misfortunes drew many a sigh from their tender bosoms.” But Vaux piqued himself on the “gentility” of his deportment, and rather affected the aristocrat,—indeed, he tells us, in his very first page, that his “great-great-grandmother Dorothy” was the daughter of a baronet.

Mr. Vaux's account of Bridewell is one of a hundred of the evidences in favour of the moral tendency of our prison discipline:—



"In order to amuse my mind during this solitary week, I climbed up to the grated aperture over the door of my cell, and listened to the conversation of the neighbouring prisoners, who were also confined for re-examination; and from their discourse I acquired a more extensive knowledge of the various modes of fraud and robbery, which I now found were reduced to a regular system, than I should have done in seven years had I continued at large. I was, indeed, astonished at what I heard; and I clearly perceived, that, instead of confessing contrition for their offences, their only consideration was how to proceed with more safety, but increased vigour, in their future depredations."

From this period, the Rubicon being passed, James Hardy Vaux, like Julius Cæsar of old, wages open war upon the common-wealth. The great mystery of thieving, in all its branches, is entered on by the young adept. *Buzzing, dragging, sneaking, hoisting, pinching, smashing, jumping, spanking, starrng*, the *kid-rig*, the *letter-racket*, the *order-racket*, the *snuff-racket*—these are euphonic titles which pass current among the gods; while, for mortal men, our hero kindly vouchsafes the interpreting aid of a flash dictionary.

But at length the day—the fatal day—arrives! Fate, which had so often stood his friend when guilty, decreed at last that James Hardy Vaux should suffer when innocent. On Sunday, the 17th August, 1809, his friend Bromley and he having breakfasted together, were taking a quiet walk into the City to a friendly Jew in Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, for the purpose of buying some base half-guineas and seven-shilling pieces. While engaged, they accidentally fell in with a crowd standing about a draper's shop in Cheapside, on which a burglarious attempt had been made the preceding night. Vaux, on learning the occasion of the concourse, proceeded quietly on his way—for, says he, piously, "*I always opposed robbing on the Sabbath-day*"—but Bromley, his companion, who had an eye to business, was seized by a man among them *in flagrante delicto*,—that is to say, with his neighbour's handkerchief in his hand! But not content with the capture of Bromley, not content with acquainting the plundered individual with his loss in the emphatic words, "Come back, Sir, you're robbed!" the captor,—whose infamy will descend, with merited execration, to posterity in the glowing pages of the autobiographer,—exclaimed, while he pointed to Vaux, "Stop him in the blue coat? that's the other!" This man and his brother—their names were Alderman—were the witnesses on whose evidence the prisoners were convicted, and Vaux, after so many escapes, is transported for seven years on account of a handkerchief, value elevenpence, which he did not steal!

On returning to England, at the expiration of the seven years, Vaux betakes himself again to his old courses, and is once more sentenced and exiled.

And now arises the thought upon what possible grounds—judged by what standard—upon what principle in morals—does the character of the Right Honourable Lord Melcomb stand one jot higher than that of James Hardy Vaux, the convicted felon? If we consider the *act*, relatively to its immediate and remote consequences to society, it cannot be pretended that the life of the pilferer of handkerchiefs, and snuff-boxes, and rings, is *more* injurious to his country than that of the deliberately systematic political debauchee, who, without one atom of concern for aught but his own paltry gain, sells—not merely his own worthless self,

but all those within the range of his influence to the highest bidder; who, to obtain power, confounds, by his bribes, every distinction between right and wrong in the minds of those who, in their helpless ignorance, are swayed by his example, and who uses that power, when obtained, to perpetuate corruption, to sneer down honesty and earnestness in the *higher* grades, and to encourage whatsoever tends to keep the *lower* beneath the level of the brute, that he may have a ground for his fiend-like scorn of those who would treat them as men. Or, if we consider the *agent*—that is, with regard to the actuating *motives*—*they* are pretty much the same in the one as in the other. The same aversion to fair and constant exertion;—the same preference of risk to-day and of extravagance to-morrow,—of the excitement of hopes and fears arising from the constant fluctuations of fortune,—is to be traced in all those whose life is a perpetual pendulum between the ins and the outs, whether of place or prison. The respectability of the two classes is thus much upon a par,—and thankful should we be that this truth is daily striking root, and strengthening, and germinating in the hearts of the people at large. The day is fast approaching,—it is even at hand,—when due appreciation for the merits of the upright Statesman will accompany the universal loathing which will be felt for the political adventurer. Men will not much longer be deluded by names. The scrutinizing glance of thousands will follow every public man with the pertinacity of his shadow. A wise distrust—springing from a jealous love of virtue, not from a heartless disbelief of its existence—will discern the true from the false, and the eternal cry of the nation will then be “deeds—not words.” Then will the preventive caution of the public prove to the *greater*, what a preventive police *ought* ere this to have proved to the *lesser* rogues; and the charge of having given a bribe be regarded as a heavier imputation than that of having picked a pocket.

It has seemed to us that the present moment is peculiarly well adapted to the reception of those truths which we wish, in this article, to convey. And though the memoirs of Bubb Doddington and Hardy Vaux are not of recent publication, we have thus singled them out for criticism and comparison:—

“Fortunati ambo—si quid mea carmina possunt.”

Over the wrecks of the Rotten Boroughs we place the effigy of their incarnation, their genius—their Pan Macnalides—BUBB DODDINGTON! Electors of England! ye are on the verge of a general election—How many defenders of the Doddington System will ye consent to return?

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THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,  
AND ITS PUBLICATIONS.

"CHURCH of Englandism" is a phrase which, thanks to Jeremy Bentham, has grown into popular use, and belongs to our familiar terminology. It conveys a very distinct and precise idea of the genius and spirit of the grand and incorporated sect, exclusively supported by the state, and which is chartered to dispose of its religious wares with greater advantages than are allowed to others. "This sect," says Mr. Beverley, "has, according to its own views, a monopoly of religion; and, like all monopolizing corporations, sells worse stuff than can be got anywhere else;" and we may add, with manifest injustice to the fair trader and the public. Of this the publications before us afford the most ample testimony. They proceed from, or are patronized by a society, whose members consist of the dignified Clergy of the land and their orthodox adherents among the laity. A society which, like the Jesuits in another Church, formed themselves into an association for the purpose of diffusing those principles and that kind of knowledge which the circumstances of the age required,—when the opinion that ignorance is the mother of devotion began to be questioned, and when it became necessary to misdirect inquiry, and to guard it, as much as possible, against the danger of adopting liberal opinions and those views of scriptural piety which might prove subversive of their haughty and intolerant pretensions. This self-constituted body ought to be denominated "The Society for Promoting the Dominion of the Priesthood;" for, though it has recently put forth works of a useful tendency, exhibiting something of the practical nature of the Gospel, its principal aim is, undoubtedly, to maintain the divine right of episcopacy, and the necessity of its alliance with the state. Sir Richard Steele facetiously observes, that "the difference between the churches of Rome and England is, that the Church of Rome is always in the right, and the Church of England never in the wrong;" certain it is, that since the days of Archbishop Laud, the latter has been as careful as the former to guard against innovation,—that frightful word, which, whenever reform is mentioned, is used by the clergy as the great charm against everything that wears the aspect of improvement. The reason of this, probably, is to be found in the fears which the church entertains, that no reformation in its spiritual affairs can be attempted without endangering its temporalities. Thus, notwithstanding the opinions of such men as Lord Bacon, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Burnet, and Bishop Watson, errors and inconsistencies are continued from age to age, which the increasing illumination of the times is daily exposing to derision and contempt. A curious synopsis of the orthodoxy of the Church of England might be gathered from the works published by the Christian Knowledge Society. Dogmas worthy of the Tudors, abound in their pages, and are issued into the world with all the solemnity of *ex cathedra* infallibility. It is the fashion, in certain high quarters, to bepraise the Homilies as containing the quintessence of Christian doctrine. Accordingly, the Society circulates, in the form of cheap tracts, those productions of the sixteenth, that they may edify the people of England in the nineteenth century. How admirably they are adapted to the purpose will appear, when we consider that the Apocryphal Books are often referred to in them as if they were canonical. The Book of Wisdom is quoted eleven times in the Homily for Rogation Week. That of Baruch is cited as part of the Scriptures in the first Homily against Rebellion, and he is there styled a prophet. In the second Homily of Alms-deeds, the Book of Tobit is mentioned as inspired; and in the sentences to be read at the offertory, it is placed with those of acknowledged authority. In the Homily against Rebellion, the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance is plainly defended. The first Homily on Swearing contains a paragraph, in

which matrimony is spoken of as a sacrament. But the most remarkable passage occurs in the third Homily on Charity, where Henry the Eighth is characterized as God's faithful and true minister, enlightened in heart by him, and endowed with the same spirit as Jehoshaphat, Josiah, and Hezekiah.

But let us hear the Christian Society on the subject of tithes. "The Husbandman's Manual"—one of their cheap publications—puts into the mouth of the farmer the following amusing soliloquy:—

"Now I am setting forth God's portion, and as it were offering to him the fruits of my increase; and truly it would be an ungrateful thing in me to deny him a tenth part from whom I receive the whole. But why do I talk of denying it him? It is in truth robbing him, to withhold but the least part of this, which the piety of our ancestors hath dedicated to him. Alas! it is what I never had a right to; and when I set forth the tithe, I give him that which never was mine. I never bought it in any purchase, nor do I pay for it any rent. What then? Shall our ancestors engross the whole reward of this piety? No; I am resolved to partake with them; for what they piously gave I will religiously pay; and in my heart so far approve of what they have done, that were it left to myself to set apart what portion I myself should think fit, for the maintenance of God's ministers, I should take care, that he by whom I receive spiritual things should want nothing of my temporal."

When the happy farmer has thus given vent to his holy joy, occasioned by the supreme luxury of paying tithes to some parson probably who bought the living—or to a sprig of nobility appointed to it by family interest, and whom perhaps he seldom has the felicity of seeing except on these delightful occasions, he is further helped with this prayer:—

"Do thou therefore, O my God! accept of this tribute which I owe thee for all thy mercies. It is, I confess, thine own; but do thou accept of me in rendering thee thine own; for thou who searchest the hearts knowest that I do it cheerfully, freely, and willingly, and I beseech thee to keep me in this frame of mind, that I may never covet any man's goods, much less that which is thine. Set a watch, O Lord! over mine eyes and hands; let them never be defiled with rapine and sacrilege; that so the dreadful curse which followeth the thief may never enter into my house to consume it. And further, I pray thee, that of thy mercy thou mayest so bless the labour of my hands, that I may have a large portion yearly dedicated to thy service; and that in exchange for these things temporal I may receive the things which are spiritual and eternal."

In our lively imaginations we have no difficulty in fancying that we hear this soliloquy, and these divine breathings, from one end of England and Ireland to the other!

Really if these Most Reverend and Right Reverend personages were not moved by the Holy Ghost thus to instruct their flocks, we should be tempted to believe that they were laughing in their sleeves of lawn at the simplicity of mankind. "The farmers may be great fools compared with the Archbishops and Bishops, who on the jovial banks of Cam and Isis have drunk deeply of the waves of piety and wisdom,—but they are not quire such fools as to feel anything but disgust at this offensive nonsense."\*

What will our readers think of the unblushing effrontery of the following passage, extracted from the 'Reasonable Communicant,' or an Explanation of the Lord's Supper, by W. Fleetwood, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Ely, published of course by this Christian Knowledge Society?—

"When the offertory begins, open your Common Prayer Book, and with your eye read along with the minister, and make what short application you can to yourself of what is read; there you will find you are reminded of being charitable in general to all that stand in need; and in particular of being just to those who are your spiritual guides, and giving them AT LEAST what the laws and customs of the place have allotted them. And if you find you have been wanting either in this charity or justice, you will resolve to make up those defects for the time to come; for,

\* See Mr. Beverly's second Letter to the Archbishop of York.  
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assure yourself, you will be highly unjust, if you detain from them what is their due, both in law and conscience, as much as any debt is due to yourself."

As we are seriously bent on the edification of our readers, we entreat them to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the doctrine of schism, as laid down by this holy fraternity of Christian dignitaries:—

"*Part of an authorized and widely-circulated Catechism of the Established Church.*

"Q. If you were to forsake the church and become a dissenter, what sin would you commit?

"A. The sin of heresy or schism, according to the tenets of the sect I might join.

"Q. But if these people have a preaching license from a magistrate, does not that give them proper authority?

"A. No; it only secures them from legal punishment, to which they are liable without it."

We cannot do better than add to this the sentiments of Archdeacon Daubney, long a distinguished member of this venerable society, and who has thus expounded to us the dreadful nature of the guilt incurred by leaving the Church and becoming a Dissenter—

"If you separate from the Church, you are in the commission of a sin more directly against God, than any other sin to which the frailty of man's fallen nature has subjected him, can well be—a sin which has done more to counteract the divine scheme of human redemption, than any other that the great Deceiver of mankind has ever yet employed against it—for you are living in an opposition set up against the revealed and only authorized method of conducting the economy of divine grace in the world."

It will be found, upon even a casual examination of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications, that in furtherance of their grand object, supporting the exclusive claims of the church, their main artifice is to heap unmeasured contempt and obloquy upon every description of seceders. That they should loudly vociferate the "no popery" cry, might be expected—but the extreme virulence with which they treat the death-bed scenes of the devout and humble of other communions is an outrage upon public decency, as well as a shocking violation of the benign precepts of our holy religion. They have even lent all the sanction of their patronage to the volume of a writer whose malignity is only equalled by his cowardice, and who has published the grossest libels in the awful form of Christian instruction. By one of the journals under the Society's management, he bears the name and title of Dr. Joseph Warton, and is described as a deceased clergyman, and his book is said to be published by his two surviving sons. The aim of the work is to hold up to universal scorn what its author is pleased to call the sectarians, but he has not the honesty to attack their sentiments as expressed in their own writings, nor to connect his name with his wicked lucubrations. He is lauded to the skies in the "British Critic" of the last month. He is spoken of as one of the departed glories of the Anglican church, and is associated with the Jewells, the Hookers, the Barrows, and the Pearsons of former days, while the veracious critic well knows that the man is still living, and that he is a worthless and contemptible scribbler. We dare them to publish his real name. Will the Christian Knowledge Society venture to append it to their next edition of the tract which they have selected from his book? This is truly a very pretty piece of Christian charlatany. Let the world for the future beware how it is imposed upon by great names and influential bodies, who stick at nothing, however vile, to secure their revenues, and advance the interests of their portentous confederacy.

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Professions—Omnibuses and Cabs—Lord Tenterden—Dabbery, or Diplomacy—  
 Protocols—Good and Bad in Periodicals—The *Juste Milieu*—The Times as they  
 run—Irish Character.

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PROFESSIONS.—We have had a Reform in Parliament ; but it is only the first chapter in the History of Reform. The profession of a Parliament-man was on a bad footing, but not a jot worse than many others that have outgrown the age. If a man of thirty were obliged to wear the breeches of the man of twelve, he would not cut a more ridiculous figure than the corporations or municipalities, for instance, of our cities do. What have the mayors and aldermen of towns in common with the wants of the present day ?—are they not altogether outgrown ? Then there is the profession of the law. Men become qualified for advocates by eating mutton ; and the attorney, who understands your business, cannot open his mouth in court, but must hand over his papers to one who does not, and has not time to do so if he would, master it. An apothecary and a physician are both supposed to be educated for the treatment of disease ; but the established arrangement is, that the apothecary, who is the inferior authority, shall prescribe as long as the disease is curable ; when it becomes incurable, the rule is to call in the aid of art, which is now too late. The apothecary, the physician, and the undertaker form a regular climax in professional arrangements. In our medical schools, no one studies medicine, because every one will be called on to practise it ; every one studies anatomy, though he is sure never to have a surgical case per annum ; but then surgery gives rank, and medicine does not. A surgeon is something—an apothecary is nothing ; therefore, that a man may seem something, he learns to practise that which he will never be called on to perform, and neglects to master that by which he is to live and his patients unfortunately to die—viz., the practice of medicine. Dr. Conolly, in his admirable “ *Outlines of Lectures*,” tells us, that during the established collegiate course of medical education, a young man solely attends to surgery, in order that he may rank as one ; and that he learns his medicine, in the course of his first six years’ practice, at the expense of his patients—who thus fall martyrs to a future generation. A clever, middle-aged medical practitioner has thus waded up to his present state of skill through blood and tears : the widow’s weeds and the parent’s winding-sheet entangle his professional career ; his pestle is to brain and not to bray ; his shop is worse than the upas-tree—all who come within its influence droop and pine and wither, and sleep the eternal sleep, until he has repaired the error of that professional arrangement that permits a man to learn one thing and practise another. The rotten state of our professions pervades even the military trade, where none is chosen for aptitude ; which a man enters for fashion, and is promoted according to the state of his purse. The fact is, we do not want an army ; it is a mere aristocratical humbug. In Prussia, where an army is really wanted, and the profession something substantial, promotion depends upon ability and the faithful discharge of duty. Prussian officers, who served in our German legion, were perfectly horror-struck with our huxtering and bartering system of

promotion. Of the church profession we will say nothing; its most zealous friends are concocting its reform, from a conviction of its internal decay. Christian vicegerency, it is well known, has become family property. The rich have purchased the gain of preaching the word of God,—ministers are saints by proxy. Pocketing all the good things of godliness, they hire a substitute at a mean price to go forth and preach the Gospel in their stead. In short, there is not an old profession that has not worn out its forms; and yet so many persons have an interest in preserving them, and so much delusion is kept up respecting them, that there will be no change without a struggle, in spite of the obviousness of the public advantage. Institutions should be as elastic as the spring-drawers recommended to stout gentlemen-sportsmen by the newspapers: they should expand with our growth, keep our excrescences in shape, and when they lose their elasticity, be cast off as easily as the slough of the snake in spring.

OMNIBUSES AND CABS.—A foreigner, on reading our newspapers and police reports, would suppose that London was visited with an eighth plague; and that we were overrun with omnibuses and cabs, in number and annoyance not exceeded by the plague of creeping things. Not a day—scarcely an hour—is supposed to pass without a life lost or a bone broken; the cabs go scattering destruction, and the omnibuses are equally awful in the way of obstruction. Shopkeepers sally forth in crowds to the police, and harmoniously swear that their trade is ruined, and nobody will enter their shops, because the abominable omnibuses are always standing at their doors: nobody complains of the cabs standing still, but unfortunately they do more mischief in motion than the bulky vehicles do in quiescence. The cabs, which indeed seem to be mere quicksilver, are said to be glancing about the streets like electric fluid, and the old watch cry of *qui vive* is converted into *qui meurt*. The drivers are said to chuckle over the morning papers, which are their gazettes of killed and wounded; and have been heard to ask each other, as the day's destruction drew to a close, as to the number *bagged* in the course of sport. It is the plebeian *battue*. The Londoners are dying of a galloping consumption; and the undertakers in hearses are understood to be in league with the overtakers in gigs. Unless cabs are put a stop to, say the passengers, there is an end of walking; get up and ride then, say the omnibus folk; but here is the difficulty, the omnibuses stand still, merely for the purpose of obstructing the passage. This is worse than being driven from pillar to post; if you walk, you are run over—if you ride you are frozen into a mere obstruction—and, in either case, handed over to the driver of the general churchyard omnibus—coloured all black, and the name of the rider inscribed on a japanned plate inside. So much for public conveyance, which seems, at present, to mean so much public stoppage.

Some shopkeepers in Oxford-street, as well as their brethren elsewhere, lately complained to the magistrate that the omnibuses beset their doors, where they would stay as long as it suited their own convenience, and regardless of that of all others. Mr. Shillibeer, a proprietor, however came forward and quoted a clause of the Act, which he said he had himself agreed upon with Mr. Spring Rice at the Treasury, whereby omnibuses were entitled to stand where they pleased and as long as they liked.

These gentlemen must both be Irishmen : by way of providing for the more speedy conveyance of passengers from one end of the town to the other, they introduced a clause empowering the omnibuses to stand still.

The evils complained of here have some foundation, and that chiefly arising from the absurd manner in which all matters of public convenience are regulated.

The old hackney-coach system was too bad to last, so a new job was let in ; and the cabs started, but precisely in such a manner as to hurt the old hacks and injure the public. This was not enough—more light was to be let in—consequently an old abuse, viz., that of preventing stages from setting down on the stones, was repealed. This was a good measure, but not all that was wanted : instead of public conveyances being left to a mere police regulation, and in all other respects free, they are still hampered by several sets of Acts of Parliament, and the establishment of two or three privileged kinds of conveyance, which produce, on the one hand, little but mischief and danger,—and, on the other, confusion, delay, and obstruction.

**LORD TENTERDEN.**—The late Chief Justice is said to have retained his faculties to within a few moments of his death, when he began to wander ; sat upright in his bed, used the action of taking snuff, which was habitual to him, and said—" Gentlemen of the jury, consider of your verdict," and died. Poor mortal ! he was going to trial himself—not to judge, but to be judged ! He was about to appear, wigless and robeless, naked and forlorn, to hear his own sentence ! Where be now his *quidlibets* and *quodlibets* ? No nice quirk of law will serve his turn ! He cannot, like the attorney in Quevedo's " Vision of Judgment," demur to his own soul, and swear that, in the confusion of the Last Day, he has picked up another man's. The soul of a Tory Chief Justice must be well marked : probably it is of scarlet hue, like his robe of office, and not to be confounded with others. " Charles Abbott ! Charles Abbott ! Come into court ! come into court ! or you will be nonsuited ! " With what a blast must such a summons come upon the complaisant soul of a Chief Justice, with whom the habit of judging is so inveterate, that to stand in the dock, even before the Court of Light, must appear a case altogether contrary to precedent ! When the Judge's trumpet rings in the assize town, it is well known with what a terrible sound it enters the dungeons of the wretches who are awaiting the gaol-delivery ; some through the medium of death—some of banishment—some to be restored to life and light. But all these men are accustomed to obey the voice of authority : they have been educated in fear and terror ; they take their trial as an ordinary vicissitude of a troubled scene. Great must be the change when the trumpet sounds for the ordeal of the Judge himself : fearful is the reverse—dreadful the responsibility ! " Gentlemen of the Jury, consider of your verdict." Perhaps the poor Judge fancied, like the Egyptians of old, he was leaving his character to the discussion of the public. He would know that the press he had always persecuted would be retained against him, and could hardly expect any mercy. He had long been a famous interpreter of the law, and where he could espy an advantage for the Few over the Many, there he lent his aid : he could not therefore hope for the verdict of a common jury. But



why try him?—the culprit has slipped into another court;—the pannel is empty, save of a huge wig and a wide robe, which are already being donned by another. While we are speculating on his appearance in another world, he has taken his fare in the Black Omnibus, and has ere now been set down at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. In order to perpetuate his memory, and bestow a boon on posterity, the Justice defunct has left an annual prize for Latin verse to Canterbury school. Latin verse seemed to be the best substratum of education in the enlightened judgment of the departed lawyer—but let him rest. *Ora pro nobis!* 2

**DABBERY, OR DIPLOMACY—PROTOCOLS.**—The derivation of this famous word is not obvious to the unlearned reader. It is compounded of two Greek words: the one, *πρωτός*, and the other, *κολλῶμαι*—to stick fast, or glue. Therefore, Protocol the First, for example, means the first place at which the diplomatists stick, or stick fast, or are glued down. When several persons have been conferring together for a long time, and have fairly bothered each other's intellects, they agree to make a common *dab*, or *col*, that there is something or other about which they have determined not to quarrel. When they meet again, the result of the fresh palaver is another protocol, or *dab* second; and so they go on until the whole board, or record of their proceedings, is studded with *dabs*, or protocols, sometimes to the number of seventy or eighty. At this stage it commonly happens that several of the *dabs* get muddled together, like spots in the confluent small-pox; when one of the hastiest or the strongest of the party, in an access of botheration, takes the board and brushes off all the *dabs*, or *cols*, “at one fell swoop,” and there is an end of the business for a time. All the dabbers stare and stammer, and hobble home to dine,—protesting that there is an end of all dabbery, or protocolism, for ever, if such proceedings are not punished by a universal war.

The technical term for a *dabber* is diplomate, or diplomatist, another Greek word, that being the language most apt for the occasion; for the Greeks, time immemorial, have been the greatest rogues in Christendom, consequently they have store of words for the use of dabbery. The meaning of diplomate is shadowed forth in the sense of the word from which it is derived, which is *διπλούς*, double, signifying, that while the diplomate is making one description of *dab*, he is, in point of fact, meaning to make another. *Dab*-making, or protocolism, is like playing at chess: every new move or *dab* is a trap for taking other *dabs*; and when the strongest party is check-mated, or bedabbed into a dirty corner, instead of allowing he is beaten, he takes the end of a bayonet and upsets the *dab*-board itself at once, throwing the whole party into confusion. ,

**GOOD AND BAD IN PERIODICALS.**—Society is a pyramid of shot; the most numerous classes are nearest the bottom: but in order to make the pyramidal figure altogether applicable, an alloy must be imagined. Suppose the lowest layer to be composed of mere run iron, let the next be Swedish; now, then, introduce a vein of copper, next of zinc; about the fourth or fifth row, we have arrived at a Corinthian fusion of materials; then silver and gold come in for a share, till, on mounting higher, they are the principal ingredients; and, at last, the crowning balls are

solely composed of the precious metals. This is something like society *vis-à-vis* the periodicals. The best writing in superior periodical papers is altogether aimed at the more influential classes of society—the gold and silver order: that which is calculated for them does not suit the tastes of the iron layers; nay, it is not comprehensible by them, or at least but by a select few of them. Good writing is not good to all classes: just as Dr. Paris says of food, it must not be administered in a too concentrated form; bulk is absolutely necessary, and the feebler the gastric juice the more surface must be presented to it. Thus writers who are perhaps best of all adapted to the lower layers, are the mere diluters of the more solid stuff. If right were done in this view of things, rich men would pay a far higher price for their periodicals than the poor; but altogether, on the other hand, from their superior knowledge of the arts of society, they have learned to supply themselves at the infinitesimal of that which the poor man is obliged to pay. By means of reading-rooms, clubs, book societies, &c., wealthy men contrive to procure all the luxuries of literature at the most insignificant expense to them; while, if it were looked into, their income would be found to be spent on joys of the most joyless description—chiefly, indeed, in matters of vain ostentation and low revelry, from which they themselves would be glad to be emancipated. ~~It is~~ <sup>It would</sup> be all very well if nobody were injured. It so happens, however, that the best and most universally approved newspapers are suffering from this very source. The best of them, such as the “Examiner,” “Spectator,” &c., aim at meeting the tastes and forwarding the enlightened views of the *élite* of society, by whom their honesty and ability are fully appreciated, but on whom does the task of supporting them devolve? The *élite* never buy a paper: they see them for their own gratification at the clubs, or the reading-room, or at some friend's by accident. One club furnishes a thousand members, perhaps,—the very readers speculated upon by the writers from their congeniality of views, position, and taste. The thousand members do not pay to the paper more than some sevenpence or tenpence; who, then, is to pay for the enormous expense attendant on periodicals, whether monthly or weekly?—A few retired dilettanti in the country, a few crotchety individuals in town, who receive the periodical without a journey to it; or, perhaps, most of all, some of the run-iron layer, rising above their condition, feeling their usefulness and important position, stretch forth their hands in eagerness to grasp all the knowledge within their reach, and make an effort beyond their proportionate means to attain the vehicle of instruction.

Look at the prices of periodicals—lunar or hebdomadal. The ordinary one is equal in value to the poor man's principal dish for his own meal. Then raise your eyes to the gold and silver laminae of society, and you will find that there is no choice dish at their table that would not in itself discharge a quarter's subscription for the best periodical going. Sometimes, indeed, the worst dishes cost the most; and some tasteless and unseasonable vegetable, some misbegotten animal,—or, worse and worse, some doctored bottle of wine at the table of the rich and generous and the enlightened, would pay a year's bill at the bookseller's for the most important lessons now being taught in periodicals, and every one acknowledges that now they are the most negotiable paper in literature. If we could personate, for one moment, the golden and silver layers of

society, implying not the top-vulgar, but the truly easy and enlightened, we should say—banish every luxury not necessary to true manliness and womanliness; let us be content with haunches of mutton and sirloins of beef, accompanied with the staple of Ireland; let us despise cavalcades, and abhor the vacuum of unoccupied hours; let us eschew under-worked and over-dressed servants; let the stable be occupied only with animals necessary to health and locomotion,—and let all the surplus, heretofore spent upon absurdities or refinements, be given to the shrine of enlightened opinion, to which the newspaper conduces—*laudatur et alget!*

We contend that the clubs, the reading-rooms, the book societies, &c., are cutting their own throats. Such persons as they are composed of are precisely the individuals who ought to pay somewhat to others for holding up the best models to the underlayers of society. Instead of that, by an ingenious device, they evade paying themselves, and shove the burden upon those who do not exactly comprehend the benefit they are to receive, but still approach the fountains of information with perfect faith. Hence the secret of the imperfect success of the allowed best periodicals of the day, and the grand success of those who go direct to the run-iron of society through the medium of their worst passions and lowest tastes.

~~THE~~ THE JUSTE MILIEU.—One man recommends pepper, another sugar—the *juste milieu* is a compound of both; a little pepper for heat, and a little sugar for sweet, and the *medio tutissimus* is supposed to be exactly hit. There are two intelligible principles in operation over the whole of Europe—the one, that may be called *conservative*, would strike institutions as they exist perpetual and permanent—because, under the present order of things, existence is just tolerable for the many, and easy for the few; change cannot but be worse for a large class, and may be worse for all. The *mouvement* people, on the other hand, are at work with principles and theories, and they would place society on a new footing. At present, society is formed of the *débris* of some three or four dynasties of principles; such as the *régime* of the church, of chivalry, and the new and lately-prevailing *régime* of constitutional government. The *mouvement* party, strong in a natural and just theory of society and government, would destroy even the traces of barbarism, and re-establish society on the great principle—but lately understood—of the General Happiness. The first of these parties take men for *automata*, and the second for perfectly rational beings; but the *juste milieu* now step in and say, men are neither perfectly rational nor yet automata—let us, therefore, compose a man who shall be partly ivory and partly Indian rubber; he will work the end in view by both parties: *here* we will use the automaton and *here* the perfect elasticity. The object of the *juste milieu* is to answer the purposes of both parties *without concussion*: the conservatives only want peace and safety; the *mouvement* only want general happiness; the *juste milieu* interposes itself, like leather in the naye of the wheel, to prevent a jar, but with no view of obstructing motion, but simply of obviating ignition. It is a consolatory fact, that there is a general movement of society; and that there is such, is as much proved by those who would stop it as by those who would accelerate it. The *juste milieu* turn round to the conservatives and say, you

must move a little—if but a little; and then to the other and say, “For heaven’s sake do not go so fast; stay a little and take me with you; if not, all is lost!” There is no harm in putting on the drag or iron shoe on descending a hill; it may, probably, contribute to safety and will not materially retard. Such is the *juste milieu*; it does not object to the *direction* of the journey, but only to the *rate*. “It is the pace that kills,” they cry with Nimrod; and in order to diminish the rapidity of motion, they would even increase the weight carried: it may strain the back, but it will save the legs. The beast may be a little off his feet for a time; but the suspensory ligament is in high preservation, and the navicular bone without a touch of inflammation. Such are the middlemen of politics.

The intention of the *juste milieu* is charitable: the principle of it is hatred of abrupt changes; it would let classes of society *down easily*; it abhors a shock; its partizans would protract misery: like the disciples of the Hahnemann school of medicine, they would administer physic in millioneth doses—in infinitesimal fractions. This is very humane, but probably very short-sighted: it is, perhaps, better for a rascally vehicle to break down at once, though at the expense of a few broken limbs, than that it should infest a road for ages to the exclusion of better carriages, whose only deficiency is the want of a vested interest, and an old and accredited abuse.

*THE TIMES AS THEY RUN.*—It has always been held that the grandest incentive of military devotion was home approbation—the distinction of the fair: the female veneration for courage: the smile or the tender speech of a woman always having been, in chivalrous times, a sufficient inducement for running into the cannon’s mouth. The only way that ladies are to gain intelligence of the achievements of the British “braves” is through the despatches, which, alas! the ladies do not read, so what becomes of the grand motive for cutting a figure? The only parts of the Intelligence consulted by ladies is news of the movements of certain leaders of fashion: they pore over the columns of the *Post* in order to learn what carriage has deposited its burden at what hotel: they love to know whose party had the most brilliant attendance—who is gone to Brighton—who dined with the King—who kissed hands—and who is departed to the realms beyond or below sea. A despatch, involving the fate of nations, or recording the valiant actions of our countrymen, or other combatants, is immediately voted among the non-entities or the bores of the day; while a *fracas*, or *faur pas*, or *crash*, or *smash*, engages all the attention of the eyes, the lips, the beauty, and the fashion that the poor adventurer in a foreign land is vainly dreaming will be turned on him and his fortunes when he has done aught worthy of being enshrined in the annals of fame. Who cares for our countrymen that are daily falling at Oporto? Has any one but his own family cast a thought upon the fate of Staunton or Morgell? when Sir Pulteney Malcolm writes his despatches from the Scheldt in case of any action, will any fair lady read them, unless, indeed, she has a brother or husband in the fleet? It is to be feared we are grown sadly frivolous,—high hopes are sunk,—high aspirations are laughed at,—fame, glory, patriotism, are topics of sneer or slander: everything in this sublunary world is become an affair of income: it is, who shall secure the best means of cutting a dash? whose equipage shall be most complete? who shall be best

served at home and most marked abroad? The *precision of luxury* is the point aimed at, and the passion of striving in that race swallows up nearly every other. The pursuit of personal accomplishment—of personal grace—the adornment of beauty—or the setting off of feminine elegance—all these are legitimate arts, for which we men are, in private obligation, bound to the sex—but they are a very different thing from rivalry in dissipation, luxury, expense, and absurdity—pursuits destructive to themselves and all concerned, and gratifying to nobody. There is no end to the latitude we would give to women in order to make themselves charming: the most fascinating persons have been the promoters of the best deeds of men; but when they take the field as principals—when their object is not to please the manlier part of society, but to out-dazzle and annihilate some antagonist in the field of fashion, then we turn away in disgust at the paltriness of the motive, and lament over the miserableness of the end.

We are very much afraid that at this moment society is on an especial bad footing; the proof and the remedy is, that those who are its true and chiefest ornaments are retiring from it with all possible sedulousness. Disgusted with the dulness, the vanity, and the poorness of modern attempts at “living together,” such as it is, they are withdrawing into the narrowest circle they can draw; into, in fact, the merest hermitism; and it is out of these centres that a society with new maxims must spring: when these small centres have suffered themselves, by the aggregation of similar particles, to have increased their bulk to a size not predicated in their original formation, the race of fashion—the struggle of distinction—the determination to outvie—is acknowledged, even in the very acmé of folly, to be unproductive of the most moderate satisfaction: the effort, then, should be made to withdraw from it; and the thing, to be done effectually, should be done with the suddenness of a *coup d'état*. Times of great difficulty and importance are coming: they who are not laying up for events may find themselves suddenly wandering on Salisbury Plain without a blanket: by which we would enforce, that empty luxury now may be soon paid for by biting poverty. The wisdom of the nobleman that taught his son basket-making is not to be despised. The consideration of every young man, of the present day, should not be how I may most gratify my own senses, but how I may make myself most necessary to my fellow men under any circumstances. Did it ever occur to a young man of the present day that, could he make a door, or shoe a horse, in addition to his ordinary education, he would be independent of every change in the institutions of society? And yet these safety-valves of life would not take half the time given ordinarily to cricket or pigeon-shooting. Personal treasures are the best—purse stores are by no means to be despised—but how can that family provide against the evil day, that is daily meeting its means in the vainest of vanities, out of respect to what some people might possibly say, who in any event could or would possibly do nothing? Let all such persons tuck instantly: it is easier to defy opinion than evade it; let them sell, mortgage, even give rather than be saddled with eternally-recurring expenses: let them convert into specie—into disposable capital—into undeniable funds—that which they may still possess, and enjoy such luxuries of life as they may still possess, even in a garret, rather than reckon upon good years to come. The bane of modern life is

show ; let the present be made as comfortable as possible to all men, but let not the future be sacrificed to *show*.

We are all in a very artificial state : most of us are living upon opinion, in which there may soon be fearful changes ; it is not therefore to consider in time what we could each of us do, in case that opinion should, some fine day, be blown away down the wind like a gaudy and unstable bubble.



**IRISH CHARACTER.**—Madame D'Arblay, in her Memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney, speaking of Mr. Burke and the Hastings' trial, of which she greatly disapproved, as indeed by private duty bound, for she was keeper of the Queen's wardrobe at the time, observes—

“I am persuaded that his intentions are always pure; and that the two fatal transgressions (the Hastings' trial and the declaration of the permanency of the King's insanity) which deposed him of his supremacy of perfection, were both the wayward produce of that *unaccountable and inexplicable* occasional warp, which, in some or other unexpected instance, is sure, sooner or later, to betray an Hibernian origin, even in the most transcendent geniuses that spring from the land of Eim.”—vol. iii. p. 161.

This is very curious, if true, as the newspapers say : does the unclaimed savage always lurk *perdu* in some corner of the greatest Irish character ? Is the mark of the beast sure to show itself in some moment of excitement ? Is there an inexplicable taint ;—is there any inrooted poison, which, though diluted by modern manners and communication with other countries, still always floats about the Hibernian system to be lighted up by any accidental excitement ! The theory is plausible : it is not unsupported by fact, and yet may be mere fancy. It would confirm the English prejudice, that an Irishman is never to be relied upon altogether ; and they who love the Hibernian nation on the whole, and abhor the Scotch, are yet found habitually trusting the latter, as something sure and intelligible at least. Certainly no country ever required more civilizing than Ireland ; for, everything allowed for in the way of misgovernment that may be, it must be allowed that any other race of men, if they had not been tranquillized, would have been subdued : they are, however, even as restless now, though not so savage, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth. What is this miscellanism !—it is neither tithes nor taxes,—it is the blood of St. Patrick, which more rapidly mounts to the brain than in other realms. It would seem to confirm Niebuhr's notion, that no originally savage country is ever truly civilized : you may infuse civil institutions among them, you may modify the character by immigration, but an original savage is always a savage. If this be true, we suppose we have ourselves as much claim upon the character of the noble savage as any other land ; for, though various is our compound, civilized nations had very little to do with the mixture. The true Irish are certainly a much purer race ; and, like the New Zealanders, it would seem, according to the sagacious authoress of *Evelina*, however you may breech and coat him,—however he may shine in your courts, your halls, or your drawing-rooms, that you are to have an eye to him,—he may bite when it is least expected.

*The Lion's Mouth.**"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—Horat.*

**THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI.**—We have much pleasure in inserting these very curious anecdotes of an unfortunate Princess, though they come to us from one devoted to her cause, as well as sympathizing with her misfortunes.

" Few heroines of ancient days have displayed more courage, self-devotion, and firmness, than has this high-souled and heroic woman. It is not generally known in this country, that in an action in La Vendée, where the partizans of the Duchess were opposed to the regular troops, she headed her forces, and led the charges repeatedly. She had a horse shot dead under her, and having been disarmed in the fall, seized the arms of a fallen soldier next her, and again cheered on her followers. She was eleven hours in action, and escaped unhurt, with the exception of some contusion from the fall; and, when the battle was over, was seen administering to the wants of those around her, dressing their wounds with her own delicate hands; and whilst surrounded by the dead and dying, she appeared wholly regardless of self, though overcome by a fatigue and anxiety that few, even of the other sex, could have borne so well.

" On another occasion, the Duchesse de Berri had, with much difficulty, procured a horse, and was mounted behind a faithful but humble adherent, pursuing her route to a distant quarter, when her guide was accosted by a peasant with whom he conversed some time in the patois of the country. On quitting the peasant, he observed to the Duchess, that the man was charged with a secret mission to a place at some distance, and was so fatigued that he feared he could not reach it. She instantly sprang from her seat, called after the peasant, and insisted on his taking the horse, declaring that she could reach her destination on foot. After walking for many hours, she arrived at a mountain stream that was swollen by the recent rain, and having learned that her enemies were in pursuit of her, she determined to cross it. Her guide, assisted by her, fastened a large branch of a tree to his person, and, being an expert swimmer, told her to hold by it, and that he hoped to get her over. They had advanced to the deepest part of the stream when the bough broke, and her guide gave her up for lost, when, to his surprise and joy, he saw her boldly clearing the water by his side, and they soon reached the bank in safety. During her visits to Dieppe, the Duchess had acquired a proficiency in swimming, and it has since frequently saved her in the hour of need. Overpowered by fatigue and hunger, and chilled by the cold of her dripping garments, this courageous woman felt that her physical powers were no longer capable of obeying her wishes, and that further exertion was impossible. Seeing a house at a distance, she declared her intention of throwing herself on the generosity of its owner, when her guide warned her of the danger of such a proceeding, as the owner of the house was a Liberal, and violently opposed to her party. All his representations were made in vain. She boldly entered the house, and, addressing the master of it, exclaimed—" You see before you the unhappy mother of your King; proscribed and pursued, half dead with fatigue, cold, wet, and hungry, you will not refuse her a morsel of your bread, a corner at your fire, and a bed to rest her weary limbs on." The master of the house threw himself at her feet, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, declared that his house, and all that was his, were at her service; and for some days, while the pursuit after her was hottest, she remained unsuspected in this asylum, the politics of the master placing him out of suspicion; and when she left it, she was followed by the tears and prayers of the whole of the family and their dependents.

" This heroic woman, nurtured in courts, and accustomed to all the luxury

that such an exalted station as hers can give, has thought herself fortunate, during many a night of the last year, when she could have the shelter of the poorest hovel, with some brown bread and milk for food, and has partaken, at the same humble board, the frugal repast of the peasants who sheltered her. Her general attire has been the most common dress, of a material called buse, made of worsted, and worn by the poor of the peasantry. A mantle of the same coarse stuff, with a hood, completed her costume.

"When one of the friends, who had seen her the pride and ornament of the gilded saloons in the Tuileries, expressed his grief at the dreadful hardships to which she was exposed, she pointed to a furze bush on the heath where they were conversing, and said—'I shall sleep on that spot to-night; and many nights I have had no better shelter than were afforded by a few wild shrubs or trees, and I never slept better at Rosny. If my mantle was long enough to allow of its covering my feet when I slept, I should have nothing to complain of, but then it might impede my flight, so I must be content.'

SIR RICHARD BIRNIE.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen,—A letter signed "Junius Redivivus," which appeared in your Magazine for October, contains the following passage:—

"Why was the late Sir R. Birnie appointed chief magistrate of Bow Street? Because he made undeniable saddles, and knew how to sycophantize the late King." "The sycophant was saddled on the country, and was a tyrant to those beneath him," or words to that effect.

The late Sir R. Birnie received his first appointment from the Honourable Richard Ryder, to whose notice he had been introduced a few years previous by Mr. Graham the magistrate. The former it is sufficient to name, and the latter gentleman was distinguished no less by independence of mind than by zeal in the discharge of his duties. It was the frequent and timely aid that he had received, during the last six years, from the voluntary services of Mr. Birnie, as a county magistrate, more particularly on every emergency of danger, that induced him to make the appointment of his friend the request of his last illness.

The appointment of Sir R. Birnie, in 1821, to the situation of chief magistrate, would have been considered due to his priority alone. It, as the former, came to him from the opinions entertained of his character by others, whose esteem was and is a stamp.

The right to censure, even as broadly as your correspondent "Junius Redivivus," the public conduct of all public men whatever, is not questioned. For instance, legal ignorance, general incapacity, indolence, or inactivity, are grounds of censure open to all. Perhaps the same may be said of the public expression of moral or political opinions. But nothing can palliate a charge made, and by an anonymous writer, of having obtained a public situation by private sycophancy, and behaved in the exercise of its authority with tyranny to those beneath him,—against one who never asked or received any favour from any government whatever—who lived and died owing nothing to his office or to his country—whose memory still dwells in the hearts, and whose name is still breathed in the prayers, of hundreds of the poorer classes.

Not that the hatred nourished by "Junius Redivivus," and such characters, against the late chief magistrate, is for a moment doubted, but it follows not that he who inspired them with it was not highly useful to society.

My name and address are at the service of "Junius Redivivus."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

IRISH REFINEMENT.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*—Gentlemen,—Leave for meat on Friday, which has been enjoyed by the



Roman Catholics in this city since the beginning of July, has been revoked, in consequence of the favourable state of the general health.—*Waterford Mirror*. The above is altogether an Irish proceeding. To revoke the leave for meat because it keeps people healthy is a very remarkable arrangement. What is generally termed *rude health* is, in certain circles, eschewed as inelegant, and an invalid air is preferred as being more refined and delicate. But surely our Irish neighbours do not, *en masse*, intend to adopt the fashionable follies of the silliest class of English society? It cannot be presumed they purpose discontinuing the use of meat in order to get rid of the favourable state of health they are generally enjoying. If this be not their intention, there must be some mistake, or perhaps they have a peremptory order from the Pope, and in that case the blame of the *bull* rests entirely with his holiness. I am, &c.

PUNISHMENT OF POVERTY.—*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine*.—Gentlemen,—The police reports are constantly affording instances of the harsh and contradictory construction the laws will admit, with reference to the treatment of those unfortunate individuals who are found in the public thoroughfares without a home to go to. If they walk from place to place, they are denominated vagabonds, and caged accordingly; while, on the other hand, if they attempt to sojourn for a time in any particular neighbourhood, they are hurried out of it by the authorities as speedily as possible. If some poor wretches endeavour to find shelter for a night beneath a door-way, they are conveyed at once to the station-house, and thence transferred, *via* the police-office, to jail; and if found begging for that which might enable them to procure a lodging, the same fate attends them in their character of vagabonds. The grand maxim of the law, with regard to poverty, seems to be to get it out of the way; and when people find it impossible to procure homes, they are under the necessity of putting up with prisons. For this purpose, poverty is not treated as a crime till it shows itself. There is no trouble taken to hunt it out, as in cases of real delinquency, but it is seized upon and punished the moment it becomes visible. Poverty, therefore, *per se*, is no crime as long as it is out of sight, but directly it is seen, should it be upon the move, it is vagrancy, and should it remain for any time in one place, it is downright roguery. The law seems, very properly, to have considered that distress ought always to be regarded as a *morning* sight, and on this principle it is never seen without being driven away, or shut up in a prison where it can be seen no longer. I am, Gentlemen, &c.

A PRODIGY IN PAPERS.—At White Hall Mill, in Derbyshire, a sheet of paper was manufactured last year, which measured 13,800 feet in length, four feet in width, and would cover an acre and a half of ground. In these days, one would hardly be surprised to see a new penny periodical started on a sheet of the above dimensions. Such a paper, however moderate in its politics, must of necessity go *great lengths*, and covering, as it is said to do; an acre and a half of ground, must have an extraordinary *wiseacre* as its editor. The contributors to cheap periodicals must commence writing by the *foot*; no difficult matter to them, as writing by the *head* seems to be their grand difficulty.

Those of our readers who take interest in German literature, we recommend the highly interesting and delightful tales and novels of Madam Hanke, whose literary productions, as we have reason to believe, have not yet found their just appreciation in our country. A German critic calls Madam Hanke the Miss Edgeworth of Germany. There is not only a great affinity of sentiments between the two authors, but Madam Hanke's writings have also the same easiness and grace of style so much admired in Miss Edgeworth's works. The subjects of most of Madam Hanke's novels are taken from the private and domestic life of Germany, and they afford a true picture of the family-life of the higher class in Germany. The best of

## The Lion's Mouth.

Madam Hanke's novels are:—"Die Schwester" (the Sister), 2 vols.; "Die Perlen" (the Pearls), 2 vols.; "Die Schwiegermutter," (the Mother-in-Law), 2 vols.; "Der Blumenkranz" (the Garland), 2 vols.

THE PRESS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.—The following table is sent us by a gentleman as translated from the "Annales des Travaux" of the Paris Statistical Society, made up from information derived by M. Balbi, the well-known geographer. We subjoin it as a very curious memorandum, though we cannot vouch for its accuracy:—

of the Parts and s of the World.	Population	Number of Periodical Journals.	Name of the Parts and States of the World	Population.	Number of Periodical Journals.
<b>EUROPE.</b>					
France . . . . .	32,000,000	490	Warsaw . . . . .	126,000	13
Paris . . . . .	690,000	175	Moscow . . . . .	250,000	17
Lyons . . . . .	116,000	13	Greece . . . . .	1,100,000	3
Marseilles . . . . .	116,000	6	Napoli . . . . .	10,000	1
British Islands . . . . .	23,400,000	483	<b>AMERICA</b>		39,300,000 978
London . . . . .	1,275,000	97	United States . . . . .	11,600,000	840
Dublin . . . . .	227,000	28	New York . . . . .	169,000	30
Edinburgh . . . . .	138,000	18	Columbia . . . . .	3,000,000	20
Glasgow . . . . .	117,000	14	Santa Fé . . . . .	30,000	4
Manchester . . . . .	131,000	12	Mexican Confed. . . . .	7,500,000	28
Birmingham . . . . .	107,000	9	Mexico . . . . .	150,000	7
Liverpool . . . . .	119,000	9	Brazil . . . . .	5,000,000	8
Swiss Confederation . . . . .	1,930,000	30	Rio Janeiro . . . . .	140,000	3
Geneva . . . . .	25,000	4	English America . . . . .	2,290,000	30
Austria . . . . .	32,000,000	30	Spanish America . . . . .	1,290,000	4
Vienna . . . . .	300,000	24	Dutch America . . . . .	114,000	2
Milan . . . . .	151,000	9	French America . . . . .	240,000	3
Prussia . . . . .	12,461,000	288	Haiti . . . . .	950,000	5
Netherlands . . . . .	6,143,000	150	<b>ASIA</b>		390,000,000 27
Amsterdam . . . . .	201,000	35	Calcutta . . . . .	500,000	9
Brussels . . . . .	100,000	33	Surat . . . . .	450,000	1
Antwerp . . . . .	66,000	6	Pekin . . . . .	1,300,000	1
Germanic Confed. . . . .	13,600,000	305	<b>OCEANIA</b>		20,000,000 9
Sweden and Norway . . . . .	3,866,000	82	Batavia . . . . .	46,000	2
Denmark . . . . .	1,950,000	80	Van Diemen's Land . . . . .	2,000	1
Copenhagen . . . . .	109,000	6	Otaheite . . . . .	7,000	1
Spain . . . . .	13,900,000	12	<b>AFRICA</b>		60,000,000 12
Madrid . . . . .	201,000	4	Cairo . . . . .	260,000	1
Portugal . . . . .	3,530,000	17			
Lisbon . . . . .	260,000	12	<b>SUMMARY.</b>		
Sardinia . . . . .	4,300,000	8	Europe . . . . .	227,700,000	2,142
Turin . . . . .	114,000	3	America . . . . .	39,300,000	978
Two Sicilies . . . . .	4,600,000	51	Asia . . . . .	390,000,000	27
Naples . . . . .	364,000	3	Africa . . . . .	60,000,000	12
Papal Territories . . . . .	2,590,000	6	Oceania . . . . .	20,000,000	9
Rome . . . . .	154,000	3			
Russia and Poland . . . . .	56,515,000	84	Total for the whole	737,000,000	3,168
Petersburgh . . . . .	320,000	29	Globe . . . . .		

Upon these computations, the Journal of the Paris Statistical Society thus remarks:—"The proportion to which the number of journals in each quarter of the world bears to its population is as follows:—In Asia, there is one paper for every 14,000,000; in Africa, one for every 5,000,000; in Europe, one for every 106,000; in America, one for every 40,000: and precisely in the same ratio is the comparative progress of civilization in these different divisions of the earth."

The last number of the general catalogue printed every semestre at Leipsic contains 2157 new books, the foregoing number has but 310 less—so that, in the course of one year, 4004 German works have been published! a number which surpasses by far that of the yearly publications of England and France taken together.

## EPIGRAMS.

By ..... .

## I.

*(On the Writings of a certain titled Author.)*

Like Shakspeare's plays, a monument to time,  
 I'll very shortly prove his Lordship's rhyme,  
 And by an argument that none can cross;  
 For every one must readily consent  
 That is indeed to time a monument  
 Which serves as a memorial of its loss.

## II.

*(Written under the Portrait of a certain small Poet, drawn with the throat exposed.)*

A banfling of Poesy here we behold  
 Sans neckcloth—regardless of catching a cold.  
 Why bares he his neck, the coxcombical elf,  
 While he's got such a stock on his publisher's shelf?

## III.

“The noblest study of mankind is man.”—Pope.

If human nature may be called a book,  
 Sure more than half  
 Of the edition on which now we look,  
 Is bound in calf.

Many thanks to A. K. for his valuable financial *exposé*. We beg to know his address at his earliest convenience.

The author of the admirable translation of Prince Pückler Muskau's letters has (it is well known in the literary world) been employed in translating Falk's account of Goethe. The publication of this work has been delayed by the intention of weaving up some additional information lately published in Germany, and sent to the translator by Prince Pückler Muskau and Madame de Goethe.

V. V., upon a National Institution for the Widows and Daughters of Professional Men, has been received. The nation has many claims on its benevolence and justice prior to those of parsons and doctors. V. V. must pardon our want of courtesy in this opinion.

To our correspondents in America we are much obliged for many favours, and beg, through this channel, to thank Edward Morris, Philadelphia, and also our literary friend in Nova Scotia. We very much regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the offer of the latter. The home market is over-stocked. We beg to inform our excellent and ingenious correspondent, Willis Gaylord Clark, that we have not received the communications he refers to. His calumet indeed arrived safe, but the *ex fumo dare lucem* has not yet extended to the papers he mentions. “Swallow Barn” has never come to hand, nor “Thatcher's Indian Biography,” nor the Letters from Peru. While we are on this subject, we beg to inform our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, that any packets of books or journals, sent per post, is a more expensive present than they are aware of. We had this very morning a packet from New York, containing what we know not, offered us for 5*l.* 16*s.* We felt compelled to decline the proposition of the postman. Perhaps in so doing we may have lost one of the works referred to above. We are very sorry—*mais quoi faire?*

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END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH VOLUME







